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THOMAS J. FOSTER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR

LOOK TO YOUR SHOES!

WHEN Professor Joe Choynski spent a few weeks at Roycroft,

incidentally giving daily readings from the writings of Ibsen, among other things he said:

"Look, my boy! When you walk, see to it that you are rightly shod. You must have shoes that are neither too tight nor too loose. You must have heels that are not too flat nor too high. It is a matter of anatomy and foot-ease.

"When training for my debates, my principal exercise was walking, right out on the good old Open Road—a bunch of us—five, ten, fifteen, twenty miles and back.

"Walking is man's natural exercise. But look to your shoes."

So says Joe Choynski, and Joe, he knows. Joe is forty-five and "fit" yet. Look to your shoes and you look to your health. Well-being traces to the feet. Your views on politics, religion, disarmament, good roads, and all the great questions of the day reflect the condition of your underpinning.

If you would be at peace with yourself and your neighbor, look to your shoes! It is essential that your sole-mates be on good terms with your pedals.

The next thing to having your path through life strewn with American Beauty roses is to wear Coward Shoes.

Coward Shoes fill all the requirements. They are made by a man who knows what's what in shoes, if ever a man did in this world!

He can tell you everything you ought to know, about the kind of shoes to wear. Consultation free.



Joe Choynski and Fra Elbertus discussing old times

THE COWARD SHOE FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - (for weak arches)
Made in our custom dep't for over 30 years

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - (made especially for tender feet)

The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - The Coward Arch-Support Shoe

The Coward Combination Shoe - - - The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD
264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK
(MAIL ORDERS FILLED) (SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)



HISTORY & ROMANCE IN FURNITURE

A Retrospect by Elbert Hubbard

THE history of a people is commonly figured forth in its furniture. ¶ The things we make show to the world what we are. ¶ The Furniture of a period is a sure index to the ideals and aspirations of that period—or to the lack of them. ¶ And right here is a good place to observe that History is divided and subdivided into Periods, for the most part distinctly differentiated. ¶ We have the Age of Pericles in Athens, a time when the Greek genius attained the top notch of brilliancy and grandeur.

Under the leadership of Pericles, the arts flourished and Athens was unquestionably the capital of the world, from the standpoint of artistic and literary achievement.

"The glory that was Greece" was never more glorious than during this brief period of Periclean-Athenian ascendancy.

The Greeks had little furniture in their homes, and that little was fashioned mostly after Oriental models.

The Greeks were an outdoor people, like the Greeks of our own day.

And for folk who lead the simple life out of doors, a very few household articles suffice.

Not until the time of the Renaissance did furniture begin to take on modern characteristics. With the advent of the New Birth, the medieval mind experienced a quickening process that shadowed forth the dawning of a new and better day.

The pent-up genius of the Middle Ages burst forth in a flood of fine furniture. ¶ The Renaissance brought in new ways of thinking, and this "new thought" was applied not merely to religion and literature and politics, but to dress, furniture and household furnishings, as well.

The growth of sedentary habits, unknown to the Ancients and the people of the Middle Ages, inaugurated a new regime, and the development of furniture was largely dependent on this change in ways of living.

From being sparse, splendid, massive, costly, furniture became plentiful, inferior in quality, light, cheap.

The cabinetmaker's art reached its culmination in the Eighteenth Century. ¶ This was the great

furniture period in every European country. Originality and initiative waxed brilliant, and the designs wrought out by the master craftsmen of England, France, Germany and Holland have never been surpassed. The best we can do today is to make impressive replicas of these masterpieces.

The originals are mostly worth many times their weight in gold; but for a song, comparatively, we can today revel in the bold and pleasing conceptions of such artisans as Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppel-White, Shearer, the Adam Brothers, and others composing the Eighteenth-Century School of Cabinetmakers in Merrie England.

Berkey and Gay have spent their lives in the endeavor to reproduce the designs of these masters.

¶ There are more than four thousand separate pieces of this Berkey and Gay Furniture, any one of them worth more to the thinking man or woman than a whole houseful of the ordinary and non-descript stuff that by the grace of nobody in particular masquerades under the name of "furniture."

¶ Berkey and Gay are pioneers in the production of Period Furniture that will rival comparison with the originals themselves.

The next best thing to owning one of these priceless originals is to buy a Berkey and Gay.

Berkey and Gay have succeeded in capturing the thought and the ideals expressed in the originals and imprisoning them in the reproductions.

Berkey and Gay Furniture will last longer, look better and yield more genuine satisfaction than a carload of the stuff with which the generality of people disgrace their domiciles.

Write for the exquisite Berkey and Gay brochure, *Character in Furniture*, illustrated by the French artist, Rene Vincent. It is yours for just fifteen two-cent stamps. Be sure to ask for a copy of Eugene Field's amusing ditty, entitled, *In Amsterdam*. Field was an ardent admirer of Berkey and Gay Furniture. He voices his enthusiasm in this characteristic rhyme.












This shopmark on every piece of Berkey and Gay Furniture is a means of identification, and a protection to purchasers.

BERKEY AND GAY FURNITURE COMPANY

192 Monroe Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Modeled-Leather Mats



S lamp or vase mats on hall, den or library table, these exquisitely colored, superbly executed specimens of modeled-leather work are efficient and effective. They give an added touch of grace and dignity to your furnishings.  Made in Ivy-Wreath, Thorn-Apple, Lotus, Mistletoe, Rose, Moth and Dragon-Fly Designs, in the following sizes and at prices stated        



ROSE DESIGN
15 inches diameter
Price, \$3.50

VASE-MATS		
7 in. diam.	\$1.00	
8 " "	1.25	
9 " "	1.50	
10 " "	1.75	

LAMP-MATS		
12 in. diam.	\$2.25	
15 " "	3.50	
18 " "	5.00	
20 " "	7.50	
22 " "	10.00	



MISTLETOE
DESIGN
15 inches diameter
Price, \$3.50



CONVENTIONAL
ROSE DESIGN
18 inches diameter
Price, \$5.00



The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

DEUS EX MACHINA

(The God From the Machine)

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



HE ancient Greeks had a dramatic literary convention, a sort of *tour de force*, by which the most complicated and involved situation

could be brought to a speedy and convenient climax. ¶ Dramatic difficulties were solved by cutting this Gordian Knot—a device which the Romans in later ages called the *Deus ex Machina*, or “The God From the Machine.”

¶ When the Greek “villain” got the beautiful heroine in his deadly clutches and smilingly demanded that she be his or dieeee—and she replied, “Neveeee!” (as all good heroines do)—then it was that the God from the Machine stepped in and saved the day.

¶ This deity achieved the impossible and did it daily. It was his regular job. This one thing he did.

¶ The modern God from the Machine is the TUEC Stationary Cleaner. The TUEC stands in the cellar and achieves the impossible, or what has been considered impossible, every day, or as often as called upon. The TUEC is not the first built-in air-cleaning system ever devised, but it is the best.

The TUEC makes housekeeping

a simple and delightful occupation. In fact, it practically eliminates housekeeping altogether, in the accepted sense of the term.

¶ It spells simplicity and sensibleness in sanitation. And the necessity of having sanitary surround-

ings is being more and more recognized as the days marshal themselves into weeks, months and years, and go Bunny-Hugging into the irrevocable past.

¶ The Greeks held that cleanliness was next to godliness. We go the Greeks one better by placing cleanliness and godliness on the same plane.

¶ And so here we have the TUEC Stationary Air-Cleaning System, which is a concrete expression of these two ideas combined.

¶ There is in this machine a “god” who keeps things clean, and removes not only all particles of dust, dirt and waste-matter of various sorts, kinds and forms, but even

the very air itself, when it has become vitiated and no longer fit to be taken into human lungs. ¶ The TUEC is right in the line of service and betterment, and the time is come when no home, office-building, theater, church or factory can claim to be complete without the timely aid of this God from the Machine. ¶ Facts about the TUEC Air-Cleaner given gladly by:



THE UNITED ELECTRIC CO.

THIRTY-THREE HURFORD STREET, CANTON, OHIO

A Message to Garcia

❖ ❖ For Fifty Cents ❖ ❖

(Day Message or Night Letter!)

THIS new edition of the famous story of how Rowan played a man's part in the Spanish-American War is fresh from The Roycroft Bindery.

Scores of thousands have been animated and inspired by this dynamic diversion of Elbert Hubbard's.

As a gift for the young lacking initiative; for the middle-aged needing encouragement; or to the old as a rejuvenator, it is equally excellent and appropriate.

❑ Printed in beautifully clear type on good paper, and bound Roycroftie in flexible leather.

❖ ❖ The Price is Fifty Cents ❖ ❖

ROYCROFT Pecan-Patties

MAKE life one long *sweet* song. They are made good and cleverly, too. ❑ Pure maple-syrup—the first clear run—and a generous intermingling of nutritious new-season pecan-nuts combine to produce these toothsome pats of pleasure.

The Roycroft Candy-Kitchen Kids complete the conditions comprehendingly.

❑ That is to say, they blend the pure, selected ingredients with scrupulous care and immaculate cleanliness. Each patty is wrapped in dust-proof paper and is packed in a fancy carton, straight from the molds.

One Dollar brings this carton of delicious candy to YOU, postpaid. Address

CANDY KITCHEN
ROYCROFT SHOPS
East Aurora, New York

❖ Copper Crumb-Tray and Scraper ❖



This aid to table tidiness is as beautiful as it is useful.

Wrought by dint of brain and brawn from heavy, sheet copper, it gives out a glint and gleam that is enchanting.

It is an enviable possession and a gratifying one.

The Crumb-Tray measures 4 x 8 inches ❖ ❖

Price, Three Dollars

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



"Let us to Billiards!"—*Shakespeare*

Being a Few Remarks by Fra Elbertus on a "most gentle, cleanly and ingenious game."

CHARLES COTTON, the friend of Izaak Walton, published, in Sixteen Hundred Seventy-Four, a book which he called *The Compleat Gamester*.

It was modeled after Walton's best-known work, even as to title, and served as a sort of guide to the popular pastimes of the day.

"King" Cotton's work was an authority. Instead of quoting "Hoyle," folks of that time did things "according to Cotton."

Billiards was in as high repute in England two centuries and a half ago as it is today, according to the testimony of this man Cotton, who writes in part: "For the excellency of the recreation, it is much approved of and played by most nations of Europe, especially in England, there being few towns of note therein which hath not a public billiard-table—neither are they wanting in many noble and private families in the country."

This might have been written yesterday in point of applicability.

Billiards has been called "the gentleman's game."

It has ever appealed to the true sportsman, for there is probably no game played today in which the element of chance is a less important factor. Skill is the mainspring, and skill can be developed only by constant and consistent application. A billiard-table in the home is worth two in the down-town district. For, cynical remarks "to the contrary notwithstanding," as they say in the novels, home is the best place for girl or boy, man or maid, and for their parents and grandparents, as well.

"There's no place like home," said John Howard Payne, the man who had none, and then added significantly, "especially if there's a Brunswick-Balke-Collender Billiard-Table in it!"

There is really only one concern in the billiard business today—the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company. More than eighty per cent of the billiard-tables now in use were ushered into existence by this firm.

The firstlings of this flock have been adopted into the best families with a readiness that is not a bit surprising when you know the truth.

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard-Table has introduced the good old scientific game of billiards into hundreds of homes.

It is made in Mahogany, with inlaid design—genuine Vermont slate bed, imported billiard-cloth—standard quick-action Baby Monarch cushions. Concealed Cue-Rack and accessory drawer holds entire playing equipment. The Brunswick "Convertible" Billiard-Table can be metamorphosed into a dining or library table or davenport, when not in use in its normal capacity.

❏ Send for color booklet, *The Home Magnet*—and to that end just fill in the blank below.

*The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Dept. G U,
623-633 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.*

Gentlemen: Please send to the address below your Easy Purchase Proposition and Book—**BILLIARDS—THE HOME MAGNET.**

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

HONK! HONK!

I HAVE observed that the folks who operate buzz-wagons are pretty quick to adopt such innovations as are in the line of saving time and trouble. A case in point is the readiness with which autoists have seized upon the Dustless Duster and adapted it to their own peculiar needs and necessities. When F. A. Howard devised his famous duster nearly a decade ago, he gave never a thought to the joy-riders, who go speeding over the Open Road, kicking up the dust as they swirl along. ¶ And now, behold, there be people who contend that no automobile equipment is quite complete without the Dustless Duster. It is stowed safely



away under the seat, and does duty instead of the shower-bath. Don't wash your car every time a little dust appears—try the Howard Duster and note the improvement.

HOWARD



You will save varnish, upholstery and work, and your car will look better and actually be better. ¶ The Dustless Duster is made of chemically treated fabric that gives a right-royal polish to almost any smooth surface. ¶ It takes punishment better than cheese-cloth and is guaranteed to last longer. Sanitary, effectual and economical is the Howard Duster. To secure the best results, just wash it out with boiling-hot water and soap. Eleven styles of Dusters are made, including Dust-Mops, Wall-Dusters, Bric-a-Brac and Handle Dusters.

5000 best stores sell Howard Dustless-Dusters.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. For small, Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

HOWARD DUSTLESS DUSTER CO.
TWO HUNDRED SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

of the loss in that cereal will be offset by the gain in wheat. Generally considered, agricultural prospects continue promising, and the purchasing power of the farming community will be enhanced by abundant harvests and remunerative prices for the leading staples. Current trade reflects the usual Summer quietness, yet encouraging reports outnumber those of an opposite character. A slight increase in the volume of new orders is apparent in iron and steel, but consumers are buying cautiously and mainly for immediate requirements. Preparations are being made for Fall business in dry-goods, and the steady purchasing by retailers

LITTLE rivers seem to have the indefinable quality that belongs to certain people in the world—the power of drawing attention without courting it, the faculty of exciting interest by their very presence and way of doing things.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

CONFIDENCE still holds sway in business circles. Optimism in the West and South has been tempered somewhat by the damage to corn, although it is the opinion that much

has materially reduced stocks. Future operations in men's wear are well under way, but prospective tariff changes complicate openings of new Spring lines. Irregularity prevails in the market for leather. The easier conditions in the monetary situation have become more pronounced, and interior institutions are buying commercial paper with greater freedom.

—*Dun's Review.*

Ill ware is never cheap.—*Herbert.*

HISTORY, as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature; his earliest expression of what can be called Thought.

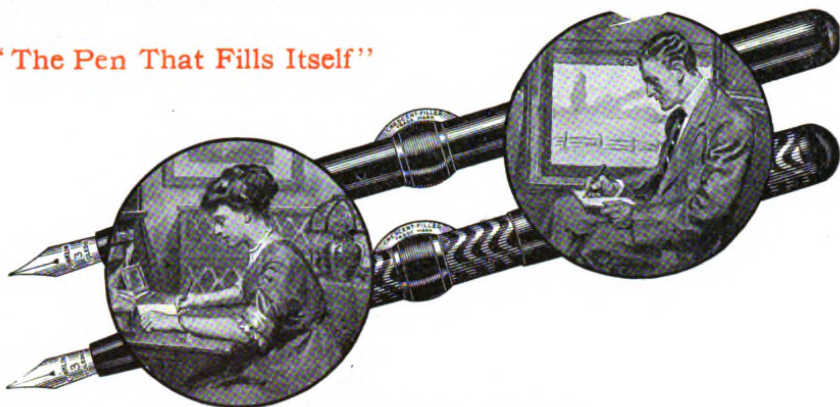
—Carlyle.

EVEN if it be granted that a dog, by reason of his intelligence and nervous organization, is more fit than other animals for certain vivisectional experiments, yet the basic consideration in making such a treatment on a dog is a scandalous betrayal. The dog is by far the nearest thing to man on the face of the earth—the one link we have spiritually with animal creation. It is the one dumb creature into whose eyes we can look and tell pretty well

for certain what the emotion is, when and what thought is at work within—the one dumb creature which, not as a rare exception but almost universally, knows the sentiments of love and trust.—*John Galsworthy.*

THE church should, in a very practical way, illustrate the necessity of sanitation by being itself a model of sanitation. It should be well ventilated, well kept, supplied with proper outhouses and with a safe supply of

"The Pen That Fills Itself"



*I know what pleasure is, for
I have done good work*

—Robert Louis Stevenson

¶ When Robert Louis the Well Beloved wrote that, he sang the song of the Conklin Pen. For fifteen years the Self-Filling Conklin has been doing nothing but **good work**—in the hands of its million or more satisfied users.

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen

is not only the **ORIGINAL** self-filler, but has never been equalled by any of the "trailers" that have sprung up in its path. The Conklin is the recognized leader in the self-filling type—and the self-filling type is supreme today.

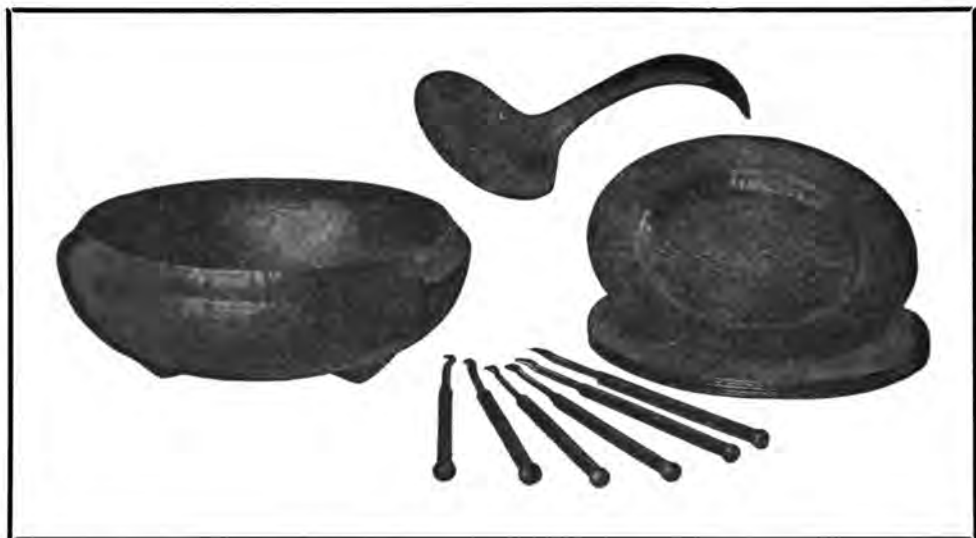
¶ Simply dip it in the nearest inkwell, press the little "Crescent-Filler" with thumb and the Conklin **fills itself** in 4 seconds. It is the **Efficiency Pen**.

¶ \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00 and up. On thirty days trial, at Stationers, Druggists and Jewelers everywhere. Write for new catalog.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., 274 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, O
NEW YORK, 33-35 W. 42nd St. BOSTON, 802 Blake Bldg. CHICAGO, 700 N. American Bldg.

drinking-water. Many of our rural churches fall far short of this. Cleaned only when filth becomes unbearable, ventilated by chance or accident, generally without any outhouses, and supplying water from a rusty bucket and a dirty tin dipper, the church oftentimes is a focus of infection. If it is to stand as the evangel of good health, it must be sanitary. If it is to preach the gospel of fresh air, it must be well ventilated.—*Doctor Ennion W. Williams, Health Commissioner of Virginia*

A NUT-SET OF HAND- WROUGHT COPPER



THIS picture conveys a good idea of the shape, size and design of the famous Roycroft Nut-Set. But its exquisite coloring, its hale and hearty tone—these are missing.

These are joys experienced only in the seeing and the possessing.

The bowl and plates are marvels of copper craft.

The service-spoon is unique and quaint in design.

The nut-picks are of beaten copper, tipped with German Silver.

Time does not dim nor age destroy the beauty and utility of this Nut-Set; rather, they increase its beauty and efficiency.

The price for the set, comprising Bowl, Spoon, Six Plates and Six Picks, is TEN DOLLARS.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

HOUSE YOUR CAR IN THIS Steel Portable Garage



HERE is the garage you have been waiting for. The illustration shows how it looks. But you must own it to realize just how much solid satisfaction you can derive from its possession. ¶ The *dernier cri* in motor-car construction is marketed in any number of factories with each succeeding season. The cost of upkeep remains pretty nearly where it was, say, five years ago. ¶ The **Steel Portable Garage** keeps garage bills down near *terra firma*, and reduces upkeep to a nearly negligible minimum. ¶ It is a fireproof building — sturdy, substantial, strong. Approved by fire underwriters and can be erected within the fire-limits of any city. ¶ Experienced engineers and master mechanics have co-operated in the planning of this garage. Nothing has been overlooked — nothing left out. Everything is provided for. ¶ It takes up very little room, and affords absolute protection from fire, dust, weather and theft. ¶ Made of heavy galvanized sheet steel, braced with japanned steel angle-frames, trussed to withstand three times the expected *sturm und drang* of wind and weather. ¶ With every garage sold, goes the Company's guarantee, warranting the structure for a quarter of a century, at the very least. Of course, twenty-five years

hence we may be using *hangars*, in which case your *Steel Portable Garage* can be converted into a very acceptable *hangar*. For this is the only garage on the market permitting of fatty enlargement. The *Steel Portable Garage* is made up of sections or units, after the manner of a sectional bookcase. It can be taken in or let out, added to or subtracted from, at will — a garage you will never out-grow. Built in individual steel-trussed sections, the garage is easily "assembled" — put in place by unskilled hands. Complete photographic directions accompany each shipment. ¶ The *Steel Portable Garage* is easily ventilated and as easily heated. ¶ It is adapted to any climate, being in use from Sitka to Cape Town, and everywhere giving a maximum of service and satisfaction, at a most reasonable cost. ¶ The price of the *Steel Portable Garage*, nine feet wide, fourteen feet long and ten feet high, equipped with automatic ventilators, self-locking French windows, with woven-wire glass; Yale locks — and such additional accessories as tool-bench, tool-rack, robe-rail, wash-rack, and patent coat-hooks — is just *Ninety-eight Dollars*, Woodrow Wilson money! ¶ Whether your car is a Ford or a Simplex, you need a Garage. And where can you get more or better value for your money than right in a *Steel Portable Garage*? ¶ Send for Catalog showing photographs and giving details and prices on all sizes of steel portable garages, bungalows, cottages and storehouses. All buildings shipped F. O. B., Chicago



WE CAN USE A FEW LIVE-THIRD-RAIL AGENTS — WE WANT A LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE IN YOUR LOCALITY
EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY — — — — — GOOD MONEY — — — — — WRITE FOR FACTS AND FIGURES

STEEL PORTABLE BUILDING CO.

1469 Michigan Blvd. :: :: :: :: :: Chicago, Illinois



The Ingersoll Army
33 MILLION STRONG

Who can tell what the distribution of 33 million watches has meant to society? For 21 years the Ingersoll has done its work of upbuilding—an army that has given time an added value and helped civilization to measure its work. It gave to the world an accurate, reliable time-piece—priceless when measured by service—yet priced at a single dollar.

A GUARANTEED Ingersoll watch is yours for a dollar bill.

The YANKEE—the original Dollar Watch	\$1.00
The ECLIPSE—a thin model for men	1.50
The MIDGET—a model for women and girls	2.00
The JUNIOR—a small thin model watch	2.00
The WRIST WATCH—for men and women	2.50

Send for the Ingersoll booklet, "Pointers"—it's free.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 99 Ashland Bldg., New York



*All the
Armies
of the
World are
Only a
Fraction
of the
Ingersoll
Army*

MANY so-called "Reformers" fail because they believe themselves to be superior to their organization.

The disposition to stand the other fellow, even if not fully agreeing with him, is what spells Success. Many times you tolerate the man in business because he has a single quality that makes a profit for you. That is Good Business. I am acquainted with the boot and shoe industry. A wonderful organizer died at the age of forty-five. He was doing an annual

business of ten million dollars. When he died, sure disaster was predicted for the business by the "knowing ones." What did the Nineteen Hundred Twelve record show for this great organization? A business of upwards of eighteen million.

The personality passed on, but the organization kept on growing. It was larger than the man. And so it will always be, in Politics and Business, and in all walks of life.

¶ Mrs. Eddy founded a numerous faith. The disintegration of the Christian Science Church was freely predicted, at her death. What is the result? Disinterested judges say the Eddy Church is stronger, numerically and financially, than

ever before! ¶ Professor A. Graham Bell, the Individual, gave us the Idea—but who made it positively great, and united the two great forces, Telephone and Telegraph—Vail, the greatest organizer of his day!

Winslow, the strong Individualist, is submerged in the wonderful organization, the United Shoe Machinery Company, which he made possible—today the world's shoemaking factor, as virile a force in Europe and Australia as in America. ¶ And the same with Patterson of

Dayton, Ohio, who placed the Cash Register upon the map of the world. And in this instance the organization is greater than the individual who made it possible!—*Edwin W. Ingalls.*

WE should not lose sight of the fact that, as a nation, the bulk of our people are wage-earners, and as time passes there will be more and more of them. Therefore, upon the wage-earner falls the task of raising children that will be equipped mentally, morally and physically to carry on the work that will make this nation a far greater power than it is today. The tendency must ever be upward. If we eliminate fair dealing; if cost of living increases without some means being provided to enable them to keep pace with it, we rob them of the very thing so necessary to the proper development of future generations—their ambition to be something and to do their share in contributing to the progress of the world.—*C. E. Knoeppel.*

Absolute morality is the regulation of conduct in such way that pain shall not be inflicted.—*Herbert Spencer.*

Globe-Wernicke

Filing Equipment

MOST mistakes that occur in filing and finding papers would be avoided if you had a Globe-Wernicke Filing Cabinet. Filing, even in the hands of the irrepressible office boy—with his heart at the World's Series, and his eyes and ears alert for the "Wuxtry!"—is a safe and reliable proposition, when he uses the mechanically perfect and automatically faultless

Globe-Wernicke

Safeguard System

Globe-Wernicke Filing Cabinets represent modern filing efficiency. They are built on G/W Sectional principles which provide for the expansion of business. They are made in all styles, finishes and sizes, and equipped with units and compartments to accommodate the peculiarities of any office. Our local Agent will be glad to demonstrate the advantages and economy of Globe-Wernicke aids to better office system. Where not represented we ship freight prepaid. Send to us for Booklet No. 14, on Office and Filing Equipment.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.

Makers of Sectional Bookcases, Filing Cabinets and Supplies

FACTORY, CINCINNATI



TO train up a child in the way he should grow is so to control the circumstances of his life that he shall grow as straight as possible, as much as possible, in as many directions as possible, and as harmoniously as possible.—*James Ward.*

Single ideas evolve monomaniacs. The continuous sowing of one variety of farm-products ruins the soil; water that is not in motion becomes stagnant.—*J. H. Tilden, M. D.*



What would you do with these problems?

A large manufacturing concern distributes certain items of overhead expense and fixed charges amongst its several departments from time to time in proportion to the gross amount of business done by each. During a certain period, for instance, gross business done by each of its nine departments was as follows:

Department 1, \$3806 80	Department 6, \$4051 78
2, 3786 81	7, 6963 74
3, 68871 63	8, 7105 88
4, 3464 86	9, 12132 93
5, 1381 87	Total, 119408 11

Problem No. One: Required the percentage of the overhead and fixed charges to be distributed to each department.

Problem No. Two: One of the numerous items to be distributed is \$879.54. With the percentages known, what are the amounts of this particular item chargeable to each department?

Figure both of these problems yourself — by hand — or call to your aid any kind of a calculating instrument with which you are familiar. Take advantage of every possible short-cut or mathematical expedient known to modern accounting. Accurately time yourself and see how long it takes you to solve each of the problems. If your knowledge of computing instruments happens not to extend beyond the old-style machines, of course you'll be simply dumbfounded to know that

The
Dalton
Adding
Machine

"The Machine That Does Things"

Solves Either of Them in 50 Seconds

and prints the results in plain figures! Needless, we think, to state that by no other known means under the sun can the accomplishment be duplicated. Possibly, of course, you do not have these identical problems in your business; but it is certain that somewhere there is an existing need in your office for just such a machine as the Dalton to save time, to eliminate the high cost of accounting, to stop the leaks and to assure accuracy.

We want an opportunity to show you the Dalton and demonstrate to you how it is able to handle your own accounting problems, be they what they may — computing interest; extending bills; verifying invoices; prorating; figuring percentages, costs or discounts; checking postings; footing trial balances; averaging accounts; or doing any of a thousand other kinds of work. We desire this because we know we can thereby prove to you that the Dalton is easily 25 to 40 per cent. faster than any other machine on the market.

For, without any qualification whatever, the touch operated, ten-key Dalton is the fastest, simplest, surest, most adaptable calculating instrument ever made. With lightning-like speed, with positive accuracy, with a minimum of effort on the part of the operator, the Dalton solves problems that would absolutely "stump" the ordinary old-style machine.

Today the Dalton is saving an amazing amount of money in thousands of offices in 25 different lines of business. In open competition it has been selected by the Government, by Banks, by Engineers, by Lawyers, by Contractors, etc., etc., simply because it has demonstrated its superiority in actual use.

Your simple request on your letterhead will bring you our booklet "Half a Hundred and More Reasons." Ask for it now. It shows you how and why you can profit most by selecting the Dalton.

DALTON ADDING MACHINE CO.

320 Water Street

Poplar Bluff, Mo.

THE most stupendous feat for the artist or man of imagination in modern times is to conceive a picture or vision for our Society—our present machine-civilization—a common expectation for people which will make them want to live.

If Leonardo were living now, he would probably slight for the time being his building bridges, and skimp his work on *Mona Lisa*, and write a book—an exultant book about common people. He would focus and express

democracy as only the great and true aristocrat or genius or artist will ever do it. A great society must be expressed as a vision or expectation before men can see it together, and go to work on it together, and make it a fact. What makes a society great is that it is full of people who have something to live for and who know what it is. It is because nobody knows, now, that our present society is not great. The different kinds of people in it have not made up their minds what they are for, and some kinds have particularly failed to make up their minds what the other kinds are for. ¶ We are all making our particular contribution to the common vision,

and some of us are able to say in one way and some in another what this vision is; but it is going to take a supreme catholic, summing-up individualist, a great man or artist—a man who is all of us in one—to express for Crowds, and for all of us together, where we want to go, what we think we are for, and what kind of a world we want.—Gerald Stanley Lee.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.—Abraham Lincoln.

DO not expect the Government to do for you the things which you are not willing to undertake to do for yourselves; that was our greatest difficulty in Ireland. Permanence in agriculture must begin with neighborhood co-operation.

I am disposed to group the essentials of agricultural success in this order: Better Business; Better Farming; Better Homes. Farmers are prevented from increasing their production through application of improved methods by lack of better business conditions. Education for improved farming is impeded in its application to the farm by reason of the business difficulties of the farmer. Let him co-operate with his neighbors and raise the standard of business among themselves and they will speedily become better farmers. In the last analysis the order will be reversed, for the Better Home is the first and all-important consideration which can not become a reality until the farmer becomes both a better farmer and a better businessman.

—Sir Horace Plunkett.

Character is higher than intellect.—Emerson.

For Business Stationery Specify **CONSTRUCTION**

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You can get it in your locality from the most responsible and competent printers and lithographers — firms whose standing is a guaranty of good paper and fine workmanship upon it. You are further assured good value, because Construction Bond is sold direct to these concerns in large quantities, saving jobbing expenses. Look up these firms who supply

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A request on your business letterhead will secure you their names and our collection of handsome letterhead suggestions showing the various colors, finishes and thicknesses of Construction Bond.

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YOU can not settle the question of conservation while monopoly is close to the ears of those who govern. And the question of conservation is a great deal bigger than the question of saving our forests and our mineral resources and our waters; it is as big as the life and happiness and strength and elasticity and hope of our people.—Woodrow Wilson.

The worst sorrows in life are not its losses and misfortunes, but its fears.—A. C. Benson.

TO CONVINCE YOU

THAT ROYCROFT
FURNITURE IS ALL WE CLAIM FOR IT,
THIS OFFER IS MADE

HERE is one of our most popular pieces — a combination reading-table and bookshelves — the regular price of which is Fifteen Dollars F. O. B. East Aurora, N. Y.

Just as long as the orders keep coming, we will send one of these pieces anywhere in the United States, East of the Mississippi, freight prepaid, for the one sum of Twelve Dollars, cash with order. To Western points, we will prepay freight to the Mississippi, and you pay the rest.

¶ Now this is not a "knock-down" offer, but is what most people know as a "leader." It is at one time a generous and a selfish proposition. You are offered a piece of furniture below its usual selling-price, and we sacrifice profits on it, hoping to interest you in further purchases of other pieces. Don't you see, we

make this simple, substantial, straight-line furniture with our head, hand and heart. We believe that which serves best distracts least. Things in evidence must be unassuming and dignified. You can

not afford to harass your nerves with gaudy and noisy surroundings. ¶ This particular piece of Roycroft Furniture will lend itself to the surroundings; and no matter what the style is, there will be no clash. There is a quiet dignity about it that is well substantiated by its utility and

capacity to serve. ¶ Just see for yourself how useful it may be — and it takes up very little room. ¶ We finish it in Roycroft Brown, a soft, deep shade that peculiarly brings out the beautiful grain of quartered oak. ¶ Your order will be filled promptly, on receipt. Write us about it today ■■■■



Combination Reading-Table and Bookshelves, No. 072
Top, 15 x 26 inches; Height, 30 inches

The Roycroft line of furniture includes a varied assortment of designs for Dining-Room, Den, Library and Bedroom in quartered oak or solid mahogany. Send twenty-five cents for a complete catalog.

THE ROYCROFT FURNITURE SHOP
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

ARTHUR FISCHER

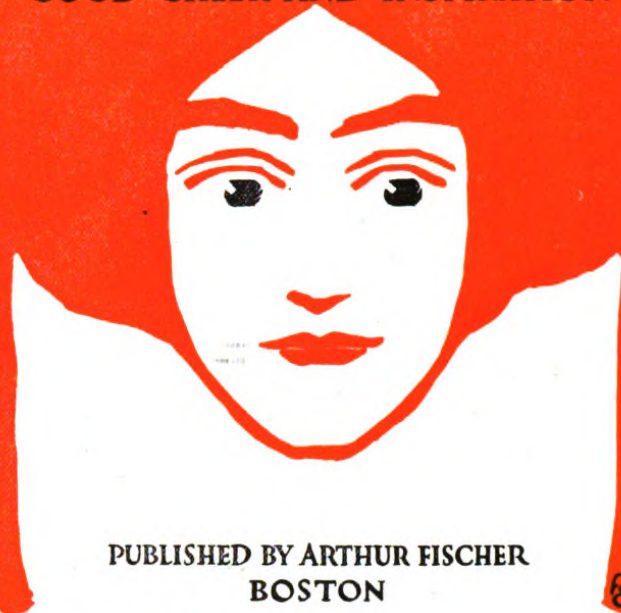
Dramatic Entertainer

ARTHUR FISCHER seems to be a young man of rare and exceptional ability. ¶ He is the same Li'l Artha who produces the pungent squibs you find in *Personality Magazine*. ¶ He is also a rattling-good platform entertainer. Fischer does several things for a living — has a lot of irons in the fire, and all of 'em hot. The busiest men have the most time. It is only the *busy* businessmen who can see you when you present your card and your case, and beg admittance. ¶ And so it happens that Arthur Fischer, for all his many red-hot irons, still finds time to make Little Journeys and give readings and dramatic entertainments. ¶ Nowadays, some of our biggest men are seen on the Chautauqua Circuits, and before Lyceum limelights. Even Bill Bryan, of Nebraska's shimmering plains, does not hesitate to agitate the ether and pass out the caloric for a consideration. And as for Arthur Fischer, he is an "imposing array of talent" all by himself. ¶ He is one of the most successful impersonators on the job today. A finished elocutionist—a dramatic reader of genius and discretion. He holds the mirror up to Nature, and in his time plays many parts. Fischer puts art and heart into his entertainments—he is a favorite wherever he appears. ¶ Among the subjects on this season's repertoire may be mentioned the following: *Taming of the Shrew; Much Ado About Nothing; She Stoops to Conquer; David Copperfield; Borrowed Spectacles; The Fortune Hunter; A Poor Relation*. ¶ You had better arrange with Fischer for an appearance in your town this season. His charges are downright modest. His address: ARTHUR FISCHER, 177 HUNTINGTON AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

PRICE 10 CENTS

PERSONALITY

A MAGAZINE OF
GOOD CHEER AND INSPIRATION



PUBLISHED BY ARTHUR FISCHER
BOSTON

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PER-SON-AL-I-TY,

Personality. That's the thing that always makes a hit

¶ Speaking of "Personality," do you read the bright, breezy Bibliozine that is edited, ad-ited and audited by Arthur Fischer? If not, you are missing something you ought not to miss.

PERSONALITY is right in the class with such bantam-weights as *Mike Kinney's GIMLET*, *Ed Howe's MONTHLY*, and *THE PHILISTINE*.

PERSONALITY is a Periodical of Protest, a Journal of Affirmation, and a Magazine of Efficiency, Good Cheer and Inspiration, all rolled into one. It is entered at the Post-Office at Boston as second-class matter—but it is strictly first-class, just the same—from cover to cover. Fischer furnishes the phosphorus. He possesses personality *plus*, so he is the right man for the job.

PERSONALITY is a little magazine and you can slip it in your coat-pocket—but it contains more helpful hunches and virile vibes to the square inch than almost any mag we know of, outside of East Aurora.

It is not safe to judge any magazine by its size. We don't dare judge men that way. It frequently happens that the "big man of the street" is a thin, wizened-up, dried herring who has to drop doughnuts in his pockets to tip the beam at ninety pounds. ¶ And just as often, the "little fellow" who was forced to the wall by his little shrimp of a competitor turns out to be a two-hundred-pound, no-account, plug-ugly. Appearances are that deceiving! ¶ You will enjoy the pertinent paragraphs on timely topics which make up the bone and sinew of **PERSONALITY**. ¶ Fra Fischer shows how to scrape acquaintance with the success germs. ¶ His good stuff is all his own. None of those prosy "ginger talks" we find so frequently and skip so faithfully. ¶ He says his say in a startling way that compels attention. His little heart-to-heart preachments are dashed off at white heat, and are rememberable. ¶ Fischer is a young man, but wisdom is not a matter of years. ¶ It would be a benefit and a blessing if every employer in the country would enter his entire staff on the subscription-list of **PERSONALITY**, and foot the bill himself. The advantages of such a move are most obvious. ¶ The subscription-price is only a Dollar a Year, and Fischer says that if you can not get a Dollar's worth out of his magazine, he will refund your mazume without a murmur. He means it too. ¶ Remit today—you win either way.

Arthur J. Fischer, 177 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.,

I enclose One Dollar to pay for **PERSONALITY** for one year.

(Use space below for your name and address)

Decorate Your Table With this Famous Dinner-Ware

The China-Closet

WHEN I go to see any great house," said Charles Lamb, "I enquire first for the China-Closet, and next for the picture-gallery." ¶ Lamb had a weakness for old china, and voiced his sentiments in one of the Essays of Elia, which he called *The Essay on Old China*. Most of us will sympathize with Charles Lamb's partiality for old china. ¶ But what would the book-keeper-punster have thought — and his mad sister "Bridget," too, for the matter of that — if he could have made a Little Journey to the plant of the Homer Laughlin China Company, located in Newell, West Virginia!

HOMER LAUGHLIN China

is made with head, hand and heart, in the largest and best-equipped China Factory on this mundane sphere. ¶ Quality of production comes first in the minds of Homer and Shakespeare Laughlin, founders of the firm. ¶ And this quality has been maintained for more than forty years. ¶ In quantity of production also, this company leads the world, with an annual output of nearly fifty million pieces of china.

THE Homer Laughlin Shopmark is found on the under side of every piece of Homer Laughlin of sufficient size. Be sure this mark of identification appears on the china you buy. ¶ And send for that excellent brochure and interesting, *The China Book*. It contains plentiful and pertinent information on the selection and the care of china.

Homer Laughlin China Company
Newell, West Virginia



THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY:

Vol. 12

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

Our Pleasures are drawn from a common fund. Our Sorrows are private and unique

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Character Building



THE picture of a husky young man coming out of the office on pay-day counting his mazuma is a good advertisement, but it fails to tell the whole story.

And I am going to tell why.

❑ Money comes nowadays as a result of service rendered. And the ability to render a service turns on character. Finance is as much under the rule of spiritual law as is the

law of gravitation. He who renders a service to society is bound to get paid.

A few years ago we were intent on getting something for nothing. Now we realize that the things we get for nothing are often very expensive—also they are seldom appreciated.

❑ So while it may be necessary as a starter to inoculate the student with the idea of boosting his financial condition, yet the big thing that the International Correspondence School is doing, is in making the young man pay for his tuition.

Therein lies the real achievement. Having contracted to pay for a service, the tendency is for the youth to hustle, in order to get his money's worth.

The I. C. S. is successful because it is a commercial institution.

It supplies a service, and it makes the individual pay for that service.

And in order that the individual shall pay for this service, he must be shown convincingly that he is going to increase his earning power—which he does.

But he must be supervised, enthused, inspired, and a pressure brought to bear upon him that will make him work. This pressure, this enthusiasm, is the beneficent work of an organization that, like the youth, has invested good money, and this investment must be made to pay a return.

The Field of Operations

VARIOUS State universities are endeavoring to couple up the plain people with the universities by a plan of correspondence. The intent is beautiful, right and altogether lovely.

But no State university that depends on correspondence to secure pupils will ever

(RECAP)

make much of a success. The whole thing will be a ripple on the surface, a flash in the pan, a cumulus in the sky.

How much business would the life-insurance companies do if they were in the hands of the Government, and we walked up to a window, awaiting our turn, and signed the application? *••*

The I. C. S. has divided the world up like a checkerboard, and gone after students. And while it instructs by U. S. Mail, it does n't depend upon the mails to get its students *••* The men in the "field," who do their work nights when other men are carousing or sleeping, are the real missionaries.

And there is no lack of raw stock for them to work on.

The objectless one who is gravitating saloonwards, those who have been forced by economic necessity to curtail their schooling, to smother their ambition and take up unskilled or unsuitable work—these are the young men that the I. C. S. solicitors delight to influence and benefit.

Of course they can not get them all, and all they secure do not stand hitched. But even if a youth makes only a start he is a gainer. A good many go through, and some of these gravitate into foremen, superintendents, and become leaders and teachers of men.

When you travel over the United States, as I have, you will run across them on railroad-trains and steamboats, in mines and construction-camps, sawmills, factories, banks and business houses.

Many of them, knowing that I have for many years been interested in the work of this great Scranton enterprise, inform me who they are and what they are doing.

Hardly ever do I make a trip across the Continent but some division superintendent of a railroad tells me of a time when he was a groping youth at five dollars a week. Now he is getting two hundred dollars a month.

These things are bromidial, well understood, and their constant reiteration is a wee bit tiresome. To repeat them over and over again looks as if the I. C. S. needed a defense.

¶ Everything is its own excuse for being *••* Personally, I regard the work of Thomas J. Foster in founding the I. C. S., and then persevering in pursuit of the original idea—shaking the brushwood of thought and starting innumerable pedagogic game—as one of

the great achievements of this age, or of any age. And, like every other big idea, the I. C. S. is bigger than its founder and has led him a merry chase. But he is still putting salt on the tail of ideas.

The Value of Time

MOST young people who live in a little town—or in a big one either for that matter—want to get into communication with the world. To travel, to know, to move from place to place—all this is natural, right and proper. But when you can satisfy this wanderlust by putting the individual in communication with people of intelligence, who have personal interest in assisting him to evolve his mental possibilities, you have moved in line with the Eternal Verities.

We should all be universal, not provincial *••* The I. C. S. puts the youth in touch with master minds along the particular lines that he desires to cultivate. And all the while he continues right at work.

Right here is where the I. C. S. shows to advantage over the average college *••* The I. C. S. student applies his theories to actual practical use in his daily work.

The test of every man is, What does he do in his spare time?

The I. C. S. shows a young man how to use his leisure.

He gets to looking for messages from his teachers. He sends his examination-papers away *•• ••*

They are read for criticism and correction, marked and returned with kindly, courteous, friendly advice.

If he fails to keep up with his lessons, there is a friendly follow-up system. One, two, three, four letters are written, and then somebody comes to see him personally and inquires after his mental and spiritual welfare, and offers to help him.

And certainly he needs help—we all need help *•• ••*

No man liveth to himself alone.

We are divine molecules in the mass. To live alone is to be either insane or a criminal.

Then there are arrangements by which the various students in certain districts are brought in communication with one another. There are fraternal meetings, "campfires," love-feasts and conventions.

The different students in a single town are brought together, introduced to one another.

They tell one another what they are doing, what they aspire to do.

There is competition among them, or, better still, emulation. Their minds broaden through communion. The more people you are in communication with, the greater your points of contact with humanity, the bigger your influence, the wider your potential power. Naturally, and as a matter of course, I. C. S. students find profitable employment.

To make money the first and foremost thing in the struggle of life is to put the whole I. C. S. proposition on a cheap and flimsy basis.

Yet, paradoxically, the I. C. S. succeeds because it is on a sound commercial basis. Only character counts.

And what is character?

Well, first, character is a matter of habits. The young man or woman who, working all day in a shop or factory, will get a certain amount of outdoor exercise and then buckle down to some course of intellectual improvement for one hour out of the twenty-four, is going to become a distinguished person.

But to slide, glide, drift, loll, dawdle, with no definite objective point in mind, is to arrive at the point of Nowhere and to have your craft lie hopelessly becalmed on Mud Flats. Then is your name Mudsocks.

Walk in the open air, dig in the garden, play ball, then buckle down to half an hour at the lessons, and you are bound to be a winner. The I. C. S. idea can never grow old or obsolete.

Continually comes the tramp of marching feet.

"What is this army?" you say.

It is the youth of the land. They are arriving, arriving!

Babies grow into children, children into youth, youth into men and women.

The mass of humanity is a marching mass—steady, irresistible, onward and upward they come!

There are more of us on this old earth than ever before.

Life is complex, difficult. The struggle exists as it never has before.

We need all the equipment we can get.

But in spite of numbers, opportunities were never so great as they are today.

The I. C. S. supplies opportunity, and this opportunity, improved, leads to higher opportunities.

There is no such thing as complete success. After every achievement comes the voice, "Arise, and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest!"

So we never arrive, but always we work, we struggle, we strive, and this continual endeavor is all there is of life.

But when life is methodized, when we work, study, play and laugh, flavoring all with love, we have found the key to the situation.

He who leaves study out has missed one item in the formula, and a very necessary item, too.

The I. C. S. supplies this ingredient of study.

They show you how to study; and they have a system that tends to hold you to it. To drop out is disgrace. Also, they make you pay for your tuition.

To study alone is not enough. In fact, it's a thing we will not do. And to me, the big thing in the I. C. S. is the fact that it is a commercial institution—that is, organized in such a way that the "field" men force the issue on the prospective students and make them pay. And through the payments the student gains.

The chief gain is not in the fact that the student eventually gets an increase in pay, but in the fact that he becomes a safer, saner, more useful citizen, adding to the wealth and happiness of the world.

He becomes a creator, a builder, instead of a barnacle, a parasite, a derelict.

Character is the net result of the I. C. S. That is the thing it supplies.

The institution has proved its permanent worth.

There is no limit to the extent that the I. C. S. will grow, if decentralized, divided up into departments, each one manned by competent people. And that is the general plan of its operations.

The I. C. S. is manufacturing the men and women who are to manage business in the future. It also makes its own.

If the I. C. S. were simply run by ambitious people, intent on exploiting the public, the whole idea would have exploded long ago into thin air, and been a bubble, burst!

But the fact that the I. C. S. is managed by I. C. S. Alumni makes the idea perpetual. And inasmuch as it pays a dividend to both pupil and teacher, ambition is satisfied, and enthusiasm never languishes.

The I. C. S. has a capital of fifteen million dollars, and can get more when needed.

Great is commerce! He who uses the word commercial as an epithet is a remittance-man, and his future is with the yesterdays.

An Expression of the Zeitgeist

RALPH WALDO EMERSON once said this: "I have an unspeakable dread of being defended in the public prints."

And so let me say that my respect for the I. C. S. is so great that I am pained when I hear some speaker cough three times, sneeze once, and then go on to state instances of where the I. C. S. has worked an evolution and a revolution in the life of some particular person.

That is exactly the business of the I. C. S.! We might as well lift our hands in admiration and explain how the New York Central carries passengers from New York to Buffalo.

¶ It is quite understood that the business of a railroad is transportation. Also, it is understood that the business of the I. C. S. is to supply instruction, and also the inspiration and uplift that will make the whole plan a success.

The I. C. S. has existed for twenty-two years. The necessity for the existence of the Schools is shown in the fact that they have a larger number of students on their lists today than ever before. Also, what is more important is that there are a larger number of I. C. S. students today who are post-graduates than ever before in history.

A large percentage of the applications are secured directly by and through the influence of post-graduates.

The Working Out of an Idea

THE I. C. S. has a bigger and better printing-plant than is owned by any other private institution in the world. Its only rival in America is the Government Printing-Office at Washington, as far as size and extent are concerned.

In point of efficiency, however—and I know both these offices—I would say that Scranton surpasses Washington in the diversity of work done and excellence of product.

The I. C. S. has enrolled over a million five hundred thousand scholarships.

That number of students have paid tuition and received instruction.

One hundred twenty-five thousand students are now studying I. C. S. courses—that is,

double the number enrolled in all colleges and agricultural courses in the United States, and greater than the combined total enrolment in all the technical classes!

The textbooks supplied by the I. C. S. are prepared by specialists, and are brought up to date by a system which is constantly inviting criticism. ¶ Every book is under fire, not only by students, but by teachers, by the public and by the publishers themselves.

A textbook once issued by the I. C. S. is not sent off to live its life and die a bibliopathic death. Over this textbook there stands a sponsor, alive, alert, constantly on the lookout for changes that will make it better.

No other publisher of textbooks issues them with this idea in mind of constantly making them better.

Thus it happens that the excellence of the I. C. S. textbooks is recognized by thousands of old-time schools and colleges. Business colleges, high schools, technical schools, and universities, the wide world over, are using I. C. S. textbooks. In fact, not a public library in the United States of America but that has books issued by the I. C. S.

The I. C. S. secures the best talent in every particular line of human endeavor. In the preparation of these books the world is laid under tribute.

So here we get a vast organization devoted not only to the securing of pupils, firing the desire of young and old to improve their mental estate, but we have also an organization, equally strong, devoted to teaching and supplying everything in the line of literature that will add success to the enterprise.

The whole institution has sort of blended into our modern American life. Unlimited capital, unlimited enthusiasm, tireless energy, and persistence that never wavers, have made this thing possible.

Every good thing goes back to one-man power.

One particular individual breathed into this body the breath of life. Thomas J. Foster is the man to whom must go the credit.

But Thomas J. Foster has evolved a bigger proposition than he ever anticipated, even in his wildest dreams.

Foster was a newspaper editor in a little town, in the Eighties.

A country editor has to know everything, for "Old Subscriber" and "Pro Bono Publico"

are constantly calling upon him for facts. ¶ Foster lived in a coalmining district, where death and disaster every little while swooped down and left a trail of grief and woe.

Coalmining at that time was an unscientific business. The men who had been longest in the mines knew least about the deadly dangers they had to encounter. There was something that was noiseless, tasteless, odorless, that occasionally exploded and shook the very rafters of heaven.

Men went into the bowels of the earth and never returned, and no tidings of them was ever found.

Foster took upon himself the business of educating mine foremen in a scientific way so that they could properly safeguard the lives of their men.

The editorials in this little country paper hammered away at this one idea.

Foster convinced one man—that was himself—that all workingmen should have a proper scientific education in the particular lines they are working at.

So Foster became a schoolteacher. His business was to instruct the subscribers to his newspaper ♣ ♣

Some of his subscribers lived several miles away; so he inserted a question-and-answer column in his mining paper. The editor corrected all the answers, and wrote all of the letters to his students.

Then he had to press his own family into the game. And the Foster family, the first thing they knew, were carrying on a miners' correspondence school!

The work extended to the States of West Virginia and Ohio.

Coalmine owners who wanted foremen wrote to Foster, and "Foster's Men" were given the preference when the jobs were handed out.

¶ No man was more surprised at the success of this idea than Thomas J. Foster, the country editor.

His newspaper business transformed itself into a college, and from this, step by step, it has become a university, and this the greatest one in the world.

In the natural course of events, Thomas J. Foster will disappear from this plane of action, and the people who see him now and hear his voice will see and hear him no more ♣

But the Institution that he has founded will be his lengthened shadow.

The Useful Man

THE I. C. S. has two hundred thirty-five separate courses.

From educating individuals—or, more properly, giving them the opportunity to educate themselves—it is now entering into arrangements with various corporations, railroads, mills, factories, banks, to give instruction to practically everybody on the payroll in the institutions ♣ ♣

Once there was a problem of the unemployed.

¶ Now there are no unemployed in America, except those who are unemployable.

There is a crying need for men who can carry the burdens of the world. Especially are men in demand who have the ability to lead, to utilize intelligently the services of other people ♣ ♣

The task of locating Garcia is easy, but the Rowans are in continual demand. Most of them have good jobs already, carrying the messages to Manland.

The I. C. S. manufactures Rowans. It educates man to his possibilities. It shows him how by home study he may fit himself for a better job. The I. C. S. makes men of method, men of efficiency.

Spare moments are utilized, the student is encouraged to be ever studying to increase his knowledge, usefulness.

The I. C. S. inspires character-sculpture, teaching the student to carve his character and work out his own salvation.

And employers everywhere are alive to the fact that the more thorough and expert the knowledge an employee has of his business or profession, the more valuable he is to them ♣

The closest intimacy exists between the great captains of industry and the I. C. S.

Education gives the judicious judgment and clearer conception and keener insight that eliminate the irrational and irresponsible actions which spell ruinous labor disputes ♣

The educated men are the useful men.

The first proof of education, and the last, is ability to earn a living.

The I. C. S. educates men—helps them to earn a living. ¶ Men who work are safe men. The sane man is he who can get a job and hold it down, and who is getting ready for a better job. "All education is self-education," says Doctor Eliot.

There is only one kind of educated man, and that is the selfmade man.

Dead Languages



HENEVER the Romans conquered a country—and their business was to conquer—they established schools.

In these schools they taught the manners, customs and language of Rome.

What would you expect them to teach?

This has been the universal rule since history began—the country conquered has been forced to learn the language

of the conquerors.

The Latin tongue became at once the official language of every country that Rome overran, just as the Americans have introduced American schools into Cuba and the Philippines for the teaching of the English language.

The schoolma'am follows the flag.

Always and forever the conquered are made to forget their history and abandon their language

Spain, in Fourteen Hundred Ninety, made it a capital offense to speak and write in Hebrew.

¶ In Poland, Russian is the official language.

In Ireland, the Gaelic was for years a forbidden tongue, spoken only in whispers.

In all of our Indian schools the pupils are forbidden to speak their tribal language, and punishments are often imposed for so doing by forbidding the culprit the dining-room

The Romans established their schools in Gaul, and always and forever the Goths, Picts, Ostrogoths and Vandals were forced to speak as the Romans spoke and do as the Romans did.

The only seeming exception to this rule was in the perpetuating of the Greek tongue by the Romans. But this was on account of the value which the Romans placed on Greek learning; moreover, Greek was not taught until Greece had as a nation ceased to exist.

The descendants of the Teutonic Tribes, subdued by Rome, still teach the language of their captors, and count it an accomplishment

The customs of the Coliseum are continued on college football-fields, and our stadium plans are a direct steal from the rogues who forced the idea on our forebears and then died from fatty degeneration of the cerebrum.

We regard any man who can speak and write the Latin language as being immune from the taunt of being a barbarian.

Once the barbarian was simply a man who was not a Roman, but when he learned the language of Rome he was accepted as a citizen, provided he did as the Romans did.

Also, the man who could speak Latin did no work—all the drudgery was performed by barbaric slaves. To do useful labor was to forfeit your social position.

And the precedent still survives in good society, and is fostered in our schools and colleges. Dead languages and dead ideas have long ruled the world.

Breaking With the Past

TO break from this tyranny of the past and point to an ideal that has never been realized will be the work of the pedagogue of the future.

We will not incarcerate the youth in order to teach him. Foul air and bad light will not always be ever-present factors in an education. We will work for qualities, not cleverness; for self-sufficiency, not "marks."

The ideal education will tend toward bodily grace and vigor—for physical effectiveness—for truth, courtesy, efficiency and happy self-reliance

We will have physical culture, not athletics.

¶ Nor will we segregate the sexes and seek for "passivity" as an element of an ideal motherhood, with patronizing reference to the "weaker sex," and gentle gibes, such as, "Frailty, thy name is Mary Jane."

A goodly part of our education will be useful effort in gardens, meadows, groves and fields, under the blue sky or in the face of wind and rain, men and women working side by side under skilled leadership in joyous equality, filled with health and animation.

Out-of-door schools, where useful work forms the principal curriculum—not lessons from musty books and lectures by anemic professors—will cure us of our maladies, pluck from memory its rooted sorrow, render hospitals obsolete, eliminate asylums, render prisons useless and put a "For Rent" sign on every jail

Wisdom is the harmony born of discords. A life symmetrical and proportioned at every period in its growth will know happiness, but of final wisdom it will know nothing.

The Oregon Idea



ON May Fourteen, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, I lectured at the State Normal School at Monmouth, Oregon.

There is one thing about this school that sets it apart, differentiates it and makes it distinguished. This is the plan of preparing teachers to teach agriculture, this to the end that every child shall be educated to the fact that man

is a land animal, and that he thrives only as he is on intimate terms with the outdoor world of growing things.

Much of our education in the past has separated us from the simple, old-fashioned, homely things of life.

Our food comes out of the ground. We are happy only when we are co-operating with Nature. Our business is to move with Nature, understand Nature, love Nature.

Preparing the soil, planting the seed, watching the plant grow, evolve and become, by supplying the conditions of growth—all this is something that every child should realize by joyous experience.

And he must be taught these things before he is fourteen years of age, otherwise there is danger of the fallacy growing up in his mind that people who work in the soil are menials—that gardening, farming, plowing, sowing, reaping, are done by an inferior class of people who are unable to do anything else.

¶ Let such an idea get fixed in the mind of a boy or a girl, and the individual goes through life handicapped with prejudice, shrouded in ignorance, blinded by arrogance—this to his great disadvantage.

Laying the Foundation

THE Oregon Idea is to build a foundation before you build a superstructure. The foundation of all health, prosperity, sanity, lies in a knowledge of man's relationship to Mother Earth.

The intent of a normal school is to evolve a normal teacher, who will in turn teach the normal or natural to boys and girls.

"The first requisite," says Herbert Spencer, "is to be a good animal."

Every school in Oregon, whether in town, city, village or in the country, has its school-garden.

A certain number of hours are spent out of doors every day.

People working out of doors laugh and play to a degree that folks indoors do not. There is something in the sunshine and the blowing winds that animates, inspires and fills the heart with exuberance.

In every school in Oregon children are taught the beauty, the excellence, of working with their hands, thinking things out, planting, producing, adding to the welfare of the world.

¶ In the towns and cities the citizens co-operate with the school system; and there are school-fairs, where the children display the products they have produced: corn, wheat, oats, flax, rye, potatoes, radishes, onions, celery, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, as well as great exhibits of flowers of various kinds and sorts. Then there are many pet animals that are proudly brought and bear off ribbons, red, yellow, white and blue.

Stop at any schoolhouse anywhere in Oregon, as you traverse the country in your auto, and you will find that the children are interested in keeping the school-grounds in order, beautifying them, protecting the property, and looking at it as if it were their own.

In fact, it is their very own; and nothing is your own unless you are caring for it.

Then, and not until then, does it become valuable to you.

The use and value of land is not apparent to any child until he begins to realize its value as the first great productive agent.

The science teachers in Monmouth teach economics in connection with agriculture. They are farmers, gardeners, stock-raisers. Also, they are businessmen, landowners, homemakers, as every schoolteacher should be.

It is an indictment of our times that the schoolteacher is sort of in the society discard, boarding round like a charity relation, existing in a trunk, ready at any minute to strap the trunk and check it on to the next town.

This lack of stability in the position of a schoolteacher, with the small amount of pay that the teacher usually receives, is not apt to give us the best teaching timber.

Oregon's Teachers

OREGON is paying bigger and better salaries to schoolteachers than any other State in the Union, save Arizona.

Oregon seems to realize that commonsense comes largely from working in the soil, and

that when you remove the individual from the land you separate him from the things that make for righteousness.

On the campus at Monmouth Normal School is a garden tract, divided up into something like fifty different little gardens, each looked after by schoolteachers and scholars.

The Normal School works with the district High School; and I noticed the Superintendent of the High School was setting the Normal School a pace in well-doing. He had a garden, cared for by himself and his girls and boys, that was a model of neatness, beauty and efficiency.

The High-School boys and girls were intent on producing bigger, better and finer crops than their rival. The competition was all very good-natured, but very earnest.

State Superintendent Alderman told me that most of the scholars who had individual gardens at school started another garden at home. And the effect was to interest the parents in the subject of education.

The real problem of schoolteaching is to manage the parents.

The dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that the education of a child should begin with his great-great-grandparents, is eminently wise.

President Ackerman

THE University of Wisconsin is working out a plan, and that successfully, whereby the State University reaches out not only to every high school and preparatory school, but to the grades and the district schools, and from this to the family, to the end that the entire population shall be blended into the public-school system.

In Oregon the same idea prevails.

President Ackerman, of the Monmouth Normal School, is a man of the big, simple, commonsense kind.

He has gathered around him a faculty having ideals similar to his own. The Oregon Idea prevails. And this ambition to interest the parents so that they will personally feel that they are a part of the public-school system, responsible, in degree, for its welfare and perpetuity, take a pride in its success—this is what Monmouth Normal School stands for.

The Fraternity Incubus

AT Monmouth the "Frat" has fallen into dissolution and been blown away upon the vagrant winds, this without any violence of direction, or issuing of prohibitions.

The evolution of the individual mirrors the evolution of the race. The child has to go through a savage, nomadic and competitive stage.

The youngster emerging out of adolescence evolves vague ambitions, imagines he is an aristocrat, becomes supercilious, hypocritical, arrogant, and the "I-am-holier-than-thou" concept possesses him.

Happily, most young people pass safely through this stage and out of it. A few there be who fall victims to arrested development and preserve the supercilious, arrogant and exclusive habit. That is just why the Frat is doubly dangerous.

If we could go through the Frat period just as we go through the age of hunting and fishing, it would be a small matter. But for an individual to grow to manhood's estate with the fallacy fixed in his mind that he is something peculiar, different and set apart from the rest of the world, is not only ridiculous—it is tragic.

Democracy demands the demolition of the Frat.

If we can get rid of the Frats in high schools and colleges, the gain will be very great.

The University of Michigan has tabulated a mass of statistics which seem to prove that the fraternities do not stand for scholarship. The pupils that get most out of college are those who enter and go through college without being inoculated with the fraternity virus. Exclusion is limitation. When you lock others out, you lock yourself in.

The castes of Egypt and India and the older civilizations had a deal to do with the dissolution and decline of these old civilizations.

¶ School-gardens tend to put all on a parity. "The chosen people of God are those who till the soil," said Thomas Jefferson.

To earn your living is the great essential. Frats feature secrets, passwords, cleverness, and symbol the silly.

In farming and gardening there are no secrets. Hard work, application, intelligence, right intent, count.

To get rid of the secretive, the moribund and the futility of the Frat through working out of doors, digging in the ground, is something which educators have not anticipated. We reach excellence by indirection; and every good thing leads to something else.

Oregon is teaching the world a few great

pedagogic lessons—things so simple and obvious that heretofore we have quite overlooked them *•••*

In passing, it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that Oregon has quit discussing Equal Suffrage—having adopted it—and thus is free to take up other great and necessary reforms *•••*

A renunciant is a man who gives up his seat in a car to a pretty woman and then maliciously treads on his neighbor's corns.

Vital Statistics



NOT long ago the Metropolitan Life-Insurance Company organized a Bureau of Health.

¶ The intent was to keep accurate statistics of the causes of death, and if possible, to name the causes of disease and give the information out to the policyholders and, in fact, to the public at large.

The fine art of keeping well is a thing that has received too little attention in the past.

Granting, for argument's sake, that the motive of the life-insurance company was to increase its profits by extending the lives of the policyholders through the knowledge of right living, just the same the enterprise was eminently worthy *•••*

And now comes the Association of Life-Insurance Presidents, and decides that all of the great life-insurance companies shall work together to educate the public in the most important science in the world, the science of prophylactics.

Under present conditions throughout the United States, the death-rate experiences of a life-insurance company are so accurate that the future can be told to almost mathematical certainty, save as conditions change.

Signs of the Times

¶ T has been discovered that as we change conditions the betterment reveals itself in the lowered death-rate. That there is a lower death-rate, and that men are now living longer than ever before, is absolutely beyond cavil. We are living longer because we are living better.

The question is, just why are we living better? And this the Association of Life-Insurance Presidents undertakes to tell.

So the various life-insurance companies are now mailing to their policyholders valuable data on the subject of keeping well.

Last year in the city of New York, three hundred eighty-five doctors were fined for failure to report cases of typhoid, scarlet fever and tuberculosis. How many more failures there were to report, we do not know. We only know the number that were caught.

It is very necessary that statistics of disease should be kept, in order that we may obliterate the causes of disease and, if possible, make health conditions uniform.

The insurance-companies, it seems, are taking a very active interest in this matter, and it was probably through their initiative that the negligent doctors were brought to book. When the law strikes, you seldom see the man who starts the blow. He keeps out of sight *•••*

Here we get up against the vital question that the only thing that moves men is self-interest. The insurance-companies are vitally interested in doing away with the conditions that produce disease. And they are vitally interested in having doctors do their duty.

Typhoid, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, smallpox, are all preventable diseases. They are filth diseases, and exist only where certain adverse conditions prevail.

Bad ventilation may exist in a palace. Imperfect sewerage may contaminate the guests in even the highest-priced hotel. Bad water may be served in the restaurant deluxe. And to locate these things, the insurance-companies now are warmly intent.

The doctors lapse simply because it is not to the profit of a doctor to eliminate disease. "They who are well need no physician," says the Bible.

The words come to us down two thousand years and are as absolutely true today as they were when spoken.

Doctors, being human, are only aroused into activity by the things that threaten the loss of income, or that tend to bring about honors and compensation.

The insurance-companies are intent on getting at the facts. The doctors are indifferent; and this is exactly why a large number of doctors failed to observe the law and report, as they should have done.

Just here I notice that a doctor bobs up, and after gently stroking his whiskers and coughing twice, calls our attention to the plain and indisputable fact that while life-insurance companies are zealously intent on lowering death-rates, yet a consequent reduction of life-insurance premiums has not been inaugurated. This seems indelicate.

But the doctor argues that life-insurance managers are simply human. What they are intent on is lessening outgo, and keeping income exactly where it is, or, if anything, increasing it.

The doctor certainly scores, even if his argument, when properly analyzed, only amounts to this: "You are another!"

In any event, the doctor said something, and that is that self-interest is the one thing that animates men.

In the meantime, let us all be thankful that the insurance managers have discovered that good health for the community at large is a thing that pays. Tally one!

States of mind influence Time. Time hastens under the influence of pleasure, contracts under the influence of pain.

Time



TIME defies definition. It seems to be a form of measurement—not a thing. If nothing happened, we say there would be no time. The day, the month, the year, symbol happenings—the movement of our world, and other worlds.

You can not trace the beginning nor the end of time. But would n't time still be here, even though we did not use it for a measuring-rod?

While we calculate the end of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled—waiting to be used.

The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time.

Birds and fowls go to roost when it grows

dark, and become active when light returns. You can deceive them by darkening the room or turning on a light.

When a total eclipse happens, chickens accept it as a matter of course, and hunt their roosts; while we foretell time's happenings by the use of a watch and a calendar.

Just why we waste artificial light for from two to eight hours in the forepart of the night, and sleep that much over in the daytime, we do not know. Sleep was once a condition that occurred when darkness came and we could not work or wander.

"I will awake in thy light." "Work while it is called the day." Living naturally, we should work in the light of day and sleep during the dark. And the nearer a man does this now, the more capable he is.

The Power of Time

TIME mitigates all grief, cures all sickness, satisfies revenge, equalizes the high and the low, and finally with the help of Kindly Death puts all on a parity.

A great poet says, "What is time but the shadow of earth on the background of eternity?"

The Bible contains nine hundred sixty references to time.

Time goes on just the same when we sleep, and if we should fail to awake it would still go on. It will go on when watches cease to tick, when all animal life ceases to breathe, when stars cease to shine and suns to set. How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine. But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he is awake. Sleep is the sister of Death.

When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for me?

I do not know, and this very uncertainty makes me prize time and work while it is called the day.

To limit the shock of my passing, and to ease my affairs over the shallows when my hand and brain can no longer guide them, prudence comes in and we accumulate wealth, which possibly I can never use, but which adds to the well-being of the world.

And being wise we provide against the time when time shall be no longer ours. This spells progress.

Self-preservation prompts men to move in the line of least resistance.

The Other Side



It is, of course, very necessary that when you are entrusted with a message you shall deliver it to the right party in the least possible space of time.

The man, however, who entrusts another with a message has a duty to perform quite as much as the man who is given one.

There are men who can never get messages carried; and other men there be who inspire messengers with loyalty, fidelity and courage.

It is a somewhat curious thing that the most able men are never good teachers. "The great teacher," says Emerson, "is not the man who supplies the most facts, but the one in whose presence we become different people."

Too much individuality repels, overawes, subdues. An overpowering personality is a willopus-wallopus, or a steam-roller that flattens anything and everybody in the vicinity. A great actor seldom surrounds himself with able actors. In fact, a great actor usually reduces the whole company to nullity. In his presence animation subsides, ambition declines, originality takes to the tall uncut, and initiative becomes apologetic.

In the United States there are a few merchants who are discoverers of genius, but most are served by the mediocre, not to mention the timeserver, the hypocrite and the lickspittle. One great merchant in the United States lives in history, not only because he was a great merchant, but because he discovered to the world fully a half-dozen other great merchants. That is, he took young men, gave them an opportunity, and under his beneficent guiding influence these country boys mentally bloomed and blossomed.

"Making Good"

WHEN you expect a messenger to deliver a message it is well not to hamper him with too many instructions, nor scare him into innocuous desuetude by retailing the dangers that he will encounter, describing for him the punishment he will receive if he fails to "make good."

It is a great man who knows when and how to place reliance in another; to relegate and

delegate and keep discipline out of sight. To let one line of figures at the bottom of the balance-sheet tell the tale—this is genius. Of course, if you repose confidence in the wrong man you will rue it, but genius turns on selection. Big men, nowadays, are big because they get others to do their work.

Napoleon said, "I win my battles with my marshals." And then when he was asked where he got his marshals, he said, "I make them out of mud!"

What he meant was that he took obscure men and lifted them into positions of prominence by throwing responsibility on them.

Note the loyalty and love of Bertrand, who followed his master to Saint Helena, giving up home, religion, family and all of his own private interests that he might serve his master—even refusing to leave his master when he was dead, but remaining at Saint Helena in order that his own dust might be buried in the grave of this man he loved. Any man who can inspire another with such love can not be obliterated by the scratch of a pen or the shrug of the shoulder.

Napoleon certainly had personality; at the same time he did not use it to destroy the personality of others.

Great is the man—supremely great—who does not bstride the narrow world like a colossus and cause other men to run and peep about under his huge legs to find themselves dishonorable graves.

Who Is the Great Man?

THE world is big enough for all of us, and a very good slogan is, "Make room! Make room!" And if you are bound to give an order, let it be this: "Open up that gangway!"

Ben Lindsey has entrusted a thousand boys, each with a message, and the message he gave them was their commitment-papers.

These boys carried the message; and out of the thousand a scant half-dozen proved derelict. And just remember that all of these boys belonged to the "criminal class."

Let us here quote Napoleon again, who said: "The criminal class? Ah, yes, I fight my battles with the criminal class!"

To entrust a message to a messenger with the full confidence that he will do naught else but deliver it to the proper person, and this expeditiously, is a fine art that employers would do well to acquire.

A trusted messenger is fine, but a trusting employer is finer still.

Suspicion taints the whole fabric of trust. If Ben Lindsey doubted that his boys would go where they were sent, very few of them would ever reach the iron gates and hear their clanging welcome. The secret of Ben Lindsey's success is simple: he believes in his boys. And that is why the boys believe in him.

Ben Lindsey kissing the cheek of a bad boy and sending the lad away to prison alone, unattended, uncoerced, is a finer thing to me than Napoleon's habit of pulling down the head of one of his marshals and kissing the bearded cheek.

"Know thyself!" said Socrates.

"Trust thyself!" said Emerson.

"Trust others!" says Ben Lindsey.

When President McKinley gave that message to Rowan, he trusted Rowan to carry it. There were no instructions, no threats, no implied doubts, no injunctions. Rowan asked no questions; neither did McKinley.

The big man is not the man who wants to live not only his own life but the life of others, but he is great who reposes faith in others, and thus brings out the best there is in them, that which was often before unguessed.

No god was ever jealous, but the man who invents him always is.

Great Inventions



N epoch is a pivotal point, something that changes old methods, cleans up the slate, and starts the game of life afresh.

Epoch-making men are those who render old ideas obsolete.

¶ In history we read of seven decisive battles, turning-times in history, when maps were made anew and national lines were wiped out and new ones supplied.

In the lives of individuals there are pivotal points. We meet a person, read a book, hear a lecture, go on a journey, and the course of our entire career thereafter is changed.

Loss, calamity, grief, may be pivotal points—times when an issue bravely met adds cubits to our stature.

Great successes are usually those where victory is snatched from the jaws of defeat. And the old idea of the Indians that when they killed an enemy they absorbed his strength into their own, is poetically true.

The Steam-Engine

It is universally conceded that the greatest invention of modern times is the steam-engine.

The principle of the expansive power of water, when heat was applied, was known to Pythagoras, who lived six hundred years before Christ. Other men down the centuries showed that they too knew that when heat was applied to water it would expand.

However, the value of steam as a producer of power was of no avail until we had a receptacle that would contain it. The rolling of iron plates was the thing that made the steam-engine practicable. It was the steam-boiler and not the steam-engine that ushered in the Age of Steam. Robert Fulton said his job was to make a boiler to hold the steam—the engine was easy.

Then from making things in the home, we began to make them in factories, and the modern manufacturing system was built. The factory is the thing that made England mistress of the seas. She manufactured things cheaply and well, and supplied them to the nations of the world. Birmingham and Sheffield made Liverpool possible.

Stephenson rigged up an engine and a boiler on a wagon, ran a chain over the hub, and this chain ran around the flywheel of his engine. With this steam-wagon he could travel on a good roadway at the rate of four miles an hour. Four miles an hour is a good, easy, swinging, walking gait. It is the speed of a traction-engine.

Stephenson found that when he increased the speed of his wagon it jarred his engine so that it was impossible to manipulate it. The wheels of the wagon hit the ground and every inequality caused a shock.

Driving horses on a stone pavement faster than five miles an hour is not practicable.

I once rode to a fire with Chief Hale in Kansas City at the rate of ten miles an hour. We certainly did make the sparks fly. We swung from curb to curb, and the racket, the friction, the pounding, was terrific. I vowed that if I ever got out of that red wagon, I would never climb into such a vehicle again.

An Ed Geers Incident

EMERSON says that the first man who made a pair of shoes carpeted the earth with leather.

The invention of the rubber tire made the automobile possible.

And if rubber tires had been invented before iron wheels were utilized, the railroads would never have existed.

When Stephenson discovered that it was impossible to make speed on a roadway with an iron-wheeled vehicle, he laid wooden rails and covered them with strips of iron, thus getting a comparatively smooth surface.

When I used to jog horses with my neighbor, Ed Geers, the Silent Man, I realized in driving a single block over a macadam pavement from the barn to the track how impossible speed was on any road except one specially prepared.

The racetrack was made up of dirt loam mixed with pulverized bark from the tannery. And a good, big, hard shower always put our racetrack out of commission.

Here was a soft footing for the iron-shod feet of the horses and a yielding pavement for the iron tires of our sulkies.

One fine day some one sent to Ed Geers a present of a little low-wheeled sulky. The wheels were evidently those taken from a bicycle—at least, we thought so. And when we looked at that little low-wheeled sulky, we laughed aloud. We knew that those little wheels could never keep up with our high six-foot wheels.

At that time I had never heard of ball bearings. But I soon understood that the ball bearings shift the friction from one place to a great many.

There is a little machine made for sharpening lead-pencils that will never break the lead off, no matter how delicate, because the knives are arranged so as to cover a great surface at one time, and the pressure is equalized all over the point of the lead-pencil, and never upon one particular point.

It is somewhat the same with the ball-bearing axle.

The little low-wheeled sulky was laughed at, then admired. Finally Ed Geers hitched a horse to it, and I, driving a high-wheeled sulky, drove by his side. Two turns around the half-mile track, and his horse was used to the contrivance.

It ran as silently as Ed Geers himself, and with so little friction that it seemed to be chasing the horse and pushing him along. And I do know positively that the horse was drawing the sulky by the reins, and not by the traces.

And so we came down the homestretch, with these two horses evenly matched, neck and neck. And then Ed Geers drew out in front of me very easily, and went under the wire three lengths ahead. We tried it again, and the Silent Man delivered himself thus: "It means about ten seconds on the mile." Then he dived into silence and pulled the silence in after him.

A few days later Ed Geers drove a horse hitched to this little low-wheeled, ball-bearing sulky in a race at Buffalo. When he drove out to warm up, he got the laugh from the grandstand. But he walked away with the race, just the same. He had just ten seconds' leeway over the bunch; in other words, they were handicapped ten seconds.

The Pneumatic Tire

THE next year on the Grand Circuit not a single high-wheeled sulky was seen. The bicycle-tire and the ball-bearing axles were here to stay.

As Emerson's shoemaker carpeted the earth with leather, so has the pneumatic tire paved the roadway with rubber.

Fifteen years ago the principal use for rubber was in making gum-shoes for politicians. The gum-shoe is not now so much in demand as it was then. ¶ Never in the history of the world was there so much demand for rubber as there is today, this on account of the necessity of rubber for paving purposes—that is to say, for automobile-tires.

It is often stated that Dunlop of England was the inventor of the rubber tire. He invented one, all right, but great inventions are usually invented in different parts of the world at the same time—and so it was this time.

NO man sees deeply into life until he begins to grow weary of life. For despair is a kind of power. Courage gives us vast outer perspectives; despair gives us vast inner perspectives. It was Nietzsche who sneered at despair—philosophy and despair—morality; yet all his wonderful dreaming was mothered by Despair and fathered by a too intense love of the moral. Curious paradox!

John Barleycorn



HE man who strikes a new literary vein is like the man who invents a new dish, and is pretty nearly as unique as one who discovers a new dimension in space.

We use that fine old bromide; to wit: "When all is said and done."

Of course, everything has n't been said and everything has n't been done, and never will be.

But Jack London has done a new thing in his treatment of J. Barleycorn.

Rousseau's *Confessions* and De Quincey's *Opium-Eater* are classics; and a classic is a thing that never grows old.

John Barleycorn is a classic. Strong drink has cursed the race since the very dawn of history, and today it is the one big bluebottle in civilization's precious ointment.

Solomon, writing on the subject a thousand years before Christ, passes out a few things that are just as true today positively as when he uttered them: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Jack is writing his confessions. At least he would have us think so.

In one sense, all literature is a confession. We confess the things we have done; also the things we might have done; and we occasionally confess things that we have thought about, but never dared do.

In the Toils

THERE must be a certain amount of truth in Jack's fine confessions. How much, it would be indelicate to ask. Nevertheless, the whole thing has both grip and punch.

If you read it, you find it is on your nerves. You're thinking about that boy of seventeen who contracted the habit of indulging in strong drink.

Now and again, as the years pass, he broke away and did not touch the stuff for days, weeks and months. But we find him going back to it.

He drinks rum, beer, absinthe, whisky, cocktails. At first one cocktail suffices to set his brain a-tingle and his thoughts a-jingle.

He is at peace with the world, with himself,

with the universe, with one beautiful woman.

¶ We find him living in sweet camaraderie, helping the lady wash the dishes.

He has had one drink. That is not enough. He sneaks away from the woman, and dishonestly puts in an extra one, unknown to her. It makes you think less of the man; and yet here he is confessing it—and how dare you blame a man who lays his soul before you! He disarms you by his frankness.

When a friend calls, in pure sociability they have a drink together. And then the biographer gumshoes away to the kitchen and has a couple of drinks by himself.

At first the man drinks only when his day's literary work is done. But there comes a time when the morning opens dull, hazy, foggy, damp. Thoughts are opaque, and refuse to flow. And so he takes an eye-opener.

¶ The habit is upon him. If he breaks away from it for a few days, the thought is still in his mind of the mad, sad, bad days in Honolulu and San Francisco, when good fellows met together, and youth had its fling.

¶ Jack views the subject from every standpoint. He is as analytical as Herbert Spencer, and a thousand times more entertaining. He is so human at times that he is uncanny.

The Bite of the Serpent

ONLY once do I find his logic lapsing. This is when he rides out horseback over across his broad acres, after his day's work is done—and well done.

The man should have been happy in his prosperity, in his strength, in his power, in his sweet intimacy with Nature.

But melancholy weaves her web about him, and the mild wind of the West, blowing in his face, fills his soul with a sense of sadness.

He asks why it is that one who has everything which the world can give—work, love, approbation, prosperity, all mixed with a modicum of opposition that animates and inspires—why it is that such a man should be filled with a sense of sadness.

And Jack answers, It is on account of the demon Alcohol.

Just here the author seems to force the issue, and drags in an argument by the cosmic scruff. The fact is that men who do not smoke, nor drink, nor swear, are often filled with melancholy. The very fact that an individual has everything that his heart can wish, is no reason why he is happy and blithe and gay.

I am not quite sure that this great human document entitled *John Barleycorn* is an argument against drink.

This man drinks and struggles with drink, and fights John Barleycorn, not to a finish, but to a draw. And one is tempted to the belief that if a man can drink as this man says he has, and still has the brain to analyze the situation and put the whole thing on paper and sell it to the *Saturday Evening Post* for a princely sum, as this man evidently has, then how can it be that strong drink is wholly bad?

The Descent to Avernus

THIS man is bigger than drink. Jack does not say so outright, but he leaves us to make the inference.

He explains to us that friendship and conviviality are at the base of the drinking habit, and that were it not for saloons, banquets and meetings, with song and banter and wit and play and fancy and mad riding of the senses and flow of soul, John Barleycorn would be out of the game.

Jack is n't writing any Sunday-School tract. He is neither for nor against. He is stating the simple facts of temptation and falling from grace, of the inward clutch of conscience, and of sinning and repenting.

If the whole thing were a temperance tract, Jack would have explained that he has quit the game once and forever. But instead of this he frankly explains that he is a drinking man still, and will continue to drink to the day of his death. ¶ The horse is running away with him, but he maintains that he is able to keep the mad brute in the middle of the road, and thus is master of the situation.

May You Live Long and Prosper!

THEN we find Jack telling of his physician—strong, able, ballasted with brain, clear of eye—who says to Jack: "Look at me! Look at me!" and in admiration, Jack looks at the man and realizes that the doctor is one who has never gone the pace. Cigarettes, booze, dope, excess, have never had this physician in their frantic clutch. Jack wishes he were like him.

Three months go by, and news comes to Jack that the physician is dead. The "bugs" have jumped him. Just what the bugs were, Jack does n't say. But the germs of disease got their strangle-hold on him. They formed a combine, evidently, and jumped him from

different sides, ambushed him and gave him the cosmic jiu-jit—and the man was no more.

¶ Then Jack, without saying anything about it, allows the reader to think what a deal more fun this doctor would have had if he had been of the convivial sort. He might have lived longer than he did; for with all his temperance, all his abstinence, all his abnegation, he was not immune from the standing high jump and the lofty pole of the bugs. So much for science, so much for temperance, so much for the simple life.

As a study in psychology, *John Barleycorn*, by Jack London, is a book that will be new a hundred years from now. It is a book upon which an author could safely found a literary reputation. It is a monument to the man who wrote it.

Big things in literature have no violence of direction. This story has n't. Each one who reads it will read into it his own experiences, and he will extract from it any argument that he wishes to.

The story is an arsenal of reasons both for and against. It tells of the why and of the what and the whither; of the who and the when. It will make you think; it will make you pause; it will make you sigh.

It is a sad book, tinted and touched with fatalism. Its doctrine is the doctrine of pessimism; and the literature of pessimism is the literature that lives.

Each of us imagines he is bigger than Fate—an exception to the rule. And out of sadness we distil a kind of joy on account of the fact that we are alive. In the pains of others there is a certain satisfaction, and we mentally are congratulating ourselves on the fact that the tragedy is none of ours.

ALL defects are declensions from ideals; all pain is the pin-prick in the fabric of our illusions. It is the ideal that stands between us and final realities. The ideal is symbolized by the ancients as the veil of Isis. We all wear that veil. Nothing "measures up"; all things deceive and are defective because the World-Spirit, in order to attain its incomprehensible end, has stuck into the eye-sockets of the soul the colored lenses of dreams instead of putting there a naked mathematical recorder. Wise old hidden Witch! Wise with the wisdom of all demons and satirists. Her life depends on those colored lenses.

The Death Penalty



It seems that in France the President of the Republic is obliged to sign all death-warrants.

In the United States the President, and the Governors of the respective States, are passive parties to the execution of criminals.

They have the power to pardon, and unless they interfere, the execution of a condemned

man takes place according to the sentence of the judge, save in the few States where capital punishment has been done away with.

Brand Whitlock traces capital punishment back to a time when the king had the power of life and death over all of his subjects, and often he exercised the right of killing in person.

President Fallieres also cites a time when the head of a clan or the head of a family had the right of life and death over any one in his household.

And to President Fallieres the taking of human life is a rudimentary relic of savage days. He says that the modern President of a Republic is not the Strong Man, the Dictator, the Savage Chief, the High Executioner; that his duties, in the main, are economic and educational.

And he thinks it is high time that he should be relieved of the added onus of killing people that are objectionable to society.

And so, without looking into each particular issue, he simply commutes the sentence of death to that of imprisonment for life, with the added suggestion that any judge who sentences a man to die should also perform the part of execution and kill the objectionable party himself.

Refined Murder

In America we make it easy for the President or a Governor to be a party to the death sentence. They simply refuse to interfere, and the culprit goes to his doom.

There is always a shirking of the responsibility. The jury finds the man guilty. That lets them out, and they put the matter up to the judge. He, in turn, sentences the man to die, but puts the responsibility up to the Governor or to the President, by saying, "If

you do not interfere, this man will go to his death."

The instruction of the judge is that the sentence shall be carried out by some sheriff or warden of a prison. But the sheriff or warden delegates the delicate task to some one else, usually to a convict, who is working under orders.

In San Quentin Prison, California, when a man is hanged, there are half a dozen ropes arranged. From some of these are attached bags of sand, and of course one of the ropes is around the neck of the culprit.

The men who liberate the weights, so as to hang the man, are out of sight of the culprit, in a room by themselves, shut in so they can see out in only one direction, and that not the direction of the scaffold.

At a signal, half a dozen of these convicts, with a stroke of the knife, cut a rope that releases a weight, but no one of the convicts ever knows whether he has been a party to the death or not. This plan is derived from the old-time scheme of supplying blank cartridges to half of the shooting-squad where men were sentenced to be shot.

In the case of electrocution, similar schemes are employed. Several buttons are pressed at once, and the men pressing the buttons do not know which one has turned on the deadly current.

Abolishing the Death Penalty

We should kill the man openly, frankly, before the world, or we should follow our better natures and abolish the death penalty once and forever.

Doctor Robert A. Gunn, the eminent psychologist, says that the infliction of the death penalty is only excusable in a community where no facilities exist for confining those of a violent and dangerous disposition.

He holds that the act of the State in justifying the killing of an individual for any offense, however heinous, lessens sacred regard for human life and encourages further violence.

Where the State claims the right, and exercises it, of killing its enemies, individuals will occasionally kill theirs. The killing of lawbreakers familiarizes the human mind with murder.

In addition, the belief is firmly fixed in the minds of a great number of scientific men that the murderer is, of necessity, proven by his very act to be an abnormal and irrespon-

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THAT is "orl
korrekt"; and
if it isn't a
"knock-out"
call me a loz-
enge! ¶ *The Philistine*
always was a K. O.,
though. ¶ Many's the
funny little champion it
has met and put to sleep
with the long melford, a la
George Borrow's *Flaming
Tinman*. ¶ And many a
heavyweight has forgot-

ten the day of the week
—likewise Sunday—
when he has run up
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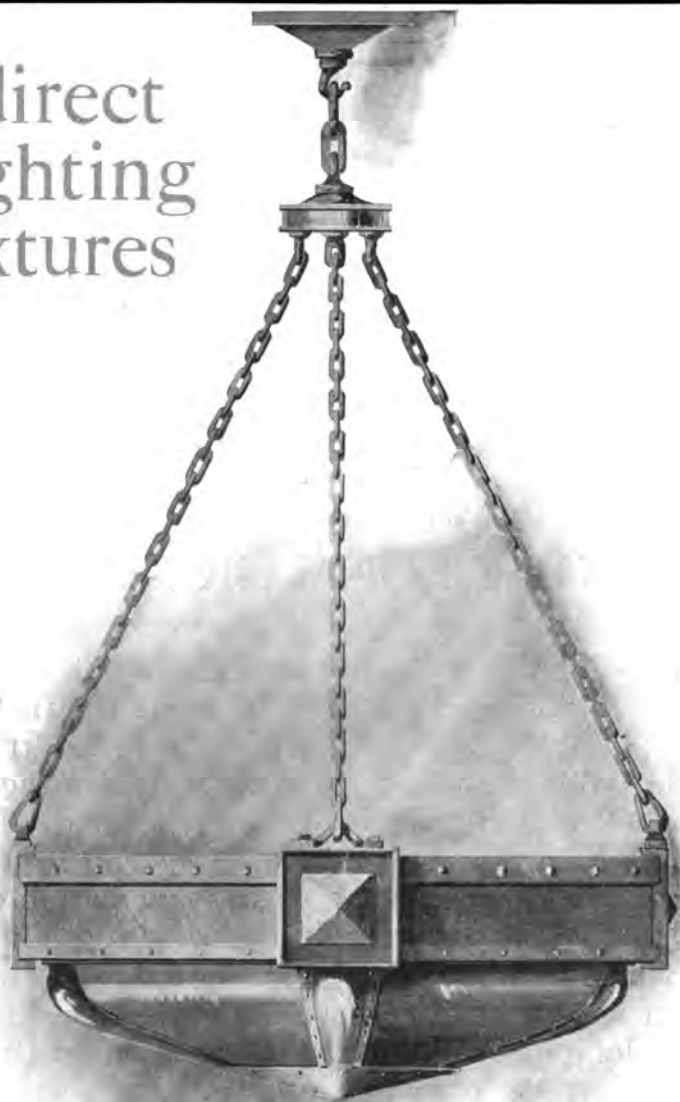
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sible individual. In a whirlwind of wrath he commits an act which blights his entire life and visits on his kinsmen and the community and the relatives of the dead man great woe, misery and unhappiness.

Such an individual should have the pity of every sane and well-balanced person. That he should be restrained and placed in a position where he can not repeat his act is eminently wise and proper.

But the cause of the murder goes back, and has its roots in heredity.

Men and women, unhappily mated, live together in a condition of contention, strife, jealousy, hate, and bring children into the world.

These children are heirs, in degree, to the misery, unrest and quarrelsome moods of their unfortunate parents.

Such children are terribly handicapped for the game of life.

They often evolve into perverts and degenerates, especially so if these unhappily mated parents bring the children up in luxury and give them an education which makes them exempt from manual labor.

Such cases as that of Thaw, Beattie and Richeson come at once to mind.

Poverty, the necessity of work, and stern responsibility would have sobered these individuals and probably kept them in the path of safety.

Instead of this, we find Harry Thaw roaming the world with nothing to do but kill time. To kill a supposed rival is only one step more.

Beattie, instead of shoveling coal, following the plow, or digging in the ditch, owned an automobile, with plenty of time to go in search of strange gods and hatch up atrocious schemes.

Richeson was educated as a gentleman, and was launched upon the world by parents and relatives as a teacher who was to show mankind the way of life.

"Crimes and Punishment"

To eliminate the perverts and destroy the degenerates, the task should be taken up a few hundred years before they are born.

The futility of capital punishment is well brought out in a book entitled, *Crimes and Punishment*, by Cæsar Beccari. This book was first published in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, but is now translated and issued in English. Beccari was one with the school

of Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin. His book is as modern as Franklin's *Autobiography*.

The interested reader should also make himself familiar with that most masterly essay, *Crimes Against Criminals*, by Robert Ingersoll.

Governor Baldwin makes a great point when he says that the certainty of punishment has a much greater deterrent effect than its severity.

Most murderers now go free. Juries prefer to free a man rather than take the responsibility of killing him.

If the death penalty were abolished the certainty of punishment would follow as a natural result, and thus would the deterrent effect of the law be very much greater than it is today.

Civilization has reached a point where we should take the command literally, "Thou shalt not kill!"

Be true to your convictions. It means health, happiness—success.

The Republic of China



It is interesting, even if a bit embarrassing, to know that the United States of America is not regarded by other Governments as a perfect example of an ideal republic.

We have certain faults and failings. At the same time, of course, we have many things that are regarded as great advantages and improvements over most any other government.

Just now, in China, there is a "Bureau of Constitutional Preparation," that is writing a Constitution for China.

This Bureau, or Committee, is made up of one hundred Chinese who have visited every country in the world.

In the Bureau are at least six members who are graduates of American Colleges. Several are graduates of Oxford, and others of Heidelberg and Jena.

These men are taking plenty of time to view the subject of government from every possible standpoint.

One criticism of the United States of America, which has recently been read into the Chinese records, is the statement that in the United States, where a President is eligible for a second term, he spends the first two years in office fitting himself for the position, studying its needs and requirements; and the second two years are spent mostly in political wire-pulling, laying cornerstones, and getting things in shape to glide easily and gently into the coveted second term.

Therefore, the Chinese suggest that, in order to get the best possible service from this man who is the servant of the public and not its ruler or dictator, one term must be the rule. And the suggestion is that six years is better than four.

Choosing a President

THE dangers of a second term, and especially of a third, are frankly broached.

George Washington expressed himself on the subject of third terms, and the strong men of his time in the American Republic evidently foresaw the day when a strong, able and ambitious man, intoxicated by power, and yet possibly full of right intent, would seize the office and hold it indefinitely through successive elections, duly engineered, manipulated and managed by himself.

Thus would Democracy move in a circle and become the detested thing that it broke away from—a monarchy.

All of these facts are plainly set forth by our Chinese friends.

The Chinese, however, are preparing a position for their ex-presidents. They are to become members of the Higher House, that is, the Senate, and hold this position for life. The Chinese say that the experience of an ex-President is too valuable to lose to the country, and therefore the man must be retained and given an office of dignity with a sufficient emolument to preserve his self-respect.

In the Senate his vote would carry no more weight than that of one of the regular members, but his influence would probably be greater.

The Chinese look with disapproval on our presidential election, which every four years interferes with business and takes the time and attention of the people from their peaceful and regular avocations.

They think, also, there is more or less danger

of revolutions at such times, and they point to the complications that followed the election when Hayes and Tilden were the principals, and state that if Tilden had been possessed of enough fighting force, he would have seized the office and civil war would have been the result.

To avoid such a complication, the Chinese are introducing into their Constitution a provision that in case of a contest over the result of a presidential vote, a Committee of five Representatives and two Senators shall determine the matter and their decision shall be final.

The Chinese are of the opinion that the French system of the President being chosen by Congress, instead of directly by the people, has in it many advantages over our antiquated system of choosing presidential electors.

Their plan is to have Congress act as the Electoral College.

Men congratulate themselves on their position, no matter what it is; the world is wrong, not they.

After Reading Omar

By Frederick Willis Davis

ALAS, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!

That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again—who knows?"

Alas, that Cash should vanish like the Snows,
Which lying on the Desert's dusty Nose,
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone,
Like Fragrance from dead Petals of the Rose.

His Wishbone where his Backbone ought to be—

'T is this that causes all his Miser—ee!
Spend less than what you earn, is very well!
Spend *more* than what you earn, makes life
a ——!!

"Well, to say the Least, it is Annoying!"

A great sudden joy should be received by us
gravely, for it is like the gift of a golden casket
studded with kohinoors in which lies coiled a
python.

Government by Hysteria

By Henry Watterson



T length we are reunited. Let us thank God for that. But from our misadventures and mistakes shall we take no lesson to ourselves?

But, although the crossroads lie behind us, there are the mileposts directly ahead, each inscribed with the misleading words, "On to Washington."

¶ What do they mean? They mean that when anybody

wants anything he shall go to Washington and get it. They mean, through the spirit of mendicancy, less of manly character and effort, and, through organized paternalism, more of personal dependence and public meddling with private affairs.

May I not dwell a moment here upon a peril menacing the future of the Republic?

We are told, and most of us believe, that those are best governed who are least governed.

Yet we have one big Congress in the nation's capital and forty-eight little congresses in the several States, constantly in session, to make and unmake laws to vex the people and confuse the courts. Inevitably respect for law is lowered, and here, as elsewhere, familiarity breeds contempt.

The danger is admitted. Remedies are sought. Thus far in each instance they follow the precept that the hair of the dog is good for his bite. Clearly seeing the evils of too much legislation we call for more. Through chance majorities, stable in nothing, we would regulate the tastes, morals and habits of the people by act of Assembly. Perennially reproaching Congress we would nevertheless augment the power of Congress. We are creating a system of centralized bureaucracy and supplementing the civil service with multifarious commissions. We have a standing army of officials. Collectivism, robbing man of his individuality, trusts nothing to the force of Nature, the genius of our institutions and the providence of God.

Yet we disdain alike experience and forecast. Forgetting that it was sentimental extremism that did our undoing in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, leaving us after an Iliad of woes much where it found us, it is still sentiment

which is on every side invoked. We are threatened with government by hysteria, displaying its excess on the one hand by the vain-glorious assertion of our grandeur and puissance, on the other hand expressing its humanity through the exploitation of visionary schemes of impossible relief.

The age of force is passing. The age of numbers is at hand. We have weathered the assaults by which time tries the bravest: the struggle for existence, the foreign invasion, the domestic quarrel, even the disputed succession. Comes the final test of the right to be free; can the people, "the majority of citizens told by the head," rule themselves?

It is a problem that still hangs in the balance of the experimental, and except we look to it we may find our boasted world-power partaking rather of the majesty of empire than the blessing and the logic of liberty.

To benefit others, you must be reasonably happy: there must be animation through useful activity, good-cheer, kindness and health—health of mind and health of body.

What Shall We Say?

By David Starr Jordan



S teachers of private and to some extent of public morals, what shall we say to the gigantic parade on the Hudson of miles on miles of war-vessels on their way from the Tax Bureau to the Junkshop? ¶ Let us look on this mighty array of ships splendidly equipped and manned by able and worthy men, the whole never to be needed and never under any conceivable circumstances to be other than a burden and a danger to the nation which displays it.

We are told that a purpose of this pageant of the ships is to "popularize the navy." This may mean to get us used to it, and to paying for it, which is the chief function of the people in these great affairs. Or it may mean to work upon the public imagination so that we may fill the vacancies in the corps of sailors and marines who "glare" at us "through their absences."

By all means let us popularize the Navy. It

is our Navy, we have paid for it, and it is for the people to do what they please with it. "For after all, this is the people's country." And perhaps we could bring it nearer to our hearts and thoughts if we should paint, on the white side of each ship, its cost in taxes, in the blood and sweat of workingmen, in the anguish of the "Man Lowest Down."

The American Burden

THERE is the good ship *North Dakota*, for example. Her cost is almost exactly the year's earnings of the prosperous State for which she is named. The fine Dreadnoughts who fear nothing while the nation is in its senses, and in war nothing but a torpedo-boat or an aerobomb, it would please the workingman to know that his wages for twenty thousand years would purchase a ship of this kind, and that the wages of one thousand six hundred of his fellows each year would keep it trim and afloat. As the procession moves by, he will see ships that have cost as much as Cornell or Yale or Princeton or Wisconsin, and almost as much as Harvard or Columbia, and on the flagship at the last these figures might be summed up, the whole costing as much as an American workman would earn perhaps in two million years, a European workman in four million, and an Asiatic in eight millions—as much, let us say, as all the churches, ministers and priests in the Christian world have cost in half a century. These figures may be not all correct. It would require an expert statistician to make them so. But it would be worth while.

If all this is needed to insure the peace it endangers, by all means let us have it. There is no cost we can not afford to pay if honorable peace is at stake. But let us be convinced that peace is really at stake, and that this is the means to secure it. There are some who think that Christian fellowship, the demands of commerce and a civil tongue in a foreign office do more for a nation's peace than any show of force.

"Man," observes Bernard Shaw, "is the only animal that esteems itself rich in proportion to the number and voracity of its parasites." ☛ ☛

Urge your own spontaneous thought against all prudential considerations, and the world will believe in you, or hate you—the difference is small.

Brother Brandeis

By General Charles Miller



THE following article recently appeared in a New York paper:

Would Fight Brandeis' Plan

Of Louis D. Brandeis' assertion that the railroads could save one million dollars a day by scientific management, Mr. Morrissey said he did not believe American workingmen would labor under such conditions as he thought such a system would impose upon them. He added:

"They decline to bear the additional burdens such a system would impose. If there should be a saving of a million a day by the more eco-

nomical operation for the benefit of the shipper, it would come largely from labor.

"The suggestion contemplates the reduction of the operating force by thousands of men. The exploitation of such a system would tend to plunge the country into industrial warfare, the result of which could not be foretold."

Mr. Brandeis is undoubtedly a very great lawyer and a man who has read about all the books there are pertaining to law. He is energetic and able in every direction where the law is concerned. It seems to me that Mr. Brandeis could be of incalculable value to the people of the United States if he would undertake to bring about an economical management of litigation. I have no doubt he could reduce the number of motions that are made from time to time to delay lawsuits and the unnecessary expenses connected therewith. Also, if he would cease his own personal efforts, the number of lawsuits would be much diminished. Mr. Brandeis, being so well versed in law, could probably bring about a saving, not of a million, but perhaps of two millions a day for the people of this country.

Then again, he would certainly be able to figure out from the knowledge he has acquired from books and by mathematical demonstrations the proper amounts to be paid to attorneys in fees, so that a person entering into a lawsuit will know that it will be economically administered, based upon Mr. Brandeis' theory, and he can know in advance the amount to be paid per hour or per minute to the attorneys handling his case.

People can then go into litigation intelligently and know just what the cost will be.

This proposition could be so clearly demonstrated in theory that one could tell exactly the

amount of money to be expended and what the cost would be in the operation and management of a lawsuit.

Taking His Own Medicine

SOME years ago, a gentleman used to talk to the President of a railway about the mismanagement of the road by the General Manager. This man was in the auditing department and could make figures to show how much or what per cent of the gross earnings should be net, and he demonstrated theoretically on paper that the operating expenses should not exceed forty-two per cent., while they were actually costing about sixty per cent. The President of the railway gave the gentleman an opportunity to prove in practise what he had shown in theory, and appointed him General Manager; but he was unable to come within twenty per cent. of the actual operating expenses, which he had so clearly demonstrated on paper.

I believe that Mr. Brandeis could perform a great service to the American people by applying his theories to law practise, because he knows all about it, and I take it that a man who undertakes to instruct other people how to do a thing must himself be well informed and able to educate those under him. If Mr. Brandeis could demonstrate the economical management of a lawsuit, as above suggested, he would be more widely and better known and advertised than he has become by his method of instructing railway managers how to operate railways and save a million dollars a day.

This reminds me of what the Emperor Napoleon once wrote, a hundred years ago, to Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria. He said :

My Brother, if war should break out, your troops must be employed vigorously. The Prince Royal, however distinguished he may be by his natural gifts, has never conducted military operations, and is therefore not competent to command. I should be depriving myself of the services of your forty thousand men if I had not a firm and able commander at their head. I have selected an old soldier, the Duke of Dantzic, for this duty. At this day the Bavarian army is too large, and the circumstances too serious, for me to speak less than frankly with your Majesty. After the Prince Royal has won his promotions through six or seven campaigns, he will be fit to command.

Even so, after Brother Brandeis has shown to the people of the United States how to save a million or more a day in the economical management of lawsuits, he will be in a better

position to manage our railways, however distinguished he may be by his natural gifts. He has never conducted railway operations and, therefore, is not competent to command the thousands of railway men of the country, to operate a railway and save a million a day. Again I quote from the Emperor Napoleon : War is a serious thing in which one's own reputation and that of one's country is involved : a reasonable man should examine himself and decide whether or no he is fitted for it.

So Mr. Brandeis should examine himself and decide whether or not he is fitted to save a little money, say a million or two a day, in the railway service. The railroads of this country have able, intelligent and honest men in command of their affairs, and to my mind are better able to decide as to the needs of the properties which they manage, than an attorney who has never had any practical experience in anything except conversation, oratory and litigation.

We legalize what we want to do, then we penalize what we don't want other people to do to us, and we call that justice.

Arizona

By Senator Robert L. Owen



AY she live long and prosper ! And her government *will* live long, and her people *will* prosper, because they have built the foundations of government upon a stone and not upon sand.

They have established a constitution providing for the rule of the people, through the initiative, the referendum, the recall. Under this rule the people of Arizona can never be long dissatisfied with their own government, because their government is in their own hands, in such simple fashion that they can by the easy process amend any error which shall be discovered. Such a government is safe against conspiracy, against oligarchy, against corruption and fraud, which have honeycombed and undermined the foundations of so many other governments in the history of man.

With the initiative the people of Arizona can,

by petition, initiate any law they want and compel its submission to the vote of the people, and by a majority vote write that statute upon the statute-books of Arizona, regardless of the Legislature and regardless of any Governor who might veto an act of the Legislature. He can not vote on an act of the sovereign ruling power, which rests in the people of Arizona.

What stability this assures in giving to the people any law they really desire and really need and really care to have! How can men complain of the laws which they write themselves, free from corruption, intimidation, force or fraud?

A Stable Form of Government

IN like manner, by the referendum the sovereign people of Arizona can, by petition, suspend and annul the operation of any unjust, corrupt or undesired law passed by the Arizona Legislature which might perhaps in these days be subjected to the corrupt persuasion of special interests against the welfare of the people. By the referendum petition the sovereign people of Arizona can submit to the vote of the people of Arizona any such law passed by the Legislature, and put their veto upon it if they like. What stability of government does this assure, when men can prevent the passage of a law which they do not like and guarantee themselves, by their own act, immunity from any statute to which they are not willing to yield obedience! Is it not obvious that, with the right to pass the laws they do want and veto the laws they do not want, the people of Arizona have provided for themselves the most stable form of government possible?

And with the right of recall, what more is to be desired than that the public functionary who for any reason becomes unworthy, corrupt or inefficient may be recalled? It is not necessary to have proof sufficient to convict him of corruption, disloyalty or inefficiency. It is sufficient to provide by the recall for an early ending of his undeserved tenure in office.

True Republicanism

HERE is the essence of republican government. Here is the means by which the representative is compelled to be in truth a true representative of the people, whose paid agent he is, because the people by this process have power to correct his sins of omission, his sins of commission and to replace him with

a public servant better qualified as a true representative of the people.

Every canon of commonsense justifies the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and every special interest, every corrupt agency of the system, will denounce the initiative, the referendum and the recall as revolutionary, as "unrepublican in form," whatever that means. These noble, efficient statutes will be denounced by the reactionary and the smug conservative as heresies, as vagaries, and by other shallow epithets.

Doubt, unrest, fear and hatred reproduce their kind. To separate the unmated is a duty we owe the unborn.

World's Thrift

By Boersianer



IT is popularly accepted that the savings-bank—or fund—idea first came to a Scotchman, that Scotland gave birth to monetary thrift as the term is understood today. Tradition has it that in the village of Ruthwell, Scotland, one hundred three years ago, a clergyman, Henry Duncan, was inspired with the thought of helping his parishoners money-wise. He concluded that the way to aid working people in their temporal concerns was by offering them every encouragement toward thrift. He believed that even in the poorest families there are odds and ends of income which may be preserved. Not the least of his difficulties was to overcome suspicions and prejudice, where money was concerned. He therefore had a chest provided with three different locks, which could only be opened in the presence of three persons.

Origin of Present Billions

IT is related that the minister and each elder had the key of a lock, and that the chest was lettered on the outside, "Ruthwell Parish Bank." The total deposits at the end of the first twelve months were seven hundred fifty dollars. This is assumed to have been the origin of the billions of cash savings which are today the lifeblood of finance and commerce; of the six billion five hundred million dollars

owned by the eighteen million depositors in America alone; of the five hundred million dollars which France saves annually.

Perhaps it was inevitable that a hurried and harried generation like ours should take the popular report of a big economic fact for granted; inevitable that the credit should go to Scotland, the mother of so many financial geniuses and the land of shrewd traders. But the ancient Arab who found there was nothing new under the sun made a rediscovery which dates from the morn of humanity and must remain eternally true.

Possibly prehistoric man hoarded precious stones and shining shells. We do not know. But some of us who have some memory of the Bible know that a Hebrew anticipated even a Scotchman; which, in the second thought, was inevitable, not only historically, but astutely. ♣ ♣

From Twelfth Chapter of Kings

IN the Twelfth Chapter of Second Kings, beginning with the ninth verse, it is recorded: "Jehoiada the priest took a chest, and bored a hole in the lid of it, and set it beside the altar, on the right side as one cometh into the house of the Lord: and the priests that kept the door put therein all the money that was brought into the house of the Lord. And it was so, when they saw that there was much money in the chest, that the king's scribe and the high priest came up, and they put up in bags, and told the money that was found in the house of the Lord.

"And they gave the money, being told, into the hands of them that did the work, that had the oversight of the house of the Lord: and they laid it out to the carpenters and builders, that wrought upon the house of the Lord. ♣

"And to masons, and hewers of stone, and to buy timber and hewed stone to repair the breaches of the house of the Lord, and for all that was laid out for the house to repair it. ♣

"Howbeit, there was not made for the house of the Lord bowls of silver, snuffers, basins, trumpets, any vessels of gold, or vessels of silver, of the money that was brought into the house of the Lord.

"But they gave that to the workmen, and repaired therewith the house of the Lord. Moreover, they reckoned not with the men into whose hand they delivered the money to be bestowed on workmen: for they dealt faithfully." ♣ ♣

Similarity in Their Methods

CLEARLY the Reverend Henry Duncan had a strikingly similar predecessor in the Reverend Jehoiada, who also bored a hole in the lid of the chest and who likewise shared the fiduciary responsibility with two others.

¶ However, Duncan revived an immensely beneficent invention. It has been well said that all advances in civilization and appliances for economizing labor have been brought about, at each step of development, by the members of communities who have been capable of thrift and who have measured up to something they have made the foundation of greater things. Savings funds, therefore, as an embodiment of thrift are a strong factor in the several factors that make for a higher civilization when not exercised in the extreme. When parsimony is avoided, the savings habit creates dignity and strengthens character. ♣ Here in the United States there is a wide margin for improvement. Nineteen per cent of the population has money in the bank, compared with thirty per cent in England, thirty-one per cent in Germany and thirty-four per cent in France. And yet the American is the largest earner in the world. He must be therefore the best (or worst) spender.

Let's keep the windows open to the East, be worthy, and some time we shall know.

James J. Hill

By B. C. Forbes



DO not expect to have a pocket in my shroud.

"I have more money than I ever expected to have and more than I'll ever need. Money's only use is the power it gives to do things."

Thus spoke James J. Hill, the king of railroad-builders, and, in the judgment of many, the greatest man in America.

"I got more satisfaction from this incident than I ever got from the mere possession of money," Mr. Hill continued:

"I was walking up Broadway, in New York, several years ago, when I met an elderly couple, well but modestly dressed, apparently a farmer and his wife from the country. As I

approached they looked at me closely and spoke to each other. The man stopped me and asked, "Are you Mr. Hill of the Great Northern?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, mother and I thought it must be you, judging from the pictures we have seen. I want to tell you that we have saved a little money and have invested it in Great Northern stock. We have read about you. We have watched what you are doing. We have faith in you and feel safe in putting our money into your care. We feel under great obligation to you for giving us the chance to invest our money."

"Such testimony as that is more gratifying than all the money I have ever earned."

Mr. Hill did not make these statements to me nor did he relate them with any idea of having them published. He is a modest man.

Mr. Hill has the clearest memory, the widest general knowledge and the sharpest intelligence of any man I have ever met.

The Foremost Railroad Scientist

YEARs ago I was preparing a comparison of the three Pacific Coast groups—the Hill roads, the Harriman lines and the Atchison. Mr. Hill was very busy when I called to talk matters over with him, and was inclined not to go into the subject.

"Mr. Harriman says he has done —" I began, and went on to relate some of the "wizard's" wonderful achievements.

"Yes—yes," mused Mr. Hill, indecisively. Then he sat bolt upright, pushed a button, beckoned me to pull my chair up to his desk, and declared, "But Ed is not the only person who has ever done things."

His secretary brought bundles of statistics and records, and for two hours the Grand Old Man had my head swimming with per-mile costs, increasing train-loads, the growth in engine power, the elimination of curves, reduction of empty hauls, standardization of equipment, the systematizing of records and more economy and efficiency schemes than I ever conceived possible.

Mr. Hill was really the first great student of railway economics, the first to grasp the value of low grades, more powerful engines, cars of greater capacity, and full train-loads. He is easily our foremost railroad scientist.

His guiding ambition was not to hog "all the traffic will bear," but to haul the greatest

possible volume of freight at lower rates than any other road and still earn a satisfactory profit for his companies and for the thousands of people of modest means who, like the farmer and his wife, had placed their savings in his charge.

His Ability as a Financier

JAMES J. HILL was the first American financier to inspire European confidence in American railroad securities and at home. Mr. Hill used to go from place to place in Wall Street and dispose of small lots of Great Northern securities when there was no market for anything else.

No man ever gave stockholders a squarer deal. Those who threw in their lot with Hill and stuck to him never had reason to regret it. It is an established fact that Mr. Hill never tried to "milk" investors by means of stock-market flimflamming. He never speculates. His name is never mentioned as operating even in the stocks of his own roads. He once declared he had not noticed the Stock Exchange quotation for Great Northern and Northern Pacific for the previous two months.

His one famous stock-market exploit was in Nineteen Hundred One, when Harriman tried to buy up control of Northern Pacific. Mr. Hill with the aid of J. P. Morgan outflanked Harriman—a rare feat, for "Ed" was an astute one.

When Northern Pacific was soaring towards one thousand dollars a share, Morgan asked Hill how selling by his own followers could be prevented. "They will stand by me without hitching," said Mr. Hill. And they did.

Every now and again during his career Mr. Hill has extracted a "melon" from some mysterious pocket and proceeded to donate slices to his followers. His distribution in Nineteen Hundred Six of one million five hundred thousand Great Northern Ore certificates, worth at one time one hundred thirty million dollars, was his crowning gift.

Let me put on record here that Mr. Hill has never drawn one dollar in salary or commission, or for personal expenses, from any of the roads he has controlled. His wealth—and it is abundant—has come solely from his returns, on a parity with every other investor, as a holder of the road's securities and the increase in the value of his investment resulting from the development of business and growth of population.

"Jim" Hill the Farmer

AND how "Jim" Hill has slaved and sweated to build up, fructify and draw population to his beloved Northwest! Many a mile of surveying has he done on the back of a donkey.

For fifteen years, to Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, he built and equipped one mile of railroad every working day! Can any nation produce a man with such a record?

His vast transportation system was not thrown together at haphazard and then left to sink or swim, prosper or decay. He built on solid ground, from the bottom up. He created traffic. He did not disdain to conduct a settler to a farm and then make arrangements for supplying him with a horse or, it might be, a cow, or even a pig. Nothing that helped to make food grow where only weeds and waste and trees luxuriated before was too small for James J. Hill to bother with.

He has brought into existence more sheaves of wheat and stalks of corn than any other man who has ever walked this earth. He has sought to feed humanity.

He reared not only a network of railroads, but called a vast continent into civilized existence, populating it with poor but honest men and women and providing them with the means of becoming comfortably rich.

A Farm Revolution That Began in a Greenhouse is the title of a recent article which tells how Mr. Hill has devoted his private greenhouses at his home in Saint Paul to agricultural experiments which are enabling farmers to multiply their grain yields with profitable results to themselves and for the benefit of the whole population.

Some of His Hobbies

MR. HILL sees straight to the bottom of things. He hates veneer and sham. He weighs life's values. He realizes that the world's benefactor is he who contributes to the happiness of its inhabitants.

He has done his own thinking. His knowledge is the wonder of all who enjoy his intimate friendship. He forgets nothing, not even the most obscure details.

He is as far as he could be from being a human railroad machine. His sympathies, his knowledge, his reading, his culture, are well-nigh universal.

He astonished me once, after a serious business talk, by suddenly switching on to the

subject of Scottish literature and song, of which, being of Scottish lineage, he is very fond. He could relate the life of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk" from cover to cover, and he had a store of Scottish jokes.

Daniel Willard, now president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and one of Mr. Hill's favorite "boys," said to me the other day: "I never discussed any subject with Mr. Hill but what he knew more about it than I did. One day, in Chicago, we were passing a violin-shop and as I thought I knew more about violins and the history of violin-making than any other non-railroad subject, I slyly made a remark about violins, really with the intention of impressing upon Mr. Hill that here was one topic I could do the talking on. But, imagine my surprise, when Mr. Hill began to expatiate on violins and their makers—Stradivarius, Stainer, Amati and all the rest—as if he had spent his life in studying them!"

Mr. Hill is a singer, though not a rival of Caruso. He likes the old French-Canadian, Scottish and Irish songs and ballads.

The home life of the Hills is exquisitely beautiful. May I lift the domestic veil for one moment and reveal a true picture of Mrs. Hill with her own hands carefully packing her husband's grip every time he leaves home, and to this day, notwithstanding all the wealth that has come to her, jealously insisting upon personally exercising the homely privilege of darning his socks.

Their riches have not bred vanity.

The disposition of Mr. Hill's fortune may reveal that, like another empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes, he has a proper appreciation of the value of education. On this subject Mr. Hill commands silence.

YES, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of Nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest and every attention that diligence could bestow.—*Sidney Smith.*

A New Light

By Elbert Hubbard



NEW light appears in the East ☛ ☛

It looks like the dawn of a better day.

If Government and Big Business can get together for the interests of all the people, why not?

I've been down to Washington feeling Miss Columbia's pulse and taking her temperature ☛ ☛

And it is very sure that she is taking a new view of Big Business.

There is much earnest talk about co-operation, and "community of interest."

"Let us use Big Business—not destroy it," said a member of the Cabinet to me.

This grew out of a conversation where Mr. Vail's recent "Statement" was the central theme.

Instead of using the word "commercial" as an epithet, commerce is now regarded by many as the great civilizer.

That our Government is made up of men who, for the most part, have the best interests of the people at heart, can not be doubted. Further than that, government springs out of the needs of the people.

Call it "Uncle Sam, Inc.," if you choose—because that is just what it is. Uncle Sam is really our Uncle Trusty. This government of the United States of America is a corporation—a parent company, with forty-eight subsidiaries ☛ ☛

Government Regulation

MR. VAIL'S recent Statement has had a deal to do with this new light. It has been the talk of the town among men of brains ☛ ☛

The whole document breathes an air of frankness, conciliation, simplicity, and is in such good temper that a good many of our Washington friends not only read it once, but also took it home and read it again.

Mr. Vail has said similar things before, but not so well. Besides that, the time was n't ripe for them.

You can't fight a man who agrees with you ☛ The President of the "Tel. & Tel." is a statesman himself, for a statesman is a man

who is helping to build a State, not merely a politician who is dead, as Thomas Brackett Reed averred.

The idea of government regulation of public utilities is no new thing. But so far as I know, the proposition has always been put out by the opposition.

When a man who is at the head of the most wide-reaching public service in America makes a suggestion of Federal supervision, it comes as a surprise and an innovation!

The Statement made by the President of the Bell System, which has been published as an advertisement in the principal newspapers of the country, is so free from flourish, so frank, simple, direct and unpretentious, that I doubt yet whether the general public has awakened to its far-reaching beneficent influence.

As a people we are suspicious. If a man really wanted to deceive humanity he could not do it better than by telling them the truth ☛ Carlyle once wrote a story that might have been true, about a man who offered genuine gold sovereigns at a shilling each, on London Bridge, with no takers. He got taken, however, by the police as a swindler.

Mr. Vail has made Washington "think about it." ☛ ☛

The Government of the United States owns the Post-Office System. The Post-Office System is a monopoly, fixed by law. No one is allowed to go into the business of carrying letters and delivering them in competition with Uncle Sam.

In fact, no one could do so successfully.

They might, however, start letter-carrying companies, "independents," in various cities, and thus set up a local competition, or, if you prefer, a local irritation.

The public would then have a duplicate system, two sets of post-offices, two sets of mail-carriers, and rival mail-boxes on each corner bidding for patronage.

The little concern, however, no matter how worthy its intentions, could serve only the people in its immediate vicinity. All letters going any distance would have to be transferred to Uncle Sam.

However, for the good of all the people, Uncle Sam has seen fit to monopolize the business. That this is done for selfish reasons on the part of certain men, is unthinkable ☛ Yet your Uncle Sam is not equipped to do the

business without the assistance of the railroads, and this was the first suggestion of Government control of railroads. The railroads, however, have always fought any encroachment in the way of Government control.

The Hepburn Bill was vigorously opposed. Nevertheless, it passed in spite of the opposition, and all good railroad officials now admit that the Hepburn Bill is a good thing, both for the people and for the railroads. In fact, we have ceased to differentiate between the interests of the people and of the railroads—their interests are identical. Prosperity for one means prosperity for the other. Hardship for one means hardship for both.

The idea of the Interstate-Commerce Commission was at first vigorously opposed. Gradually, however, the situation was accepted, and we believe now that the Commission is gradually working out a positive gain to carriers as well as shippers.

Now comes Mr. Vail and suggests Government regulation and a monopoly of the telegraph and telephone.

Vail is universally conceded to be one of the most practical and level-headed men in the country.

He began as a railway mail-clerk, and was advanced step by step until he became head of the United States Railway Mail Service. He resigned this position to go into the telephone business.

Not only has Vail seen the evolution of the telephone from a plaything into a business necessity, but he has also seen the Post-Office Department of the United States increase its receipts from forty millions a year to two hundred fifty millions.

The business now of which Mr. Vail is head serves more people daily than does the Post-Office Department.

There are thousands of people who use the telephone daily who do not get a letter once a week.

The telephone business has doubled its number of stations and its number of customers and its entire equipment in the past seven years.

The Greatest Business in the World

THE most important business in the world is farming. Farming is man's primal business, because food is our first need.

The next most important business in the world is transportation—this, because for a thing

to possess value it has to be at a certain place at a certain time.

Food separated from human bodies is without value.

Our great cities in the interior are only possible through the existence of railroads.

In olden times all great cities were on the seacoast.

The wealth of the Middle West was not available until we had efficient transportation.

Transportation makes famine impossible, because crops never fail all over the world at one time.

Crop failure is local, and the famines that have occurred in the olden times were on account of insufficiency of transportation and lack of communication.

The whole world now is bound together by quick communication and efficient transportation.

These two things mean a New Race.

Transportation, however, is not efficient without quick communication.

Instantaneous communication by means of the telegraph makes railroading feasible.

The telephone is taking the place of the dot and dash to a very great extent in the management of railroad-trains.

Talking over long distances is the great modern miracle, and the cheapness and efficiency of this great service to the people is our greatest factor in progress.

Even the poorest and most illiterate know how to use the telephone. It is available everywhere.

A Hopeful Symptom

RECENTLY a company asked for the privilege of building a railroad from New York to Buffalo, paralleling the New York Central. The Public-Utilities Commission, after repeated hearings, refused the application, on the ground that the New York Central Lines had ample equipment for taking care of the business, and a duplication would tend to cripple and embarrass the service rather than benefit it—hence in the end the people would suffer.

Duplicating telephone and telegraph equipment is an economic sin. The only reason possible for having rival telephone-companies is that, if there were only one, this one system would resolve itself into a monopoly, and a monopoly is a thing that takes advantage of

the necessities of the people and gives a minimum service at a maximum price.

This, however, is a theory which does not work out true to the prophecies of its expounders. The Post-Office System is our one great monopoly, and we find in the Post-Office Department a constant, steady bettering of the service to the public. The very fact that the public is critical, faultfinding, captious, difficult to please, presages progress.

Buckle in the wonderful preface to his book, *The History of Civilization*, says that the English people as a rule are critical, fault-finding and ungrateful toward their rulers. These very facts, however, Buckle avers, put their rulers on their good behavior.

The fact that an Englishman is jealous of his rights and hates tyranny in any form has helped to give him a noble, even if not a perfect, form of government.

Private Ownership

It is a law of Nature that everything exists only during good behavior. As the Post-Office Department serves the people at a minimum of expense with a maximum of service, so should the telephone and the telegraph systems. We need only one complete system of communication. Duplication of outfits is paid for eventually by the people, and the country is that much poorer.

The telephone and telegraph service is just as necessary to the country as the Post-Office System. In fact, they should go together. There are reasons, however, why the Government should not own the telephone and telegraph system, but there is no reason why the Government should not regulate them, and if the Government does regulate them, then Uncle Sam need not worry about who owns them.

Private ownership will tend to give us more efficient service than if Uncle Sam owned the equipment. Private ownership conserves initiative, prevents official bumptiousness, makes somebody responsible, cancels anonymity.

Government regulation gives all the advantages of Government ownership without the disadvantages.

The Post-Office Monopoly

As it is now, Uncle Sam, we say, owns the Post-Office Department, but he certainly does not own the equipment that carries the mails.

This is a matter of private ownership.

Uncle Sam owns mail-sacks, but the roads, the streets, the pavements, the railroad-rails, the mail-cars, belong to others. Practically we might say that Uncle Sam merely controls the Post-Office Department, for he certainly does not own the transportation equipment, without which the Post-Office Department could not exist.

Also, it is very sure that the Post-Office Department could not exist except as a monopoly.

The exasperation and irritation of endless competition would tend to demoralize the entire Post-Office System.

As it is, we are getting a better service now than we have ever before in all history.

Within the past year betterments have been brought about that are of great advantage to all of the people.

There is no such thing as a complete public service. Everything is comparative. As we grow better we require better things. Our standard of life increases with our mentality. We have wants today which a hundred years ago we could not imagine.

As a people we are filled with discontent. And this is well. The users of the telephone and the telegraph are the people who suggest the betterments.

The success of any institution lies in its ability to serve. The country that is strongest is not the one that can kill most and destroy best, but the one that can bestow the greatest benefits. Strength lies in service, and when Mr. Vail, our foremost authority on communication, and an expert on transportation, suggests Government regulation of the telephone and telegraph, Washington does well to cultivate the receptive mood.

A World Worker

MR. VAIL has reached an age when self-hood and self-aggrandizement are in abeyance. He has lived long, and he has also lived well.

He has been one of the world's workers, and he is one of the world's workers yet.

In the way of personal success he has received about everything that the world has to offer.

Selfishness exists in his character, if at all, only as a chemical trace.

He realizes that in the course of events he will be eliminated from the scene. He knows, however, that the work that he has begun will go on. But this work will be bettered, improved

upon, for a growing, expanding and intelligent people will get what they deserve. When we deserve a better system of transportation, of intercommunication, of government, these things will be ours.

Mr. Vail is an opportunist. He does the thing he can do. He is no dreamer, no theorist. He is a pragmatist, and a pragmatist is a man who keeps his feet on earth, even though his head touches the skies.

The time has arrived for the Government to step in and regulate the telephone and telegraph—this for the good of all the people. And this includes not only the owners of the telephone and telegraph systems, but the users. And we are all users.

Children that can not read use the telephone. It is the one democratic, popular, safe, cheap necessity in our common lives, next to food. ¶ You can telephone in any language. I trust we will have no argument on this proposition. All that is needed is that there shall be a reasonable and fairly intelligent person at each end of the line.

Any one who can talk, can telephone—and they do.

The question is, Shall this necessity of our lives continue to be owned and controlled by private interests?

Mr. Vail says the time has come when the means of quick communication should be regulated by the Government (and the Government is the People), just as our waterways are regulated by the Government.

"Baby Bonds"

THE last paragraph in Mr. Vail's Statement is a surprising one. It is this: "A majority of the shareholders are women." ¶ Mr. Vail might have added that a majority of the employees of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are women; that the largest individual shareholder is a woman; and that most of the people who use the telephone are women.

It looks as if this were Woman's Day.

Just here I want to note one fact that Mr. Vail does not make mention of in his Statement, and that is that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has recently put out a bond issue in hundred-dollar units. These hundred-dollar bonds have been quickly picked up, and I find on inquiry that they are in great demand, even in spite of the so-called "hard times."

These "baby bonds" are not bought by Wall Street; they are purchased by simple, plain, every-day folks—schoolteachers, stenographers, clerks—and a great number of the bonds are being picked up by employees of the "Bell." ¶

The Company, so far as I know, has never made any public mention of this fact, but arrangements have been made for supplying these hundred-dollar bonds to employees of the Company at specially advantageous rates and terms—this, with the intent that as many employees as possible should be owners of the Company and think of it as "our" Company; also that patrons of the Company should think of the concern as "we" or "us," and not as "they" or "them."

The first railroad I believe in America to issue a hundred-dollar bond issue was the "Milwaukee," one of the strongest and best companies in the world.

They have sold great numbers of these bonds in country towns, villages, and farming districts all along their route. It was not so much because they needed the money, but because they were anxious to get as wide a distribution as possible of these bonds among the patrons of the road.

Bonds of small denominations held by the patrons of a company or institution mean good-will, and good-will is a very important asset. Without co-operation on the part of patrons and the efforts which mutual interests bring to bear, no concern can hope for a great success. ¶ A wide distribution of Government bonds in time of war has been found a great gain to patriotism.

When you invest your money in an institution, you have a personal interest in its success which you did not have before.

The New Attitude

ON my recent visit to Washington, meeting various prominent men, I discovered that there was a kindly and sympathetic attitude toward the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Mr. Vail's Statement is in admirable good temper. Mr. Vail does not criticize the attitude of the Government in insisting upon a general telephone investigation. In fact, he welcomes it. He opens wide every door, safe, locker and cupboard. All records are at the disposal of the Government. This attitude has disarmed the captious critics.

The attitude of the Government is friendly, and I saw that it was the earnest wish of Government officials to have it understood that this investigation was not an inquisition or an "assault." The whole matter was rather in the line of "negotiation."

The Government wants to ascertain officially the value of this property and its relationship to the public.

This investigation, in a way, is a step toward Government regulation, as subsequent events will prove.

We are living in great times. Things are moving, and they are moving, I believe, in the right direction. The people were never so much in control as they are today.

Intercommunication means increased intelligence, increased safety, mutuality, reciprocity, co-operation.

What we now want is a community of interest between Government and Big Business.

We had better fight Mexico than fight Big Business. But is there any need of fighting either?

Fighting Big Business is fighting ourselves. Big Business is simply made up of a vast number of common people, working for a common end and purpose.

Big Business has grown up out of the needs of the time.

That the Government should ever have held an unfriendly attitude toward its men of enterprise—its creators and builders—is most lamentable.

Germany, the most prosperous country on the globe today, even in spite of militant imperialism, encourages and co-operates with Big Business.

Economic genius is too rare and fine to flout. No country can afford to pillory its men who maintain payrolls, any more than it can afford to destroy its scientists, poets and philosophers, as nations have done in the past.

Big Business can render a service for the people, benefit them, accommodate them, in a way that little business can't.

And the point just here is, that Washington is at last beginning to see it.

The dawn appears.

Humor was born after everything possible had been suffered. He who is greater than his adversities is a cosmic comedian.

The Race is Not to the Swift Nor the Battle to the Strong

By Alice Hubbard



GENERAL SHERMAN was authority on the subject of war. Everybody knows what he said war is.

But this particularly unpleasant condition or locality is sometimes necessary. There is such a thing as a Righteous War.

History was once a record of wars, quarrels between men, tribes and nations. And these histories record that quarrels began between men—men in authority in their tribe or kingdom.

When greed met greed, then came the tug of war.

One king wanted something that another king had. So the king who had n't it told his pitiful story to his coterie of sympathetic listeners, how the other king had more than he had. It was not fair. Would they help him get it away from the king who had it "as should n't"?

And then they fought for the honor of the king, suh! These were not righteous wars. Then, there was a class of wars termed "Righteous," which were no more righteous than are the wars of greed. These were theological wars and sometimes civil wars. These quarrels began when men were first capable of thinking on abstract subjects, difference in beliefs, one God or more, characteristics of this Unseen, Unknown; commands, pleasures and desires of the All Powerful! There were romantic wars which had greed for a basis. The Trojan War is an example. This was a war waged for a woman so beautiful that several people were enamored of her beauty! A foolish fight! Helen must have lost much of her beauty before it was decided whose property she should be.

Americans call the Revolutionary War a righteous war, and doubtless many an unprejudiced person would so denominate it. It was a fight for natural rights—the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The Colonies refused to pay taxes to a government that said that they should be taxed without representation.

A despoiling army came across the sea and molested our homes, our industries, and checked the exercise of our natural rights; the result—a Revolutionary War.

Of course, as soon as we had an independent government, we did the same thing, and persisted in doing to each other what England had done to us. That is one of the horrors of war. We become so fearfully impressed with the wrongs thrust upon us that we visit the same wrongs upon others.

We are like the Greeks and Romans. Thomas Paine said that they were strongly possessed of the spirit of liberty, but not the principle. "For at the time that they were determined not to be slaves themselves, they employed their power to enslave the rest of mankind."

"The Petticoat Commando"

JOHANNA BRANDT, a Boer woman, has written her story of the Boer War, *The Petticoat Commando*. It is, necessarily, the woman's side of the story, for she relates her experiences. She tells of the women who stayed at home, taking the terrible task of holding the home while suffering deprivation, physical and mental wretchedness—all that human beings are capable of suffering. And then they ministered in every way possible to those who had gone to war.

"War is hell," said General Sherman.

Staying at home, while father, brother, husband, sons, have gone to war, is more than hell.

Defensive war is feminine. Offensive war is masculine.

The Boers were defending their country. The Boer story of this war is an account of their maneuvers, plans, efforts in every way to protect their farms, their homes, their manufactories, their cities, their public buildings, their women, their children, from being despoiled by Englishmen.

It was a beautiful country there in South Africa, fair to see. The climate is similar to that of the fortieth parallel in the Northern Hemisphere.

Their roses bloom at Christmas. Their fruits and grains are harvested in February. On the Fourth of July their country is merry with sleigh-bells and Winter sports.

They were not aristocrats, these Dutch who had gone to a new country to make for themselves more opportunities than they had at home. Theirs was an evolving nation.

Possibly no more peaceful, home-loving people ever lived than the Boers. Read Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*.

They were willing to struggle, to work as men and women must work who make the desert to blossom as the rose, and the waste places to become glad.

Their simple, natural lives were lessons in wholesomeness to the Old World.

These people were without greed. They tended their flocks, they tilled the soil, they gathered the harvests. The vines grew luxuriantly over their cottages where love and peace and plenty abounded.

If diamonds had not been discovered in the Boer country, nor gold-mines, the English probably would never have disturbed South Africa.

But their ill-fated wealth found England an excuse.

Oom Paul was no match for King Edward. The men who assisted in the government of the Boers were not peers in politics with English lords.

Lord Beaconsfield says that if a man is not clever, he must needs be conciliatory.

The Boers resisted the English. This was the Boers' real offense.

Had they let the English take what they wanted, the Boer war would not have occurred.

But the Boers defended their homes, their business, their farms, their cattle, their fields, their crops. Men, women and children did all in their power to defend and preserve their country for their own use.

And the English found, not what they had expected, but a whole nation whose one purpose was defense.

Theirs was a righteous cause.

Greed was making war on natural rights.

It is said that the Boers killed more Englishmen than there were Boers in South Africa.

But England's "honor" was at stake.

Canada sent out company after company. The pageantry and the trappings of war were used to the best advantage to gather men and boys to fight for Old England—England who had never been beaten, on whose possessions the sun never sets.

And England, with the aid of English men and boys who knew not what they did, made this little nation throw down its arms and subject itself to England's will.

But the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. The Boers are not conquered. Their love for their home, their love for their country, is stronger than ever before.

Johanna Brandt, in writing the events of which she took note when the events occurred, says:

"We have liberty now, but it is the liberty of the captive bird in a gilded cage. And though we do not beat our wings against the bars, but bow our heads in resignation—for the sake of those who come after us—some of us will never forget the old freedom under our own flag.

"How long shall we feel ourselves aliens? When shall we lose our individuality?

"For the sake of our children we are trying to promote harmony and good-fellowship, but that does not necessarily involve a giving up of our traditions, our language, our individuality. The Dutch South Africans are clinging to their traditions as they never did before, and if this can be done without their leaving to their children the accursed legacy of hatred and bitterness, which ruined their own lives, we must welcome it as an inestimable boon to South Africa."

The Boers are not conquered.

They fought in defense of their natural rights. They were overpowered, not subdued.

Their love for freedom is greater than ever. ¶ The English used force impelled by greed. There is a limit to the life of greed.

The Boers defended their homes and their country. The love for the opportunity to exercise their natural rights, that the Boers fought for, will never die.

The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

THE studious class are their own victims; they are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day a fear of interruption—pallor, squalor, hunger and egotism. If you come near them and see what conceits they entertain, they are abstractionists, and spend their days and nights in dreaming some dream; in expecting the homage of society to some precious scheme built on truth, but destitute of proportion in its presentment, of justness in its application, and of all energy of will in the schemer to embody and vitalize it.

—Emerson.

Pivotal Points

By Alice Hubbard



IN New York State, a man and woman had arranged for a wedding. Guests were invited. The ceremony was in process.

¶ The man dropped dead. The ceremony ceased.

The wedding bake-meats did coldly furnish forth the funeral supper.

After the burial the question arose, "Is the woman widow or spinster?"

The man's relatives claimed she was a spinster. ¶ She claimed she was a widow, and wore widow's weeds, very black. ¶ The dispute was taken to court. The decision depended upon this evidence: Where and at what point in the ceremony did the bridegroom drop dead?

Witnesses said the bride had said, "I do." The bridegroom had said, "I do."

The judge's verdict was that it was marriage. The widow was entitled to the use of a third of deceased's property for the rest of her life.

The Benefits of Matrimony

IN New York State recently, a wife did not harmonize, synchronize, co-ordinate with her husband. ¶ She sought what is termed "relief" in the Courts. A legal separation was granted her—and alimony.

A little later, the lady went to Ohio—and there it was possible for her to find surcease from sorrow, at least all the surcease that an absolute divorce could give. This was sought and found.

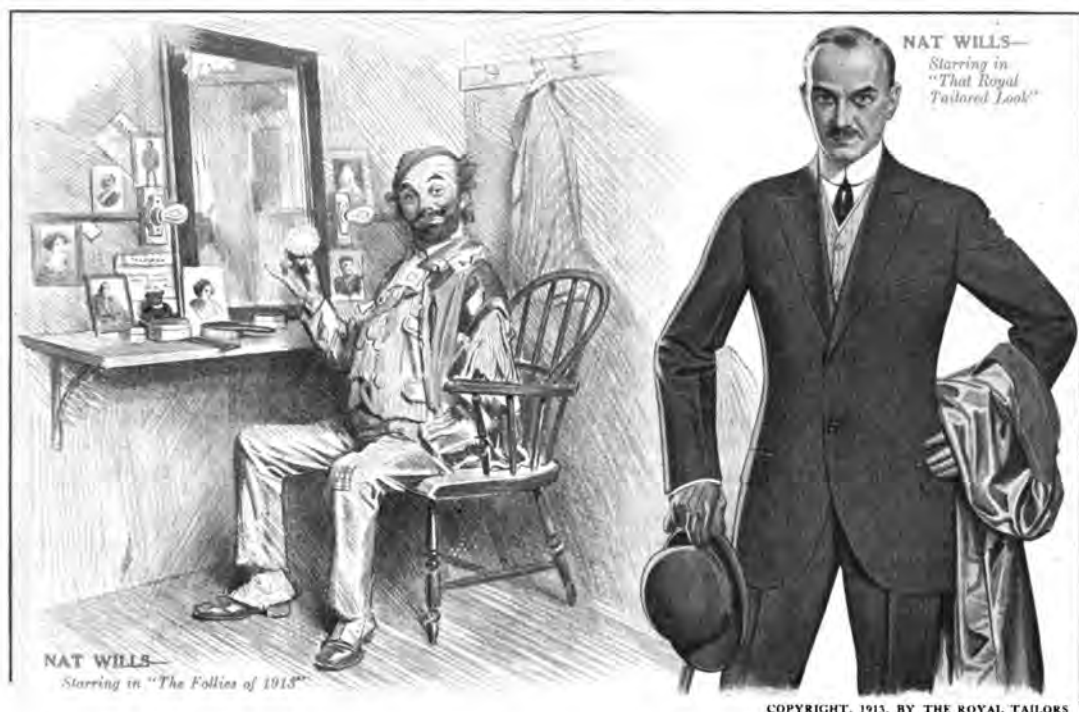
The man who was paying the alimony refused to continue to pay, when he found that a decree of absolute divorce had been granted the lady.

The lady said she would bring the matter into Court and demand that the New York State agreement should continue.

The woman sued. ¶ The man defended.

The Court decided—that under the changed circumstances, the woman was "deprived of the benefits of matrimony." ¶ The alimony paid was twenty-five dollars a month.

According to the Court's decision, the benefits from matrimony to be accrued to this woman were money, and that money—twenty-five dollars per month. This seems a little strange!



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This announcement is important to you, no matter how much or how little you have been spending for clothes — because it

tells you how to get the best made-to-order clothes at a decided money-saving. A millionaire's service at a wage-earner's price; that's Royal Tailor Service — and it's serving both millionaires and wage-earners everywhere. ¶ At \$16, \$17, \$20, \$25, \$30 and \$35 your local Royal dealer will give you a Royal tailored-to-measure suit or overcoat — on a guarantee of absolute merchant tailor fit and service and satisfaction or no sale.

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THE ROYCROFTERS



OCIETY has passed through several stages: first the Savage; next the Nomadic; third the Agricultural; fourth the Commercial or Competitive, and

now we are entering the suburbs of the Co-operative.

The dream of comradeship, work, play and high endeavor, rightly fused, has been the hope of many philosophers. Pythagoras had his community of kindred souls, who combined work and study six hundred years before Christ.

Plato had his Garden School.

Hypatia was one of a select company that worked, studied, struggled and then died martyrs in an endeavor to attain the ideal.

Spinoza, all during his later life, paid tribute to the Mennonites who gave him sanctuary, and the friendship and encouragement without which he would have perished and his fame been as one whose name is writ in water.

Fourier carried co-operation to a successful conclusion—on paper. Fourierism got itself fixed in the common human heart.

Robert Owen, in England, through an intense and loving leadership made co-operation practical, and in his school Tyndall the scientist evolved.

Brook Farm traces an intellectual pedigree to Charles Fourier. Brook Farm was a rotting log that nourished a bank of violets. All the United States is debtor to the high ideals that there prevailed.

William Morris, the Rossettis, and all that fine company of fine minds which we call the Preraphaelites clung for fifty years to one idea, the idea of successful communism.

It has been said that you can not look out of a window in any civilized town or city in Christendom without seeing the influence of Thomas A. Edison. Also, it can be truthfully said that you can not enter a well-furnished house in Europe or America without noting the influence of William Morris, master craftsman—dead and gone—but whose spirit abides. William Morris is the man who did away with nailed-down carpets, who gave us

hardwood floors, and the doily instead of the tablecloth which covered a multitude of artistic sins. Simplicity, truth, health, comradeship, work, were his watchwords. Harmonies in tones and tints in all household decorations trace a lineage to John Ruskin, William Morris and the Preraphaelites.

Had it not been for William Morris there would have been no Roycroft Shop. We build upon the past, and all the days that have gone before have made this time and this place possible. There is an apostolic succession in art as in religion. Whether The Roycrofters have improved on the work and ideas of William Morris and John Ruskin it were idle to say. In any event, this institution has succeeded in degree, for a space of twenty years. Gradually, slowly, surely, it has grown. All the money the concern has made has been reinvested, until now The Roycrofters own and utilize upwards of five hundred acres of land.

They have a printing-shop, a blacksmith-shop, a furniture-shop; they bind books, model in clay, make ornamental objects in copper and leather.

And all Roycroft Shops are practically schoolhouses.

The Roycrofters operate an Inn and a Bank. They have a model dairy, raise several thousand head of poultry every year, and all the produce that they require at their Inn and in their own homes is produced on The Roycroft Farms. Further they know the fine art of keeping well.

Many people from all over the world come to this place for sojourns, short or long, as the case may be. Visitors are always welcome.

Needless to say, The Roycrofters are just plain folks after all, farmers with an artistic bias.

The best work can be done only under certain conditions and in a certain environment.

An artist must have what you call "atmosphere." In degree The Roycrofters have produced an atmosphere in which souls can grow. They have supplied opportunity.

The quality of any people is tokened by the products of their hands and brain.

We Are Selling 500 Yosemite Scarves at Less Than Cost

THE net result of our advertisement in the August *FRA* was just one scarf. Fact! However, that is not saying anything against *THE FRA*—nor yet against the scarf, which is admitted by connoisseurs to be the handsomest, and at the same time the most serviceable, article of the kind ever put on the American market. If folks only realized how beautiful these scarves were, we could never hope to supply the demand. ¶ The Yosemite Scarf is woven by a new process from simon-pure Japan silk. It is twenty-seven inches wide by two yards long, and will outlast, outwear and outlook any veil you can buy. It comes in black, brown, navy blue, light blue, lavender, pink, gray, moss-green and natural pongee. Washes like an old handkerchief and does not fade or shrink. Is beautiful, elegant, rich, soft, cool. The Yosemite makes an ideal auto-veil—one that will stay tied and not slip. Is dustproof and waterproof. Admirable, also, for evening wear. ¶ Fine for trimming Panama hats or Summer hats of all kinds. ¶ To stimulate demand, and prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Yosemite Scarf is all we claim for it, we are going to sell 500 scarves at **ONE DOLLAR** each. Add 15 cents to cover postage. Any one of the colors specified above sent to your address on receipt of \$1.15—cash, check, money-order or stamps. If unsatisfactory, it is money back. So order today

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We make each day only enough sausage to fill that day's orders. You can get it from your grocer.

Ask your grocer about our standing order plan which insures you deliveries of fresh sausage on the very day you want it. If your

grocer cannot supply you, we can, by express, direct. Write us for information about our sausage, our hickory-smoked and slowly cured hams and bacon and our lard rendered in open kettles and tried out until it is very dry. Our packages are net weight.

MILO C. JONES

Jones Dairy Farm

Box 622, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

We cordially invite you to visit Fort Atkinson and see for yourself the Jones Dairy Farm. In the old farm house (pictured below) where Jones Dairy Farm Sausage was made in the kitchen for many years, you will find us living still. Just across the pasture to the left you will find the building in which we now make it.

The Farm

BRANN THE BELLIGERENT



WITH a cypress shingle on either shoulder, Brann trailed his star-spangled cut-away down the plank turnpike.

His writings are a conglomerate mass of bitter invective and venomous vituperation.

¶ His books are a veritable Donnybrook; his path is strewn with the broken images and wreckage incidental to the *Iconoclast*.

Little escaped his vitriolic tongue. Nothing was sacred from his sarcasm; his pen-point flowed with picric acid.

¶ Yet still we read his books with interest, even with fascination.

For surely here is a man who rejoiced in his strength — Brann was a wonderful weaver of words; a man with the eye of Uriel.

He arrays his army of words skilfully and with strategy. He plays with sentences like a juggler with his multi-colored globes.

While we may differ with his views, we are pleased with his pyrotechnics.

His end, like his life, was violent, spectacular.

He has left behind him a marvelous record of human emotions — sardonic satire, wholesome wit, and passionate patriotism.

Herz Brothers, of Waco, Texas, are publishing Brann's writings in two beautiful volumes, bound in Morocco Grain Skiver, printed on Cheltenham Antique Paper, with Marble Linings, Gilt Top and stamped in Gold. Title of the work,

Brann, the Iconoclast.

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Of all the great names inscribed on the pages of history, are none greater than those of the men who so loved their fellow-men that they sharpened up their wits and set to work to discover, and if need were, to invent, new ways and means of helping humanity. ¶ All honor and glory to the men who have lightened the labor of millions, and enlightened the minds of millions more:

Eli Whitney, for instance, with his Cotton-Gin. Elias Howe, with his Sewing-Machine. Alexander Graham Bell, the man who gave the world the Telephone.

Morse, who contributed the Telegraph. Daguerre, who made possible the science of Photography. ¶ Edison, whose name is linked with Light.

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independent, tolerant thought is still as rare as science was in the Fifteenth Century. As long as the roots of credulity remain in human nature, and that will be for many generations, there will be again and again the growth of the poison-ivy of organized religion.—*Herbert N. Casson*.

If it is true that all important wars of the past few centuries have been won or lost according to the net producing-power of the nations involved, then the next hundred years will see the greatest changes in national and international policies seen for centuries. When it is proved that it is not the number of men in the armies and navies of these nations that de-

cide the wars, but the producing-power and support that is back of them, then there will be a great effort on the part of all nations to disarm as rapidly as possible and put all their energy into increasing the productiveness of different countries.—*Roger Babson*.

If you would make repair equal to waste, cut out grouch, hate, worry, jealousy and fear, and focus on work, play, love, and usefulness.—*Doctor F. M. Planck*.

THE importance of Loyalty in Business could not be overestimated, even though its sole function were to secure united action on the part of the officers and men. Where no two men or groups of men are working to counter purposes, but all are united in a common purpose, the gain would be enormous, even though the amount of energy put forth by the individuals was not increased in the least. When to this fact of value in organized effort we add the accompanying psychological facts of increased Efficiency by means of Loyalty, we then begin to comprehend what it means to have or to lack Loyalty.

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Such Loyalty is always reciprocal. The feeling which workmen entertain for their employer is usually a reflection of his attitude towards them. Fair wages, reasonable hours, working quarters and conditions of average comfort and healthfulness, and a measure of protection



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Will lecture in the following places, on dates named

Fort Wayne, Indiana, Thursday even'g, October 9th.

Subject: *The Romance of Business.*

Waterloo, Iowa, Monday evening, October 13th.

Subject: *Getting Together.*

Marshalltown, Iowa, Tuesday evening, October 14th.

Subject: *Earning a Living.*

Ames, Iowa, Wednesday evening, October 15th.

Subject: *Advertising as a Fine Art.*

Fort Dodge, Iowa, Thursday evening, October 16th.

Subject: *Earning a Living.*

Des Moines, Iowa, Friday evening, October 17th.

Subject: *Earning a Living.*

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Saturday even'g, October 18th.

Subject: *Earning a Living.*

Davenport, Iowa, Tuesday evening, October 21st.

Burt's Opera House

Subject: *Earning a Living.*

BOSTON, MASS., Steinert Hall

Friday evening, October 31st, 8:15.

Subject: *East Aurora Folks.*

Tickets on sale Steinert & Sons Music-Store one week in advance.

Reserved Seats: One Dollar, Seventy-five & Fifty Cents.

NEW YORK CITY, Globe Theater, Broadway and

46th St., Sunday evening, November 2d, 8:30.

Subject: *East Aurora Folks.*

Reserved seats on sale one week in advance at Box-Office of Theater.

Prices: One Dollar, Seventy-five and Fifty Cents.

Seats in private boxes, Two Dollars.

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Delightfully warm, comfortable, serviceable. Extremely popular for school, riding, walking, outdoor fun! Made of heavy 32 oz. all-wool mackinaw cloth in subdued colors, etc., with two pockets, all-around belt, shawl collar — just as pictured. Sizes 8 to 16 years. State age and coat size when ordering.

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DOWN just such a flight of stone steps as these did pretty Miss Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall, come tripping, many and many a time, in the brave days of old, to meet the bold Lochinvar, as he came chugging up the driveway in his 90 H. P. Fiat. ¶ Francis Howard makes garden-steps and balustrading in Marble or Manufactured Stone. Send 25 cents for Garden Booklet.

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"It soars to every height, plunges to every depth, and stretches its vast arms throughout illimitable space.

"It plants the first blush upon the cheek of dawn; with brush of gold upon the glowing canvas of the West, it tells the story of the dying day.

"At its mere whim and caprice, a thousand pillars of light leap from the dark and sullen seas which surge about the Poles, while from its shimmering loom it weaves the opalescent tapestry of the aurora to hang against the black background of the Arctic night.

"It rouses Nature from her Winter sleep, breaks the icy fetters of the frost that binds the streams, lifts the shroud of snow from off the landscape, woos the tender mold and bids the birth of bud and blossom; dowers the flower with perfume, and clothes the earth with verdure of the Spring.

"It rides the swift courses of the storms that

SAM DAVIS—our own dear "Sam" of Nevada, friend and companion of Mark Twain and Bret Harte—is in San Francisco, where he will remain for a few days *incog*. "Sam honored us with a call" the other day and when he did so we modestly "requested" that he give us his speech at a banquet in Virginia City, Nevada, celebrating the advent of Electricity as a motive power on the Comstock. (We printed it before "the fire," but it is worthy of being kept in print forever and

circle round the bald crest of old Mount Davidson; cleaves the black curtain of the night with simitar of flame, rouses the lightnings from their couch of clouds and wakes the earthquake.

"Beneath its touch, the beetle-crag, which took omnipotence a thousand years to rear, crumbles into dust, the mere plaything of the idle wind; it lays its hand upon the populous city with its teeming restless multitude, and yesterday where stood the glittering spire, the shining tower, the frowning battlement, to-day the cold gray ocean rolls in undisputed might.

"It gathers the doings of the day from the four corners of the world, the tales of love and

death, of fire and flood, of strife and pestilence, and, under eight thousand miles of shivering sea, whispers the babble of two hemispheres.

"It turns the wheels of peace where poor men toil, and helps the husbandman to plow and plant and reap his whispering grain.

"It rides the wings of war where brave men die, and when it stalks between contending hosts, exalts the kingly crest and helps an empire plant its flag of conquest.



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To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way.
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Just as your guests are going in to dinner, slip back and start your Solo-Apollo Automatic Player Piano.

The music that results will make them vow that they are listening to the manual playing of a master pianist. Expression, technique, shading, brilliancy—all of the things that make piano music worth listening to are there. And—when the end of the roll is reached the Apollo stops itself—requires no further attention.



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THE great bulk of the population of the United States, both relatively and numerically, a hundred years hence will be descended from those who are the wage-earners today. Not dreadnaughts and fortified canals, but what our industrial officers make now of the working army, will make our future nation. The wage-earners are our people and our nation; if not the backbone and skeleton, if not its brain, nevertheless its flesh and blood. Moreover, the burden on them is both exalted and heavy.

It is the men closest to their bread and butter who generally have correct instincts as to evils, even if they flounder as

their hosannas to the King of Kings. It was the Maker's ally at the dawn of time, and when God from the depths of infinite space said, 'Let there be light,' it sent the pulse of life along creation's veins, baptized earth's cold brow with floods of fire, and stood the sponsor of a cradled world."—James H. Barry, in the San Francisco "Star."

I am a partner of the farmer. Only as I help him, can I benefit myself.—James Oliver.

to remedies. It is the flesh that quivers with physical pain, not the brain or the skeleton. It is on these workers that the duty devolves of bringing up respectable families on small and precarious incomes. There is not room for all at the top, even if all were competent to climb, and one of the great problems is to make today bearable without taking away the hope of a better tomorrow.—Harrington Emerson.

Work first, and then rest.—Ruskin.

FOR the best life, there must be a true simplification of our existence—not that false simple life that is a pleasing novelty between two chapters of a debauch, but a return from the adventitious to the real, from things on the surface to those at the heart.

Instead of living to the accident of the social type about us, striving blindly to get bigger houses and a greater quantity of tasteless stuff to fill them, to dress our children more extravagantly than our neighbors, to move into the next street of aristocratic snobbishness and then into the next, the need is that we should learn to care for the great simple realities and live in them—for

love and work and little children, for the hunger to gain wisdom and appreciate beauty, for the desire to be of use to others and add our mite to the welfare of the whole.

It is not the merely "strenuous" life that is needed. Our worship of mere effectiveness, without asking the moral worth of the ends it achieves, is better than the way of slothful indulgence, is nevertheless one of the grave errors of our time. We are in danger of exalting with Carlyle the merely strong men, of

The Primal Need With a College Education

Man is a bundle of instincts. ¶ The coating of veneer may be deeper in some places than in others, but it is never far to the Inner Man. ¶ Man's first and foremost need is food. ¶ To satisfy the craving for food has been a primal passion ever since the first woman handed the first man a Cresca



Pippin, and tempted him to eat. ¶ Under ordinary circumstances, Adam would have been adamant, but this was too much for the



Founder of the Race, and in a moment of gastronomic indecision, he founded and went under. And Eve did n't even see the core. Verily, Eden was well lost! ¶ From that day to this, the round Cresca mark has stood a symbol for purity and genuineness, as well as novelty, in foods. ¶ Cresca Viands appeal to the palate, tempt taste, satisfy the Inner Being. ¶ Piquant, pungent, appetizing, luscious, delicious Cresca Delicacies! ¶ Ask your grocer or delicatessen-dealer for Cresca Importations, and send a two-cent stamp for a gratis copy of the attractive color booklet, *Cresca Foreign Luncheons*, containing a varied assortment of menus and recipes, contributed by chefs-de-crackerjack in two hemispheres.

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366 GREENWICH STREET

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NEW YORK

The Eyes Have It!

THIS is an Age of Light. ¶ If we grope in Egyptian night, like our old college chum, Diogenes, we have no one to blame but ourselves. ¶ Sometimes I think maybe there is just a bit too much light. ¶ The constant glare of strong light is extremely injurious to the eyesight. ¶ We should save our eyes as much as possible. The most kindly light on the market in this regard is that shed by the Emeraldite Lamp. ¶ The lamp shade of the Emeraldite is green—a rich green glass outside—white opal glass within. ¶ No color is so grateful to the eyes as green. ¶ Look at Nature—the Dame had her pick of shades, and she chose green as the dominant note in her color scheme. There are a million tints of green, more or less, but green in one hue or another forms the basis of Nature's make-up. ¶ We should feel complimented when our enemies intimate that we are a species of verde-antique (I had always supposed this was Greek for "green old age"). ¶ The Emeraldite sheds an even, uniform, beneficent, mellow and mellifluous light that is kind to the eyes. ¶ There is no lamp that answers all the purposes of the home so well as Emeraldite. For desk, table or piano Emeraldite fills the bill, and the bill is very, very moderate. ¶ Emeraldite Lamps are made in a fine variety of styles to meet a variety of requirements. They are sold at power-stations, and by electrical supply dealers and office-supply dealers. Send for complete descriptive catalog, addressing



33 Warren St.

H. G. McFADDIN AND COMPANY

New York City

mistaking for constructive action a feverish getting over the face of the earth and the waters—a sort of aimless jiggling.

No, it is not arrogant strenuousness; it is wisdom, balanced sanity, calm and thoughtful conduct dedicated to the upbuilding of the noblest manhood and womanhood, that is needed.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

Vivisection is a crime. The human race will repudiate such barbarities.—*Victor Hugo.*

Quaint Candleholders of Hand-Wrought Copper

¶ For mural decoration, these antique designs, reminiscent of Colonial and Pioneer days, are admirable.

¶ The subdued beams of candlelight give an atmosphere of simplicity and repose.

¶ The holders of beaten copper reflect rainbow lights of wondrous beauty and elusiveness.



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13 inches
Diameter of
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Colonial Candleholder
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Sconce is 13
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Diameter
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is 1 inch

Price, \$3.00



Diameter of
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Ash-Tray
Height,
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A sample of Poinciana Cerate will be sent on request to those who wish to test its efficacy —

Tubes, 25 cents
Jars, 50 cents, \$1 and \$2

At all really high-class toilet
goods counters—or sent
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OF LAKE PLACID IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Poinciana
Cerate

because a need like a vacuum is absorbed, and nature fills one as surely as she does the other. So it has come to pass that nearly every visitor to Palm Beach uses the Cerate, attracted to it at first as a preventative of the deleterious effects of sun-burn and wedded to its use thereafter as the most satisfactory preparation for the skin they have ever found.



"THE CHESTERFIELD"—a thorobred

The aristocrat of "rough surface" hats. Ideal for dress with overcoat. Sold only by us. Of wool Chinchilla. Colors: Dark Gray; Dark Brown; Black. Silk-serve lined; silk band. Easily worth \$5. We charge \$2 PREPAID. Money back if you don't like it. Order now—simply state size and color and enclose \$2. Write for "1913 Fall Style Book"—FREE.

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Garbage and Refuse Receivers

A fireproof and sanitary disposal of ashes and refuse in front of your heater.

Our Underground Earth Closet means freedom from frozen cesspool connections, a necessity without sewers. Ten years on the market. It pays to look us up.

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PLEASE USE BLANK BELOW.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

You may send me, gratis, a copy of your latest catalog.

Name.....

Address

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Fra Elbertus has written a booklet entitled

A Message to Housekeepers

the same being penned with a due regard for the truth concerning dust, dirt, germs, bugs, bacteria and the elimination thereof by commonsense, scientific methods. ¶ A sane, practical discussion of some health principles vital to the well-being of humanity at large. For a complimentary copy, just fill in the blank below and send it along to

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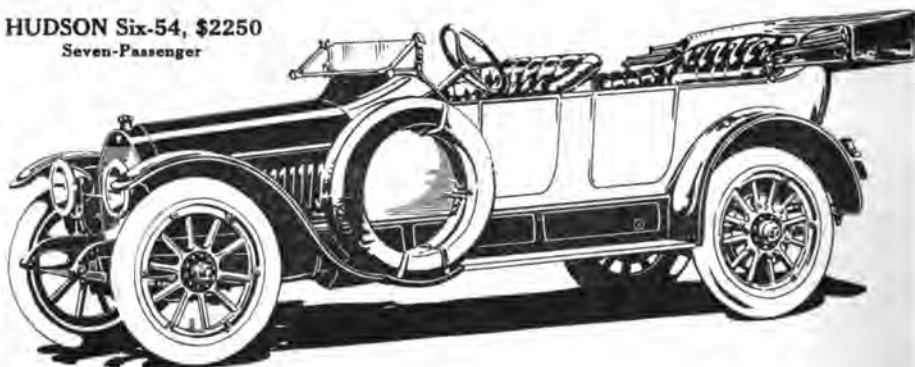
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HUDSON Six-54, \$2250
Seven-Passenger



Something Really New— Six Cylinders—Distinguished Beauty

Never before have HUDSON designers brought out in one model so many advances.

But it happens that Europe, after reaching the limit in fine engineering, has suddenly corrected many faults in bodies.

And America must follow. Some makers will delay, some chafe and protest. But sooner or later we have always followed European vogue. Those who waited found their models obsolete ere long. You remember how it was with fore-doors. ¶ Here is an ideal body type which marks the coming mode. The world's best designers agree on it. All the best foreign makers will this year exhibit nothing but streamline bodies.

We have not merely copied—we have Hudsonized the type. We have ourselves worked out countless improvements. We have, we believe, the handsomest car you'll see. But the general effect is such as must mark any up-to-date car this year.

Europe is Right

And Europe is right. Look at passing models. Note that abrupt and inartistic angle at the dash. Compare with this model, where the streamline runs unbroken from tip to tip.

Compare the high-hung, top-heavy bodies with this low-hung effect. Compare old-type fenders with these new.

Compare the old way of carrying extra tires, blocking, one front door, or on the rear, when the balance of the car is disturbed. Now both front doors are clear and still the tires are where they should be—on the running board.

Note that every door hinge is concealed. Why did we ever have body sides marred by projecting hinges?

Note the left-side drive, the center control, the deep cushions with high backs. You sit in the car, not on it.

Now we have four forward speeds.

We have wide tonneau doors.

We have every operation and control within reach of the driver's hand.

You know that these things are desirable. Now that they have been thought of, and adopted abroad, what car can resist coming to them?

Other New Things

Here are other new features which we have adopted in this new HUDSON Six 54:

A seven-passenger body, where the extra seats fold out of the way.

135-inch wheel base—36 x 4½-inch tires. Gasoline tank in dash, also an European innovation.

The Delco system of electric self-cranking—the rapid type built especially for this car. Powerful electric lights with dimming attachment.

Speedometer set in dash. Concealed noiseless gears set into the axle.

Yale lock on ignition control.

Rain-vision windshield. Genuine Pantasote top with curtains attached, ready for instant lowering. Electric horn—trunk rack—tire holders—license carriers. Every comfort and convenience known.

Built by Howard E. Coffin and His Engineers

Here too is the latest production of Howard E. Coffin and his great engineering corps. The men who built the former HUDSON Six, one of the greatest successes ever known in this industry.

This is their masterpiece. The largest, finest, strongest car these men have ever built. Their sturdiest car, their most comfortable car, most dependable.

And note the price. Note how this factory, with its mammoth output, has cut the cost of Sixes. Think of a Six of this power and size and room selling for \$2250. Even one year ago such a price was unthinkable.

See This Innovation

Your local HUDSON dealer has this car on show. Go see it, if only to see the trend of design in motor cars. Compare it side by side with old-style cars and judge which you want to drive.

See it now—while it's new.

Our catalog on request.

HUDSON Motor Car Company

7720 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

We never have been able to get six-cylinder smoothness in a Four

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THE Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora—unique, peculiar, different, distinguished—built, furnished, owned by the people who manage it. Tables supplied with fruits, vegetables, dairy and poultry products from The Roycroft Farm. Countless contented cows contribute cream. The Roycroft Inn ranks with the artistic El Tovar, at Grand Canyon; the Glenwood Mission Inn, at Riverside, California; the Old Faithful, at Yellow-

stone; the Grove Park Inn, at Asheville, North Carolina. At Roycroft you dine amid a bower of blossoms, where a fountain laughs, and humming-birds play hide-and-seek amid the greenery. People of note come here from all over the world.

RATES—American Plan
\$2.50 to \$5.00, according to room

No orchestra playing the *Miserere* during meals; but after supper there is usually a musicale and a short lecture in the Music-Salon, at which the attendance is optional.

THE ROYCROFT INN, East Aurora, which is in Erie County, NEW YORK STATE



Hand-Wrought Copper Vase for American Beauties and Chrysanthemums ~ ~

Diameter of bowl

8 inches

Diameter of base

7½ inches

Height, 22 inches

Price, \$10.00



THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora

New York

THE FRA



■ A JOURNAL OF ■
■ AFFIRMATION ■



Vol. XII

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 5



To Elbert Hubbard
from
John D. Rockefeller
Dec 11th 1910

A

COWARD Egg is an egg that hits you and then runs. But a Coward Shoe is a shoe that fits you and then enables *you* to run. This is a distinction with a difference, as Henry James would say.

Coward is as conscientious a cobbler as ever trod on neat's foot. He has been making shoes for nigh on to fifty years come Michaelmas.

Coward Shoes reflect Fra Coward himself. Certainly, they are no reflection *on* him. Fortunately, Coward is old-fashioned enough to believe in making shoes that fit normal, healthy feet. If your feet are neither normal nor healthy, he can suit you just the same, but the point is this: Fashions in feet seem not to have changed since Eve put apple-pie in Adam's dinner-pail and started the auld lad to work with the seven-o'clock whistle.

However up to date we may be, our feet have a way of staying as they were, despite changes in styles. "It is better to be comfortable than to be sorry," says Coward, and he sticks to his last.

Also, he maintains the most obliging and efficient mail-order service in existence, and the world has made a beaten path to his door.

A shoe either fits or induces them. So says Coward, and he has been in the business long enough to know.

THE COWARD SHOE FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

☛ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - (for weak arches)
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THE MEN BEHIND THE FURNITURE

By Elbert Hubbard

✧✧✧✧ SIR Francis Bacon, who lived in the
 ✧ time of Shakespeare, said many good
 ✧ things, but none, I think, better than
 ✧ this: "I hold every man a debtor to
 ✧ his profession; from the which, as
 ✧✧✧✧ men of course do seek to receive
 countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to
 endeavor themselves, by way of amends, to be a
 help and ornament thereunto."

There is more than a modicum of truth in the saying.

¶ It is true that every man is a debtor to his profession; and that he should strive to be a help and ornament thereunto is a dictum none will dispute.

¶ All good workmen are helps and ornaments to their professions. If you do your work as well as you can and are kind, you are fulfilling your destiny.

¶ I like the eulogium attributed to Jim Bludsoe, or whoever the fellow was that said it, "He done his damndest—angels could do no more!"

So it happens that whenever I think of Berkey and Gay Furniture, I think of the men whose skill and experience and time have made it possible for every family in this country to own some few pieces, at least, of this exquisite Period Furniture.

There is a charm about fine furniture that it is useless to attempt to describe. It is there and we recognize it, and that is all we know or need to know. The men behind the furniture!

Berkey and Gay began making furniture in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, out in Grand Rapids. Their initial operations were confined to the making of tables, a few chairs, sideboards and beds.

The neighbors saw their work, were well pleased with the things they turned out, and bought up everything they made.

In this humble way did Julius Berkey, William A. Berkey and George Washington Gay lay the foundations of the mighty superstructure which now is known the wide world over.

There are men now in the employ of Berkey and Gay who have been there from the time they were boys, some of them for more than forty years.

Their workmanship is ripe. They work with the finest wood and the best tools to be had. They do just one thing at a time, and they are never in a hurry, or if they are, they don't show it. They do their work as well as they can, and they are kind.

¶ Are you interested in real furniture—something more than mere outward seeming? Then you will find delight in the Berkey

and Gay brochure, *Character in Furniture*, beautifully illustrated by Rene Vincent, the famous French artist.

On receipt of thirty cents in United States stamps, we will send you this booklet, along with a playful little humoresque of a pop-valve poem by my dear old friend, 'Gene Field (would he were with us!)'—entitled, *In Amsterdam*, and done in colors on a card.



This shopmark on every piece of Berkey and Gay Furniture is a mark of character—a mark of perfection in production.

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upon other people. The exchangeable value of everything must be equal to the extent of this power which it will convey to its owner. Every particular commodity is more frequently exchanged for money than for any other commodity. The butcher seldom carries his beef or his mutton to the baker or the brewer in order to exchange them for bread or for beer, but he carries them to the market, where he exchanges them for money. The quantity of money which he gets for them regulates, too, the quantity of bread and beer which he can afterwards purchase. Gold and silver, however, like every other commodity, vary in their

EVERY man is rich or poor according to the degree in which he can afford to enjoy the necessities, conveniences and amusements of human life. The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it. What everything is really worth to the man who has acquired it and who wants to dispose of it or exchange it for something else is the toil and trouble which it can save to himself and which it can impose

value, are sometimes cheaper and sometimes dearer, sometimes of easier and sometimes of more difficult purchase. The discovery of the abundant mines of America reduced, in the Sixteenth Century, the value of gold and silver in Europe to about a third of what it had been before. But as a measure of quantity, such as the natural foot, fathom or handful, which is continually varying in its own quantity, can never be an accurate measure of the quantity of other things, so a commodity

which is itself continually varying in its own value can never be an accurate measure of the value of other commodities. At all times and places that is dear which it is difficult to come at or which it costs much labor to acquire, and that cheap which is to be had easily or with very little labor. Commodities may be said to have a real and nominal price. Real price may be said to consist in the quantity of the necessities and conveniences of life. Nominal price is the quantity of money. The distinction between the real and the nominal price of commodities and labor is not a matter of mere speculation, but may sometimes be of considerable use in practise. The same real price is always at the same value, but on account of the variations in the value of gold and silver the same nominal price is sometimes of very different values.—*Adam Smith.*

MONEY is a commodity, and its value is determined like that of other commodities, temporarily by demand and supply, permanently and in the average by cost of production. The relations of commodities to

one another remain unaltered by money; the only new relation introduced is their relation to money itself, how much or how little money they will exchange for. The value of a thing is what it will exchange for—the purchasing power of money. If prices are low, money will buy much of other things, and is of high value. If prices are high, it will buy little of other things, and is of low value. The value of money is inversely as general prices—falling as they rise, and rising as they fall.—*John S. Mill.*

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— long known in San Diego as the “Bank of Strength and
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drafts, local and foreign, and the col-
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When you buy a **Steger & Sons Piano** you pay for no commission or allowances or extras. You pay only the factory cost, plus a small profit, and you get an instrument of excellent qualities, which will provide the highest type of pleasure for your home circle.

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Steger Building Chicago, Ill.




19 Story Steger Bldg.

in your pitcher of milk that you call it sour because you taste his acid body and nothing else in the milk. Freshly ripened sour milk is yet more healthful as a food than any other form of milk.

If you tell a mother that the opsonins in the blood of her one-year-old infant are few and that in the blood of children up to five years of age their polymorphonuclear leucocytes are less actively phagocytic you may alarm her, but you do not help her to solve the problem of her children or family milk-supply.

I have been trying to help solve that problem in a practical way now for many years, and I hope to continue in the work as long as I live,

WHILE milk is the most perfect food for human beings it is also the most perfect medium for the propagation of three thousand kinds of bacteria or forms of animal life visible only under the microscope. Only about three hundred kinds of these have been so far identified and catalogued, but we do know that man's most valuable friend in this respect is the lactic-acid fellow, who propagates very rapidly, eats up all the enemies of man, and in a few days is of so many hundred millions

for it opens up new avenues of investigation, invention and improvement almost every month.

What is needed in the milk question is an absolute knowledge of cost-sheets in connection with a pure milk-supply produced under most of the conditions now laid down for certified milk and delivered iced in sealed bottles; and then what is further needed is an educational campaign to teach people how to handle and use milk in the home and also

its great food-value.

While I am at work on this problem and the correlated problem of the advantages of registered and high-production Guernseys and of seeing how much higher than sixteen feet I can raise corn-stalks in New England, I do not care to be in any way identified with Pasteurized milk, that safeguard of the milkman's reputation, for I have thrown down the gauntlet now for some years in the field of certified milk.

—C. W. Barron.

NOW, what is at the bottom of this state of mind? "Envy, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness." Large corporations have been successful. They have succeeded where inefficient and badly equipped competitors have failed—hence the envy. When laws are passed to hamper them they still go on prospering. Hence, the hatred, and following envy and hatred come the malice and desire to injure, and the state of mind that can only give a wrong construction to any act that the hated one may do—this means "uncharitableness." A curious thing is this. If the people at large felt and believed that these large corporations were injuring them it



Hopi



Navajo



Supai

Primitive Indian life soon will be a thing of the past. See it now at Grand Canyon of Arizona

The Grand Canyon region is the heart of the "bronze man's" country. Here the Indian truly belongs. His mode of life, his dress and religion, harmonize with the wide desert reaches and Arizona's incomparable chasm.

One tribe, the Supais, live three thousand feet beneath earth's pleasure, in a tributary gorge. To get there you drive thirty-five miles and then hit the trail for fifteen miles more.

To visit the Hopi pueblos you cross the Painted Desert, an easy camping trip. Almost every month the Hopis have ceremonial dances, the most spectacular being that of the snakes in August.

The Navajos are nomads, wandering from place to place with great flocks of sheep. They are noted blanket-weavers and silversmiths.

Members of these three tribes frequently come to the Grand Canyon at El Tovar. Visiting Hopis are housed in a stone-adobe building, while earth and brush hogan are provided for the Navajos. The Supais camp out in the woods.

A three days' stay at Grand Canyon, as a side tour from Santa Fe main line at Williams, Ariz., costs \$35 to \$40. El Tovar Hotel and Bright Angel Camp are managed by Fred Harvey.

The California Limited is a steel car train, daily the year 'round—between Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco—exclusively for first-class travel—has a sleeper for Grand Canyon.

The Santa Fe de-Luxe—once a week in winter season—extra fast, extra fine, extra fare—between Chicago and Los Angeles.

Three other daily trains—all classes of tickets honored—they carry standard and tourist sleepers and chair cars.

Meal service by Fred Harvey.

On request will gladly send you our two copiously illustrated travel books, "Titan of Chasms—Grand Canyon" and "To California over the Santa Fe Trail." Address

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, 1044 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

is within their power to put an end to them at once. All that they need do is not to patronize them. There are no corporations in this country engaged in any occupation without competition. If the public are willing to pay the price, they can find people to sell them anything they want, without the necessity of buying from the trusts; and six months of this will put an end to the strongest and biggest of the so-called monopolies.

—Robert M. Thompson.

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For the Den, Library, Living-Room, Hall, Bed-Room, or Nursery. These Rugs go perfectly with modern Furnishings—Craftsman and Mission, or the Colonial.

They are woven-to-order in either "Hit-or-Miss" Grounds, or in any color of plain ground—Blue, Green or Brown, etc.—you select. All warps are White Cotton Yarn.

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The borders are all set by hand and are quaint and charming. The green grass, the woods and hills, the blue sea, the brown fields, and the little red roofs of the cottages are worked out perfectly in their natural colorings. The rugs are seamless and reversible.

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You can select any border on either the "Hit-or-Miss" ground, or on any plain ground.

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valuable to the world must become less valuable to man? At present his cultivated intelligence is greater than hers, as so it ought to be, but in natural intelligence—I do not say the case is reversed, but that at least they stand equal. She has enough, at any rate, to see further than her nose. And with such a stock as they will have between them when both are cultivated, do you suppose they will not better the home as well as everything else? Of course they will. And it can be bettered, too, without any damage to the foundations. Dear paterfamilias, be happy! We old fogies have to let the next generation do its work in its own fashion, and

OH, man, man, do think before you speak! And think with your own fresh, natural thoughts and not the worm-eaten old thoughts of others. Don't you *know*, by the analogy of your own case, that while women are women, wife, love and motherhood must always come first of all? Are your important pursuits more important to you than the welfare of your children? You are never tired of accusing us of being illogical, but where is the logic of the contention that woman to become more

it will be done on "improved principles" somehow, because that has always been the way of it. In the last resort we can sustain ourselves—we who are not illogical—with the most logically deduced certainty that good does *not* come out of evil, although it comes out of labor and sorrow almost every time. Good comes out of good, and vice versa. If we see to the planting of the seed of good that our own time calls for, we can well afford to leave it to grow just any way it likes. — *Ada Cambridge.*

IN a group of twenty-five boys taking "part-time" agricultural work in five agricultural schools in Massachusetts last year, two earned more than three hundred dollars each, twelve more than two hundred dollars, and only three less than a hundred dollars from their farm produce.

TRUE importance is always simple. The large duties, cares and responsibilities of those seeking to do great things give them natural dignity and ease. They have the simple grace of the burden-bearers of India, who carry heavy loads on their heads and in the carrying learn how to carry them erect—with fearless step. There is in them no trace of the pose, of the strenuous. Men of serious effort think too much of their work to think much of themselves. Their great interest, enthusiasm and absorption in their world of fine accomplishment eclipse all littleness. They are living their life—not playing a part. They are burning incense at the shrine of a great purpose—not to their own vanity. They ever have poise—not pose.—*William Jordan.*

Time is money.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Big Ben

The National School Bell



TO help little boys and girls outwit the Sand Man and get to school before the bell:

For a happy little crew calling "Mother, we beat you!" For brushed hair, tied ties, white hands, pink ears inside and behind.

For ready hats, coats, leggings, rubbers, mittens, pencils, papers, books, clean handkerchiefs, a big kiss all around and the front door shut with time to spare:

Big Ben—seven inches tall, all shiny and bright, with big easy-winding keys, a big, frank, open face, and a big jolly deep-toned voice.—He'll wake them every day at any time you say.

Rings two ways—five minutes straight or every other half minute during ten minutes. \$2.50 anywhere in the States, \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox.

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No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenseless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy.—*Queen Victoria.*

The Friend That Never Fails

"But the world is made—
do you understand?—
Of a friend or two."

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You pay only for materials, workmanship, and the usual small profit to manufacturer. We save you all other unnecessary expenses—dealer's profit, jobber's profit, traveling men's salaries, high packing expenses—and freight rates, etc.—almost 60%. And back of each piece is our guarantee: if you are not satisfied at any time within a full year you may ship it back and we immediately refund your money, including freight.

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Only \$8.95 In Four Sections

Select Quartered WHITE Oak. Built with the care and skill of the old master cabinet makers—possessing an individuality and artistic charm befitting the home of quality. Eight different shades of finish. Imperial leather cushions. Packed in compact crate—shipped at knock-down rates.

New 1914 Catalog FREE

Shows over 400 other beautiful examples of Come-Packt craftsmanship in living, dining and bedroom furniture—in sections—at 30% to 60% price savings. Sent free—postpaid. Mail postal today.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 253 Dorr St., Toledo, O.

Mail Postal For This Catalog



Make Clean, Sweet, AA Grade Butter at Home

You can get all the profits and a reputation for fine butter making with this machine without the grueling labor of the old churn. It ripens the cream, churns, washes, works and salts the butter and at the same time puts in the butter color and the moisture.

MINNETONNA HOME CREAMERY

Better Butter And More Of It

A complete home plant—hand and power sizes. Makes butter as delicious as you can get at any large creamery—8 farm and home sizes—complete with patent ripening coil, tested dairy thermometer, complete instructions, everything ready for easy, profitable operation.

If you are making any butter or want to make butter, try the Minnetonna Home Creamery—cows are big money makers, especially when you have the Minnetonna Home Creamery to get you all the cream profits.

Write today for catalogue giving full description, prices and guarantee; ask your dealer.

MINNETONNA COMPANY
Department 43
Owatonna, Minn.

Write For Free Book



Do It Now

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND STAMMERING

WHETHER JOSEPH J. LAMB is a Christian Scientist or not I do not know. It really matters very little. What does matter is that Lamb has the Science of correcting stammering pretty well under his thumb. Send for his catalog and correct this error of the mortal mind.

1252 Franklin Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

HENRY FORD



We have on hand a few copies of the November FRA, containing portrait and write-up of Henry Ford. Incidentally, this number mentioned the need of this country for a General Manager, and named the very few candidates who are capable of filling the office. The article kicked up quite some cosmic dust. These copies are Twenty-five Cents each—as long as they last.

THE FRA East Aurora New York

The Postal Life Insurance
Agents

The Company Deals with
You Direct

Postal Life N.Y.

Accomplishing a great reform

THE HUGHES' INSURANCE INVESTIGATION OF 1905, found that all life companies were heavily burdened by agency-expense which came out of the pockets of policyholders, of course.

Press and public agreed that the elimination of the agent was the great reform needed.

The Postal Life Insurance Company was organized that same year to help work out this very reform.

It has accomplished its part by demonstrating that the business of life insurance can be done direct; it has thus transacted business successfully for more than eight years; it does not employ agents at all but gives its policyholders the benefit of the saving thus effected.

THE FIRST YEAR, policyholders receive a **guaranteed commission - dividend** corresponding to what other companies pay their agents, less a moderate advertising charge.

This dividend ranges up to

40%

of the premium on whole-life policies

In subsequent years policyholders can deduct the entire agents' renewal commission of 7½% and an office-expense saving of 2%, making up the

Annual dividend of

9½%

guaranteed in the policy

AND, IN ADDITION, the Postal pays, **every year after the first**, the usual **contingent dividends** earned by the policy.

Agents, of course, find it hard to compete with the Postal; they fight it and get certain easily-influenced insurance periodicals to help them.

The public is therefore warned not to take the word of any such agents or to believe the "framed-up" articles that may appear in such periodicals.

The Postal Life is a highly-accredited institution and enjoys the confidence of the well-informed insuring public throughout the country.



POSTAL LIFE BUILDING

Write and find out the exact sum the Company will save you at your age on any standard form of contract—Whole-Life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment, Joint-Life or a Monthly-Income Policy.

Call at the Company's office if convenient, or write for full official information. Simply say:

Mail me insurance-particulars as per advertisement in

THE FRA for February

In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the benefit of his commission goes to you because you deal direct.

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: Standard policy reserves, now nearly \$10,000,000. Insurance in force nearly \$50,000,000.

Second: Old-line legal reserve insurance—not fractional or assessment.

Third: Standard policy provisions, approved by the State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under strict State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.

Sixth: Policyholder's Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

Postal Life Insurance Company

35 Nassau Street

WM. R. MALONE, President

NEW YORK

government the moral sense of the governing body is likely to fall far below the highest moral standard recognized by the community. But the white woman is, with the white man, co-heir of all the ages; and as the phrase went among the theretofore privileged classes of England when suffrage was to be granted the unenfranchised—"we must educate our masters." Precisely in this lies the one correct solution of all the difficulties feared. Woman must be sufficiently educated—more than she is today—educated far beyond the present danger-point of a little knowledge, unrelated, theoretical and fragmentary, unfitting rather than fitting her for

It were futile to deny that granting the franchise to women will be attended with complications and difficulties. But no great reform in the individual or in society was ever accomplished without these, and a people whose moral condition is healthy will not shrink.

All correct theories for the guidance of the race should be based upon what is the best to be expected, not the worst. It has been set down as a rule, that under any form of

the duties of life. In all likelihood it will be impossible to keep women a great deal longer from a share in the governments under which they live. It will be useless to offer "something else just as good"—that she shall undertake, for example, to check those arch terrors of the conservative, socialism and divorce. It will be equally futile to threaten that she will lose her property privileges in localities where they are accorded her. It is with women as with men—they "are not led by promises of ease

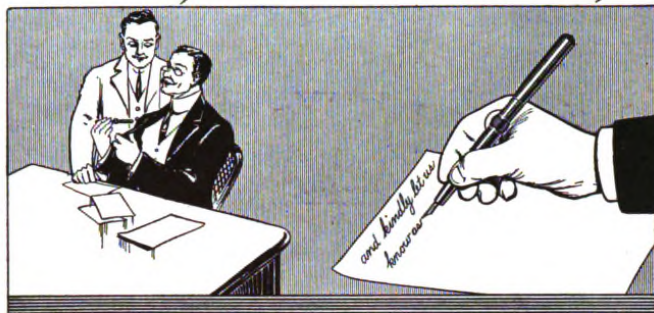
and comfort, by sugar-plums of any kind." ♣ Those who seek what they believe to be a right will never cease from fear of a pecuniary loss ♣ What should we say, what do we say, of men who vote or withhold their vote from financial motives? Women will be ready to stand upon a property equality with men when they stand upon political equality. It is safe to say that women will be ready to give their purses to a principle for which men have given their lives ♣ This, in fact, is the actual test of their fitness for the franchise, this and that they shall understand the thing they seek to be no mere gratification, but an added and onerous responsibility ♣

That which seems too little considered is what men themselves will gain by having woman on an equal footing by making of her a peer who must be judged as such. It will go far toward putting an end to that sense of privilege and exemption upon which woman falls back more and more as advancing society lessens the need of work and effort, making her a parasite, a creature out of touch with the realities of toil and fundamental things ♣ It is not expedient, not even good worldly

policy, to be satisfied with less than the utmost perfection we can conceive, but only those who are given every opportunity can justly be blamed for failing of the best attainment. Yet throughout the ages this blame has been accorded woman, for, despite valiant efforts to idealize her, she has never been to civilized man what he actually wished. She has left him always vaguely unsatisfied, apologizing for her by the phrases of the poets and by the makeshift of a dual standard. The companion

Will not Leak

in the pocket or when writing



No, sir, it *absolutely will not* leak, no matter in what position you hold or carry it, flat, up-side-down, in coat pocket—even in trousers pocket. It's built so it *can't leak!* Nor will it blot or drop ink when writing. That's half of the story of

Conklin's

**Self-Filling
Fountain Pen**

The other equally important half is that it *fills itself* (and *cleans itself* at the same time) by simply dipping the pen in any ink and pressing the "Crescent-Filler"—all done in 4 seconds. It's a wonder-pen! The Conklin always writes at the *first stroke* and with never a skip, scratch or blot. It can't clog because the *filling operation flushes out the feed channel every time*.

Prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up, at leading Stationers, Jewelers and Druggists everywhere. Write for new catalog showing hundreds of styles and sizes.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., 274 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

NEW YORK—1532-33 Aeolian Hall, 33-35 W. 42nd St.
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SAN FRANCISCO—579 Market Street.

CHICAGO—700 N. American Bldg., State and Monroe Sts.
DENVER—700 and 728 E. & C Building.
WINNIPEG, CAN.—346 Donald St.



All Roses Look Alike

— on paper — but
Peterson Roses
 are different—superior—and then plus



They're the result of many years of enthusiastic, painstaking effort by one who has made Rose-growing a lifelong hobby, passion—call it what you will. ¶ And right here in little Fair Lawn, N. J., we are admittedly now growing the strongest, finest Rose plants the world has ever seen. ¶ "Peterson Roses" have revolutionized outdoor rose-growing—made success rise out of the ashes of former failures—as thousands of enthusiastic patrons all over this country and Canada have experienced. ¶ If, this year, you want "real roses" in your garden all Summer and Fall, send now for a 1914 copy of

"A Little Book About Roses"

an exquisite publication dear to the heart of every Rose-lover who knows it. ¶ Sent free to intending purchasers—to any one on receipt of ten cents (to insure appreciation) in coin or stamps.

George H. Peterson
Rose and Peony Specialist
 Box 90, Fair Lawn, N. J.

Bethlehem, Pa., Aug. 29, 1912.

In the Spring of 1911, and again this year, I planted a lot of your roses, with the result of having a profusion of blooms, in our garden, that I have never seen excelled under glass anywhere, to say nothing of flowers grown out of doors.

I want to say to you that these roses have given me more pleasure than any like investment has ever afforded me.

(Dr.) H. J. Laciur.

Long Prairie, Minnesota, May 1, 1913.

My roses reached me on time to a minute as I ordered.

In thirty years' rose-growing I never received so nice a shipment and I never saw so good a one sent out or received by anyone. They were all magnificent specimens, in the finest condition.

J. D. Jones.

THE most likely way to prevent industrial trouble would seem to be to have employers and managers and foremen who have a genius for getting men to trust and believe in them. We are getting smoke-consumers, computing-machines, and the next contrivance is going to be the employer who has the understanding spirit, and who sees the cash value of human genius, the value in the market of genius for being fair and getting on with people. Arbitration boards are at best (as they themselves would say) stupid and negative things, and though better than nothing, as a rule merely postpone evil or change symptoms. No one can ever really

of his life and the mother of his race was one to whom he might condescend. But if he would do at least his best to remedy this unfortunate condition of affairs, he must needs face the realization that responsibility begets the power to meet and be worthy of it; and that the highest, the most desirable results are never to be obtained from a restricted and inferior class.—*Gwendolen Overton.*

Know your opportunity.—*Pittacus.*

arbitrate for any one else either in industry or marriage except for a moment. The trouble lies deep down inside the people who keep needing arbitration. As long as these people are still there, and as long as incompetent employers or employees are there, there is bound to be trouble.—*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

It is easier to make an impression on sand than on marble, but it is easier to make a just one upon marble than upon sand.—*Landor.*

WHICH is the best hotel in this town?" asked a stranger of a native.

And the answer was, "Say, go to either, and you'll wish you had gone to t'other."

There are several routes from Kansas City to Chicago, but if you take the evening six o'clock Santa Fe, you'll not wish you had gone by another route.

Here is a strictly first-class train with every modern convenience and luxury, but beyond it lies something else, and that something is a personality. The train crew are men who are beyond the average in intelligence and courtesy.

Especially is the Fred Harvey Dining-Car on that train not only a thing of beauty, but Gardner, the dining-car conductor, is a genius in his line. He greets every guest as his personal friend and adds by his quick attention to every detail a degree of harmony to the meal that makes it an event. He collaborates with his German Chef in getting up little extra side dishes and pretty compliments that put the whole car in a good humor. I know people who plan days ahead, just to travel by that train. Go by the Santa Fe, and be glad you are with Gardner.



The Fascination of the Starr Player Piano

IF you have spent years in mastering long difficult pieces and have reached a high degree of perfection in technique; if you appreciate and enjoy real music, the Starr Player Piano is bound to become a treasure compared to which its cost is most insignificant.

May we send you an illustrated catalog?

THE STARR PIANO CO.

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ILLINOIS—CHICAGO, 414-415 Mallery Bldg.
INDIANA—EVANSVILLE, 124 Main St.
INDIANAPOLIS, 138-140 N. Pennsylvania St.
MUNCIE, Delaware Hotel Bldg.
RICHMOND, 935-935 Main St.
MICHIGAN—DETROIT, 110 Broadway
MISSOURI—KANSAS CITY, 2116 E. 15th St.

RICHMOND, INDIANA

OHIO—AKRON, Mill and High Sts.
CINCINNATI, 139 Fourth Avenue W.
CLEVELAND, 1220-1224 Huron Road
DAYTON, 27 South Ludlow Street
ELVIRA, 245 Second St.
HAMILTON, 10 South 3rd St.
SPRINGFIELD, 109 E. High St.
TOLEDO, 318 Jefferson Ave.
TENNESSEE—CHATTANOOGA, 722 Market St.
KNOXVILLE, 517 Market St.
NASHVILLE, 240-242 Fifth Avenue N.
VIRGINIA—BRISTOL, 529 State St.

LET parents of stammering children, particularly the mothers, resolve to check immediately any tendencies toward faulty breathing, unnatural articulation, hasty declamation—and the vast army of sufferers would soon diminish, and in time, vanish from the earth.—*Joseph J. Lamb.*

The Fra's writings are better than his oratory—and this is praise superlative for both.—*Memphis "Scimeter."*

Burpee's Seeds Grow

Burpee's Annual for 1914

which is now being mailed at the rate of more than ten thousand copies every day, is a Bright New Book of 182 pages and is known as the "Silent Salesman" of the world's largest Mail-order Seed trade. It tells the plain truth about

BURPEE-QUALITY SEEDS THAT GROW

With hundreds of illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, it is a *safe guide* to Success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants seeds either for pleasure or profit. We are pleased to mail it free to every one who has a garden and asks for it. Shall we mail you a copy? If so kindly mention *The Fra Magazine* and write to-day.

The House of Burpee

has introduced more distinct New Varieties of Vegetables and Flowers that are now in general cultivation than have any three other American firms. Selected Stocks are produced upon our own seed farms in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and California, while FORDHOOK FARMS are famous as the largest and most complete trial grounds in America. We travel more than thirty thousand miles each season to inspect growing crops, and yet never a single mile to solicit an order! We trust, however, that you will read our "Silent Salesman." A postal card will bring it. But please write TO-DAY—"Lest You Forget."

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia



she found a copy for him for twenty-five cents. Luck was against the boy, however, and he could not get the necessary quarter, and when, after earning it by selling papers, he returned to buy the book, it was gone. When the traveling library came through Grover again, however, the little boy got the copy of *Two Little Savages*, and, like a monk of old, began making a manuscript copy of it, spending most of his Summer vacation at the work. It is a source of gratification to note that incipient Lincolns and Websters still spring from Columbia's soil.

THESE are the masters who instruct us without whip or rod, without

harsh words or anger, asking naught in return. If you seek them, they are not asleep; if you ask counsel of them, they do not refuse it; if you go astray, they do not chide; if you betray ignorance to them, they know not how to laugh in scorn. Truly, of all our masters, Books alone are free and freely teach.

—Richard de Bury.

The Old Testament is still allowed to circulate through the mails.—C. S. Carr.

ANNA A. MACDONALD, of the Pennsylvania State Library at Harrisburg, tells a story of the interest in books shown by one little boy living in Grover, Pennsylvania. The boy had found Mr. Seton's book, *Two Little Savages*, in the traveling library sent out by the State institution. When the book had to be returned he asked the local librarian to get it for him the next time the set of books came to town. Moreover, he asked the librarian if he could not buy the book, and

DOES not every effort at reform come back to the question of education? Is not the education of the great masses of the people to see things in right perspective that which is really lifting them to the power of self-government, where they shall do justice to all alike? And education means a knowledge of what men have done, their mistakes and triumphs and their motives and aspirations. This tends to self-knowledge, and self-knowledge is the most important branch of study for a human being in this day or any day. It is a lack of seeing what we do as it really is in all its bearings on our own experience and that of others which keeps

most of us from progress. If we could understand our own needs and limitations better, this would spur us to effort in the right direction for that progress of the individual which alone can lift the mass.—*Mary Stanhope.*

THERE be people who are violently and viciously virtuous. Also, there be house-keepers so alert for dirt and disorder that their scorn for the contraband runs over, and all the household fall victims to their righteous rage.

Some Plain Truths About Tires

THE Firestone Economy of Most Miles per Dollar is a direct result of the Firestone method of building—from design to final test.

The Firestone design prevents all abnormal strain—the quality and quantity of Firestone rubber will stand furious heat and terrific wear.

The wrapped tread construction, the two-cure process, the open steam vulcanizing—are all principles vital to Firestone supremacy—Firestone economy.

Economy of upkeep follows naturally the resilience of the Firestone rubber, which, by absorbing little shocks and vibration, means long life to the car.

An inspection of the cross-sections of a Firestone Tire shows that greater tread-toughness and greater tread-thickness are more than Firestone claims—they are fundamental Firestone facts—the vital reasons back of Firestone Service—Most Miles per Dollar.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Pneumatic Tires, Truck Tires, Pleasure Electric Tires, Carriage Tires, Fire Apparatus Tires, Rims, Tire Accessories, etc.

Firestone
NON SKID TIRES

A GOOD way to keep the boy on the farm is to have good roads, and make rural life as effective as city life. An effective way to reduce the cost of living is to cheapen the marketing of the products.—*Homer D. Wade, Secretary Texas Good Roads Association.*

He who knows what secrets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments—is the rich and royal man.—*Emerson.*

This Dinner-Ware the Pride of a Million Home Makers

"Homer Laughlin" means China, just as "Steinway" means piano, "Stetson" means hat, or "Krag" means rifle.

"Homer Laughlin" is honestly made china. It bears but one trademark—"Homer Laughlin." This is your guarantee of service unexcelled or even equaled. If you will look for this trademark on your china, you may know you have found the ware which will meet and defeat competition, satisfy aspiration, soothe ambition and add to your soul's peace.

Its mirrorlike glaze is adamant against craze cracks. The handsome patterns and shapes impel the woman of the home to standardize her dinnerware, eliminating those "odd" pieces which accumulate, and deplete the exchequer. Buy

HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA

Made in our own United States; all patterns are "open stock," and you can always replace or add to what you have—an advantage not to be overlooked. Also, it is beautiful enough to grace any table—and especially the tables of American women. In every way, Homer Laughlin China is as good as it looks.

¶ The *China Book* is full of interesting lore about a subject little known. A man ordered one the other day and sent it back because it was n't about the slant-eyed Mongolians. Was n't he a gink? But maybe he did n't have the "chink." Anyway, the *China Book* is sent free on request.

HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA CO.,
Newell, West Virginia



and gone, are but little regarded even in our own cases, and much less in the cases of others. Still, in addition to this, there is something so ludicrous in promises of good or threats of evil a great way off as to render the whole subject with which they are connected, easily turned into ridicule.—*Lincoln*.

THE day of our country's life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be com-

WHAT an ignorance of human nature does it exhibit to ask or expect a whole community to rise up and labor for the temporal happiness of others, after themselves shall be consigned to the dust, a majority of which community take no pains whatever to secure their own eternal welfare at no more distant day? Great distance in either time or space has wonderful power to lull and render quiescent the human mind. Pleasures to be enjoyed, or pains to be endured, after we shall be dead

rades and soldiers yet to serve our fellowmen in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love.—*Woodrow Wilson*.

It is the mind that makes us rich and happy, and in what condition soever we are, and money signifies no more to it than it does to gods.—*Seneca*.

WHAT did I do yesterday which I ought not to have done, and what ought I to have done yesterday that I did not do, and what shall I do today?

In order to get the best results I must put down, in writing, things I plan to do, or else I will forget them. Now, at the factory they used to forget many things, and so they issued an order, "Verbal Orders Don't Go." If it was a good thing for the factory to issue to all of its people an order that verbal orders don't go, then it is a good thing for me to issue written instructions to myself—for what was a good thing for a great many people is a good thing for the individual. So I will put

down on one side the things I must eliminate from my daily routine, and on the other side the most important things I must do, because the first thing for me to do is to organize my own self, and I have never done that. I have never formed rules for the government of myself, rules which will get the greatest results with the least effort. There is no reason why I can't double my results in the same time, and be happier and better, if I only organize myself.—*John H. Patterson.*

Order Your Business Stationery on **CONSTRUCTION**

White - eight colors
Three finishes



Envelopes
to Match

BOND

Nationally known as the paper that makes
Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price

Sold only in case lots direct to the most competent and responsible printers, lithographers and manufacturing stationers in the 180 principal cities of the United States and Canada. When you specify and secure Construction Bond you are not only assured the highest bond paper value obtainable at the price, but you are also sure of high grade work upon it.

Write us on your business stationery for the names of concerns in your locality who can furnish fine stationery on Construction Bond and we will also send you handsome specimen letterheads showing the various colors, finishes and thicknesses of Construction Bond.

W.E. Wroe & Company, Sales Offices 1006 South Michigan Avenue Chicago

EVERY one who writes longs to read his work to some sympathetic soul. A thought is not ours until we repeat it to another, and this crying need of expression marks every poetic soul. All art is born of feeling, high, intense, holy feeling, and the creative faculty is largely a matter of temperature. We feel, and not to impart our feelings is stagnation—death. People who do not feel deeply never have anything to impart, either to individuals or to the world. They have no message.

EVEN the most unresponsive and callous individual is mellowed when convinced that you are genuinely interested in him and his welfare. In employment work we repeatedly find this true. Seemingly stolid, taciturn and unresponsive men, from whom their foremen can secure scarcely more than a grunt, come to one of our assistants who has previously shown interest in him, and pour out their very souls in confidence. The quality of human sympathy is indispensable in dealing with others. We often criticize others harshly and unjustly, largely because we are unable to put ourselves in their place. In dealing with others, one of

the cardinal principles in salesmanship is to secure the name of the person and remember it so as to address him by name when next you meet him. This is only one indirect way of showing the quality of friendly interest and sympathy.—*Doctor Katherine M. Blackford.*


HAVE sometimes thought that comeliness of feature and fine physical proportions were a handicap to an orator. If a man is handsome, it is quite enough—let him act as

HOW SPEED

Time is the most expensive thing in business—in your business—your time, the time of your department heads, the time of your employees. Time can be saved in but one way—through increasing the *speed* of each operation. This is the whole end of scientific management—clearly recognized in the field of production, but not so well understood in the office—especially in the accounting department. This advertisement tells briefly of the great opportunities for saving which have their source in

Speed in the Accounting Department

You govern your business by figures. You confer with your department heads in terms of figures. Upon the accessibility of *figures*—and upon their accuracy—depends the certainty with which you direct your policies. The assembling and classification of these figures—certainly a very vital function—rests on your accounting department; and the efficiency with which this work is accomplished depends directly on the equipment used. *Is your accounting department working under a handicap?* Thousands of departments all over the country are. Are you paying *more* for accounting service than you need to? Are you losing time, losing business, losing touch simply because your accounting department is n't properly organized—has n't the proper *tools* to work with?



The Effect on Other Departments

Practically every department in your business suffers from the results of an inefficient accounting department. You *must* have the vital figures and statistics of your business if you are to run your business wisely. You must have them *on time*—and you must know them to be *correct*. They are just as important to your department heads. The handling of figures touches your business at every point—in payroll work—monthly, weekly and daily reports—estimates for you, for your managers and for your salesmen—computing costs—inventories—making out bills, statements, vouchers—verifying invoices—averaging.

Dalton Adding

902 Water Street

chairman and limit his words to stating the pleasure he has in introducing the speaker. No man in evening clothes can sway a thousand people to mingled mirth and tears, can play upon their emotions and make them remember things they have, drive conviction home and change the ideals of a lifetime in an hour. The man in spotless attire is an usher. If too much attention to dress is in evidence, we at once conclude that the attire is first in importance and the message secondary.

CUTS OVERHEAD COSTS

accounts. Not only does the swift, accurate, mechanical handling of figures cut your accounting costs, increasing speed and saving time for your accountants, enabling them to shake themselves free from routine and put their time on more creative work—but it *saves time* in an almost infinite number of other ways, your time and the time of every other member of your organization.

The right kind of equipment is the solution—the solution which puts you on a footing to meet and defeat competition. And the most important part of this equipment is the adding and calculating machine you use.

The Swiftest Adding Machine

Speed—combined with accuracy—is the prime requisite of the adding machine you buy; for it is this speed which makes an adding machine a good investment for you. And the *swiftest* machine made is the *Dalton*—25 to 40% faster than the nearest competitor—*proved by actual test*. This alone puts the *Dalton* in a class by itself. When you add to this great advantage the wonderful versatility of the *Dalton*—it handles addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and fractions all with equal facility—you can readily understand why the *Dalton* has been so eagerly sought by business men with past experience in the use of adding and calculating machines. The key to the supremacy of the *Dalton* in all kinds of calculating work is its amazing simplicity—

Only 10 Keys

Ten keys instead of eighty-one—the only adding and calculating machine which can be operated by the touch method. Touch operation has become a commonplace with the typewriter. It is just as essential to speed on the adding machine. In the *Dalton* you have it—with the resultant increase in speed, accuracy and work—and the minimum of fatigue. Complicated problems which absolutely “stump” the ordinary machine are solved swiftly, easily on the *Dalton*. Today the *Dalton* is saving time and money—cutting overhead costs, speeding work in all departments, injecting efficiency,—in 278 different lines of business. Whether the work be cross-footing, making up estimates, listing, computing interest, making up payrolls, extending bills, prorating, verifying invoices, footing trial balances, check-

Machine Company
Poplar Bluff, Missouri



Dalton
Adding
Listing and Calculating
Machine

ing postings, figuring costs or discounts, averaging accounts, or any of a dozen other kinds of work—a test will prove the *Dalton's* superiority. We ask you to make comparisons. Can you afford to neglect the investigation of a machine so vital to the welfare of your business?

The coupon will bring you—free of charge—a copy of an interesting booklet on adding machines, “Half a Hundred and More Reasons”—also the *Dalton* booklet on touch operation. MAIL IT.

Dalton Book FREE

Dalton Adding Machine Company,
902 Water Street, Poplar Bluff, Missouri

Please send me—free—a copy of your booklet on adding machines, “Half a Hundred and More Reasons”—also the *Dalton* booklet on touch operation.

Name _____

Firm _____

Address _____

this definition does cover advertising's chief function—sale—and advertising's chief characteristic—the fact that it does its work through some descriptive medium.

Advertising is unlike other forms of sale in many respects, but it differs from them most conspicuously in that it is ordinarily an attempt to arouse, modify, divert, direct or otherwise influence demand, rather than to satisfy it. It is unusually a deliberate attack on the wants of the consumer. And most advertising, therefore, depends for its success on being able to make the consumer want what, in the long run, the consumer will be happy and satisfied in acquiring. The public does not love to be

humbugged—an eminent authority to the contrary notwithstanding. The advertisers of long life and large success are those who have made their “sale by description” a real service to the consumer, by persuading the consumer to buy what it is worth while for him to buy.—Prof. Paul T. Cherington.

Elbert Hubbard has so many imitators that he can actually sit high in the grandstand and watch himself go by.—Sophie Irene Loeb.

AN acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service.—Emerson.

ADVERTISING has been defined as “sale by description.” To be sure, no definition can be devised which will be at the same time broad enough to cover advertising in all its phases, and specific enough to describe it. But



Ground-Gainer and Business-Getter— THE I H C COMMERCIAL CAR

THE word "Service" by any other name would sound as sweet. But would it mean as much? That is the question. ¶ Undoubtedly "Service" is one of the most abused words of the day. ¶ It means everything, and it means nothing at all. All according to the point of view. ¶ From the viewpoint of I H C customers, it means a good deal. ¶ The businessman of today realizes the necessity of covering ground and covering it in a hurry. To get there ahead of the other party—this is the prime requisite. ¶ The I H C Commercial Car is a business-getter, and is recognized as such. Also, it is a ground-gainer. It bucks the line of opposition, and crosses the goal by means of a dash through center, or a run around end, as the case may be. ¶ From the standpoint of business, the I H C Commercial Car is going to be 1914's grandest ground-gainer. It is built for speed and endurance, and stripped of trimmings. A woman's hat would n't sell without trimmings, but a businessman prefers to take his "straight." In this case, however, the "trimmings" are reserved for short-sighted business rivals. ¶ The I H C Commercial Car is an appropriate symbol of the "get-there" spirit that is part and parcel-post of the Twentieth-Century. ¶ Business was never better than right now. There's plenty of it—enough to go around. The only question is, are you getting your share? Ask yourself that question and then try to answer it. ¶ The I H C Commercial Car will help you to an answer. Copious and satisfactory data will be mailed to you, if you will register a request. There's no time like today. Address

**INTERNATIONAL
HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA**
Incorporated
160 Harvester Building, Chicago

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF
THE AMERICAN
PHILOSOPHY:

Vol. 12

FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 5

Do it graciously—or do not do it at all

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

Entered at the Post-Office, East Aurora, New York, as Matter of the Second Class
Entered as Matter of the Second Class at the Post-Office Department of Canada
Trademark Registered. Copyright, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, by Elbert Hubbard

THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FRA

A Week Off



RECENTLY, feeling the need of rest, I made arrangements with my friend, C. H. Miles, of the Miles chain of theaters, to appear in Cleveland for six days, making twenty appearances on the stage, for a modest consideration.

It was not that I especially needed the money, but along about Christmastime a little spare change always comes handy, and it is pleasant, occasionally, to be able to take in the moving-picture show without financial inconvenience.

¶ I arrived in Cleveland Monday morning. At the station to greet me was a delegation from the Ad Club, the Athletic Club, the Rotary Club, and the Jovians.

We had what you call an informal breakfast, and at noon there was an informal luncheon at the Athletic Club, where Brother Murray, athlete Mexicanus, introduced me informally, and I gave an informal talk on the subject of *Exercise and Fresh Air, and the Beauty of*

Falling in Love With Your Job. ¶ At two-thirty the electric lights in my dressing-room at the Miles blinked three times, which meant "Overture," and we were off. I occupied the fifth spot on a delightful bill.

A Monday matinee for me is always dead easy—what the perfesh call a cinch—because enough of my friends are present to create an atmosphere ☸ ☸

This time my friends worked their flippers time and a third, and the proletariat present were confident that something was doing, and joined in the glad acclaim.

This launched me on a wave of popularity—gave me a cosmic chiropractic adjustment, putting me *en rapport* with the plain people.

¶ So the matinee went gleefully, with Archie Bell sitting in a box paralyzed with astonishment that a highbrow was able to meet *hoi polloi* without special loss of "dig."

"The Fight"

THAT evening at five-thirty there was an informal supper at Finley's, where just one hundred charming people met in the name of The Roycroft Junta.

Colonel David Cropp was there, uncropped, acting as presiding officer. Finley fluttered

felicitously, giving everybody the tropical mit and the gladsome grin.

Finley's biscuit-bazaar is permeated with personality. It is a different restaurant, visited by men and women who prize phosphorus plus. If Shakespeare came to Cleveland he would head for Finley's.

Finley's is as distinct as the Miter Tavern, in London, in the days when Doctor Johnson, Goldsmith and David Garrick added to the world's stock of innocent pleasure, and agitated the ether with their quips and quilllets.

¶ Finley needs only a Boswell to make his title to immortality secure.

At Finley's I spoke informally for half an hour on the *Study Habit*. I endeavored to bring cosmos out of chaos, and show that a half-hour's study every day of some worthy theme would make any man distinguished in five years.

After the talk there was considerable handshaking, and then a little congratulatory oratory by my old friend Judge Ambler.

Suddenly I looked at my watch, and I knew that the lights in my dressing-room at the Miles were blinking three times, silently saying, "Overture!"

I seized my Stetson and ran for it, because at the Miles the management is very particular to have all of the Acts around early so there will be no possible hitch. The house was sold out, and the first act coming off the stage reported a knockout.

I always wonder when about to appear on the stage whether there will be any one in the audience able to get a class A allusion. But fears are baseless, at the Miles and elsewhere, for the lions are always chained—in fact, the lions of fear are only terra-cotta lions after all.

¶ At the Miles there are two shows every night, with just an hour and a half between appearances.

The editor of the Cleveland *Press* was on hand as soon as I came off the stage the first time, and demanded that I should jump into a taxi with him and go to see a wonderful play known as *The Fight*, written by Bayard Vellier.

Would I be so kind as to cover the assignment? There was no chance to decline, and so I saw the play, or as much of it as I could before being whisked back and shunted upon the stage for my second show.

Immediately thereafter I went back and saw the last act of *The Fight*.

Jumbo Magnus, ram-lamb stenog, took my criticism of the play as we were going home in the taxi. Immediately he wrote the good stuff out and I revised the copy, while Bayard Vellier and his charming wife, Margaret Wycherly, were telephoning asking me to come up to their apartments and enjoy a little Dutch Feed.

Of course they were not influencing my criticism of the play.

The copy-boy from the *Press* editorial room was there, cap in hand.

I chucked him the manuscript.

He stuffed it into his cap, put his cap on, and beat it for the newspaper-office, while I meandered up to see the gifted author and his charming wife. It was one-thirty before we had disposed of the Dutch Feed and the few literary and dramatic matters that needed final disposition.

"Brotherhood"

TUESDAY morning at nine o'clock I passed the medicine-ball on the lake front for an hour. At twelve o'clock there was a meeting of the Ben Franklin Club, with an informal lunch. After the lunch I was introduced by Cyrenius Rosen, Printer Maximus, and talked informally on Benjamin Franklin, the all-round educated American, for just forty minutes.

Then there was a little informal discussion, a good deal of handshaking, and I hiked for the theater, and got there just as the second act was coming off and explaining how they had lifted the yaps and yokels out of their seats.

After the matinee I found just about one hundred letters that had been sent on from East Aurora for my disposal, and so Jumbo and I stripped for action and went through that mail.

It was a baked apple, a cup of tea and a piece of toast at Thompson's Restaurant, and two shows that evening.

Immediately after the second show, there was a delegation of forty members of the Loyal Order of Moose at the door.

Nothing would do but that I must go over and talk to the boys.

Sure thing! So I went over and talked on the subject of *Brotherhood* for thirty minutes.

¶ The Moose in Cleveland are building a beautiful new clubhouse at a cost of two hundred fifty thousand dollars. The plans

were shown to me in order that I might express disapprobation before the thing had gone too far, if needs be.

However, I approved of the plans, and at twelve o'clock midnight, as the clocks were striking the hour, I pushed into the Hollenden and was met by J. K. Turner, who wanted to explain to me a few facts about modern mediation, over a bottle of White Rock. After that I wrote for an hour.

Do It Electrically!

WEDNESDAY at nine I drove twenty miles into the country with Brother Blair of the United Paving-Brick Association to inspect a new State road.

At noon there was a meeting of the Electric League of the Jovian Order. We met at the Euclid, three hundred strong, all self-starters, with a few dynamos of especially high voltage.

There was an informal lunch, and I talked informally for just forty minutes, on the general subject of *Getting Together and the Beauty of Doing It Electrically*. After my talk, Commodore Cudmore gave a congratulatory address, with a few trenchant observations on the Nebular Hypothesis, and the necessity of joining the Society for Electrical Development.

The Commodore is always eloquent, witty and wise, and occasionally his stories are trimmed with lilac. It was a very happy occasion, but I was obliged to cut it short in order to make the matinee.

The Mazda Boys

THAT night we had five hundred Mazda men in the audience, and they certainly did start the alternating current.

The second show we had two hundred members of the Motor-Cycle Club, who came in their uniforms, and a lot of them wore goggles, which pretty nearly put me out of business for a few minutes, until I made a few observations on the subject of gasoline as a stimulant, and we were off on high. Between the shows I fished a thousand words of hot stuff out of the ink-bottle.

The Rotarians

THURSDAY at noon there was an informal lunch in my honor, given by the Rotary Club, in their modest, but beautiful, apartments at the Cleveland Athletic Club. We had four hundred men present, and I thought as I looked into their faces that I had never

seen a finer, stronger, more able lot of men in my life.

They were poised, attentive, appreciative, receptive, intellectual. They seemed to prove what brotherhood can do. A man alone is a leaf in a storm. We are strong only as we stand together, as we believe in one another, work for one another, benefit one another. Only thus do we help ourselves.

This time my subject was the Law of the Rotarians, taking Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee* as a sort of general theme. I had to beat it for the matinee, and so I missed several good speeches that followed mine.

Doctor Bustard

THERE was a little informal supper that night at six o'clock at the Statler, given by the Nela Park Bunch in my honor. We drew it very mildly, however, and buttermilk was the tippie.

Two stunts again at the Miles that night and a call at the *Plain Dealer* office to see George Agate, pen-pusher prodigious, after the last show, with an informal Dutch Feed, and a few informal Dutch Speeches. After that I wrote for an hour and a half.

Friday was a big day. I had been saving myself for this. At twelve-forty-five there was a special matinee, wherein I both opened and closed the show and gave the acts in between; that is to say, I was to speak for fifty-five minutes on the subject of *Modern Business*. The Chamber of Commerce had bought five hundred tickets; the Rotarians two hundred tickets; the Ad Club two hundred, and the general public were there, so that we had an audience of exactly two thousand people. On the stage we had twenty-four big-business bucks.

The Reverend Doctor W. W. Bustard had kindly consented to act as Chairman. We filed on to the stage, and somebody said: "Dockstader's Minstrels! - Gentlemen, be seated!"

And the Reverend Doctor Bustard introduced me in the most gracious, kindly and eloquent little speech, scintillating with wit, wisdom and good nature, that I have ever heard, and this all, please remember, in spite of the fact that I had spoken of him in print flippantly and with peanut persiflage.

Not knowing anything about the man, I had played charley-horse with his name, calling him mustard and custard.

Of course I had not done this wholly without reason, for Bustard had blustered about me, but this was in the long ago, when he was pastor of a church in Boston.

So we both pleaded the statute of limitations, looked into each other's eyes, and after the manner of the old Roman augurs clasped hands and laughed. We were on to each other. Bustard is a bird!

But when I saw what a fine, manly fellow Billy Bustard is, and thought of all of the silly things I had said about him, I certainly felt inexpensive.

And they say he played wonderful third base on the Brown University team! ¶ Now here he was introducing me to this magnificent audience of businessmen! And so I went on with the tide and spoke with no marked disapproval on the part of the audience.

Forest Hill

JUST had about enough time to go out and get a cup of tea and change my clothes (for I always like to start with clean linen) and the matinee was on. The third act was just coming off and explaining that they had passed 'em the knockout drops.

That evening, between the shows, a gentle tap came at my dressing-room door, and there was Doctor Bustard, rosy, smiling, tall, athletic, intellectual, kindly, friendly.

The past had all been dumped into the dust-bin of time, and I knew that this man was my friend, and certainly there was no question on the subject when he explained that Mr. Rockefeller had just called him up and wanted him to bring me out the next day, Saturday, in the morning, and play golf.

Of course I was immensely complimented, delighted, pleased, flattered, but I curbed my enthusiasm, coughed once, sneezed twice, and said I would try and arrange it—and of course I arranged it.

Saturday at nine o'clock Doctor Bustard met me with his trusty Packard at the Hollenden.

¶ It was a sort of drizzly Winter day, but Doctor Bustard said this would make no difference to Mr. Rockefeller, and that he would be expecting us just the same. So we rolled out to Forest Hill, five miles, and turned through the big iron gates, where Pat, the patrician, stood guard. He waved us a welcome and we went past, over the beautiful winding road that went in and out, through and up and over, to the golf-ground.

Forest Hill is a noble property. Here are woods on woods where birds sing and swing and fly. Squirrels run and leap from branch to branch, and now and then cottontail rabbits run across the road, and in one instance we had to slow up to keep from running over a brace of pheasants that ran ahead of us. Arriving at the golf-grounds we had no more than climbed out of the automobile before Mr. Rockefeller arrived on a brand-new bicycle. ♣ ♣

His first words were: "On schedule, boys, on schedule! That's the thing!"

And he leaped off his machine as lightly and easily as might a boy of twenty.

"Been wasting some of your hard-earned money, I see," said Doctor Bustard, pointing to the new bicycle.

"Yes, I am getting extravagant," said Mr. Rockefeller. "That wheel cost me just fifteen dollars. I saw them advertised and sent one of my boys down with the money. Twenty-five years ago that wheel would have cost you one hundred dollars. And yet they talk about the high cost of living! Some things are higher, of course, but others are not. And as *The Philistine* says, 'If it costs more to live today than ever before, is it not worth the money?'"

Mr. Rockefeller is a most kindly, gracious gentleman. In repose his face would be called homely, but when he talks to you, his countenance beams with animation, friendliness, appreciation, good-cheer—intelligence.

I never met but one man who has the innate politeness and courtesy which John D. Rockefeller possesses, and that man is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. ♣ ♣

No one can meet Sir Wilfrid without thinking better of himself and better of humanity, and it is exactly the same with Mr. Rockefeller. Sir Wilfrid, however, has the handsome face of the French nobility. He is a king in demeanor. His raiment is royal-tailored.

But Mr. Rockefeller, in golf clothes, reveals the man of power, with all the natural courtesy of the gentleman.

John D. Rockefeller is as homely as Julius Cæsar, and looks very much like him. Cæsar never wore a uniform, and Plutarch says that he never lifted his voice high, nor did he criticize, berate nor condemn.

Powerful men can afford to be polite. Strong men can well afford to be modest.

Mr. Rockefeller is not the sanctimonious, dogmatic, joyless shrimp that we see pictured in the comic section. That is all a part of the vitriolic Tarbell rheum.

The fact is, Mr. Rockefeller is a persistent joker. He bubbles with wit, and exudes good nature.

In the company, when I met him, that Saturday, was a little old Scotchman by the name of Sears, a neighbor of Mr. Rockefeller who drops in now and then to see how things are going on and discuss old times.

This Scotchman has a close-cropped white beard, streaked with red. Mr. Rockefeller said to me, "Of course you came here, Mr. Hubbard, expecting to see me, but you did not know you were to have the pleasure of meeting Andrew Carnegie." And he waved a hand in the direction of the little hoot mon.

On this occasion Doctor Bustard wore a pair of checked trousers very much the worse for wear. These trousers excited the lively attention of Mr. Rockefeller, who said to me, "Bustard wears 'em because he thinks I am very fond of checks."

Then calling to Bustard, he said: "Doctor, your breeches remind me of the story about a tramp who applied to a preacher for aid, and as proof of his piety pointed to the patches on the knees of his trousers. 'This is all right,' said the dominie; 'but how about that patch on the seat of your pants?'"

"'Oh,' said the tramp, making a quick side-step, 'you know I am a backslider.'"

And then Mr. Rockefeller added with a sly smile, "You see, Mr. Hubbard, that is a straight Baptist joke."

He hit the ball a good, straight, swinging stroke, and as we walked across the field he continued the Baptist talk, and said: "You know, the fact is there are neither Baptists nor Methodists now—not even Roycrofters. There are just men and women. As you say, none of us is wholly right and none wholly wrong, but I believe the world is surely getting better."

Mr. Rockefeller asked me what we were doing about good roads in East Aurora. "Use a nine-pound brick," he said, "on a concrete base, and make sure that your roadway is well drained. Water is the great enemy of a road," he explained.

"I would like to live just fifty years longer," said Mr. Rockefeller. "Things are moving so

fast, and they are moving in the right direction, that I just want to stay and see what a beautiful place the civilized world will be when businessmen awake to their opportunities."

And so we played the nine holes through. At one point my ball got into a particularly bad lie. Mr. Rockefeller came to my rescue, picked up the ball, carried it out and put it in a perfect position, explaining in the gentlest way possible: "You know this is Winter golf. All rules are off after November First."

He beat me six points, and I got back at him in the final score with: "You know what Herbert Spencer says about billiards?"

"Yes," he said; "I know what Herbert Spencer says about billiards. But I would like to hear you tell Doctor Bustard."

And so I told Doctor Bustard, and Mr. Rockefeller laughed as if he had never heard the remark before, adding, "I will tell that to Doctor Biggar this afternoon."

Just then Doctor Biggar came out of the woods on the other side, with a yell and a whoop and a waving of his hat, and we responded in kind.

I had met Doctor Biggar before, but this time I was impressed with the fact that his advice had added years to the life of John D. Rockefeller.

Biggar's prescription is out of doors, laughter, good-cheer and a lively interest in what the world is doing. To see Doctor Biggar and hear him talk is a tonic.

As I putted into the last hole Mr. Rockefeller reached over, picked out the ball, fished an envelope out of one of his pockets, put the ball in the envelope, and handed me over the package with a gracious smile and a bow, saying, "As a souvenir of a very happy occasion!"

Doctor Bustard and I remained to play off one more hole and decide a tie.

When we started off home, at a bend in the roadway we saw Mr. Rockefeller. He had gotten off of his bicycle and was working with three Italians who were distributing gravel on the road. He had a shovel in his hand. We stopped and he cheerily called: "I am just showing these boys how to distribute gravel. See this?"

He took up a shovelful and threw it, and with a dexterous twist of his wrist scattered the gravel as an experienced fireman flings a

shovelful of coal and distributes it over a large surface. "I have not forgotten how—have I?" he said.

The Price of Success

IN his essay on *Self-Reliance*, Emerson says: "For non-conformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause—disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs." ❧ ❧

I do not see how it is possible for any man to achieve the success that Mr. Rockefeller has, and to confer on the world the benefits which have accrued from his thrift and foresight, and not be misunderstood by the many ❧ To live at all is an offense to some, and to live deeply, courageously, and to express yourself in a myriad of ways in tangible form are bound to incur the displeasure of the people who do not live at all. Then we get the newspaper that appeals to hate, prejudice, jealousy and ignorance, and we have the yellow journal rampant ❧ ❧

This does not for a moment mean that Mr. Rockefeller is an impeccable character—that he is free from any taint of selfishness, and that he lives in a high moral altitude separate and apart from the temptations that come to common men.

On the contrary, Mr. Rockefeller is a very human individual.

Success is usually attained at a terrific cost. Success for an average man is a tragedy. But I think that all of the opposition that Mr. Rockefeller has met in his career has done him good.

"A surplus and a weak opposition would debauch an archangel," said Sir John A. Macdonald. Success did not come to Mr. Rockefeller without a struggle; he has fought his way inch by inch.

The white light of publicity has beaten upon him. Courts have done their worst to destroy him. Legislation, both State and Federal, has used him for a target. Yet he has gone steadily forward, from his seventeenth year, when he began business.

He has made vast fortunes for a great number of individuals; he has supplied opportunity

for countless thousands. Only one man in America is to be compared with him as a maker of men, and that man is Marshall Field.

❧ Marshall Field always divided his prosperity with others. Those who could get under the burden received big rewards.

And so we have such men as Selfridge, Higginbotham, Shedd and a dozen others who are multimillionaires, thanks to the opportunity supplied by Marshall Field.

I once heard Mr. Rockefeller quote Marshall Field to this effect: "If I wanted to pick a boy and train him to take my place, I would choose a lad out of the high school whose mother was a widow, and where there was a family of seven brothers and sisters who looked to him for support."

The World's Greatest Businessman

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER was born in the little village of Richford, Tioga County, New York. His parents were poor people, although not poverty-stricken. There were no servants, and everybody was brought up to work ❧ ❧

John D. Rockefeller made his first stake by raising turkeys, and to successfully raise turkeys and escape the dangers of rain and dew, and wild animals, is itself genius.

When young Rockefeller was fourteen years of age he left high school in Cleveland to work in a commission house. He went in as errand-boy and clerk.

He became partner and manager.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two, when he was twenty-three years of age, he went to work for Samuel Andrews, a chemist and refiner of crude oil.

Young Rockefeller showed himself a salesman, a diplomat, an executive, and he was admitted as a partner in the business.

From that time forward until the present day his rise has been steady, sure, always advancing, always making head, always learning, always going to school. And the qualities that he then possessed are with him now, only in greater degree.

And these virtues are of a sort and kind that are very simple and well understood.

In the first place Mr. Rockefeller possesses what Mayor Gaynor's friend, Epictetus, called the greatest gift of the gods, the equal mind. Confucius said, "If you pray for anything let it be for equanimity."

Mr. Rockefeller is no steam-roller; he is no

tyrant, either in his domestic relations, in business, in church affairs or anywhere else. He never puts things through over the heads of other people.

He gives everybody a run for their money. Nothing is decided until all parties are heard. An executive has been described as one who decides quickly and is sometimes right.

Mr. Rockefeller does not decide quickly. The habit of the man is gracious, gentle, suave. His voice is low, and while he does not talk very much, yet his silence contains no menace.

¶ Any one who meets him is not abashed. I have seen him talking to Italian laborers, foremen, superintendents, and also to men high in the financial world, and seemingly his manner toward each and all was the same. He is simple, frank and direct.

He impresses you as a man who has all the time there is. His feelings never run riot. He has the well-ordered mind that listens, considers, appreciates and then decides.

His success in the business world has been no fluke.

He is the greatest organizer the world has ever seen; the greatest business general of the age—or any age. And you find him today unspoiled, unaffected, kindly, industrious, economical, practising the virtues with which his mother endowed him.

Mr. Rockefeller said to me, "I have been very fortunate in being associated with able people."

The genius of Mr. Rockefeller is shown in his management of men. He reposes faith in his people.

In his book entitled, *Random Reminiscences of Men and Events*, Mr. Rockefeller lays bare his heart on various interesting things.

The book has a distinct literary style, and this style is simplicity in itself. Mr. Rockefeller never talks or writes Johnsonese. He speaks gently and quietly. In his book he tells of the men who have helped him most, and he pays them great tribute.

Some of these were men of totally different temperament from himself. For instance, H. H. Rogers was what is called "a good sport."

¶ Mr. Rockefeller knew the worth of H. H. Rogers, and managed him by leaving him alone. Mr. Rockefeller gave Rogers an opportunity to become what he was. Rogers was abrupt, fiery, profane, with very pronounced ideas on a great many subjects. Rogers took

chances. Mr. Rockefeller is mathematical. Mr. Rockefeller never clashed with Rogers. He gave Rogers his own way, and at the last he always had his.

Mr. Rockefeller has met the world of society on a church basis. In religious affairs he is not dogmatic. The Baptist denomination in America traces a pedigree to Roger Williams of Rhode Island, and Roger Williams stood for liberty when the thing itself in America was a barren ideal. The Baptist denomination has neither pope nor bishops. Mr. Rockefeller is a primitive Baptist by pre-natal tendency—a semi-ascetic, first cousin to the Quakers, Mennonites and Dunkards. Mr. Rockefeller likes to associate with plain people. Tobacco, strong drink, and the wide social swath have never been for him.

All of his pleasures are of a very simple sort.

¶ He has been an expression of his times, and of the best. He has played the game of business according to the rules laid down by the times, and as the times have changed so has changed John D. Rockefeller.

Cosmic ankylosis has never caught him. His soul is not of the vintage of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, of Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three, nor Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, nor Nineteen Hundred Three—he has always been abreast of the times, or in the vanguard.

¶ Just now he is deeply interested in road-building, tree-planting and farming. These three things he is studying from every possible point of view.

He knows what is being done at Ames, Iowa, Manhattan, Kansas, and at Cornell. He himself maintains dozens of scholarships at various agricultural schools. He does not tell you this—you have to get it by indirection.

Mr. Rockefeller never boasts of what he has done or what he is going to do.

In his nature there is nothing sordid, selfish, mean, contemptible.

He is not resentful. His patience under criticism sets him apart as a marked man. He does not attribute wrong motives to people—he looks for the best in everybody and everything.

In Mr. Rockefeller's personality there is not even a chemical trace of the parvenu. The man is modest, deferential, gentle, discriminating. He has the sense of values. He knows that the mere possession of wealth, of itself, makes no man great. And he, of all men,

realizes that there are some things which money can not buy.

He has infinite faith in the future of America.

¶ He knows that co-operation means the elimination of waste.

He knows that wealth must not be hoarded.

He invests, and re-invests.

Until very recent times he has been a great borrower, and he has kept his credit absolutely untainted.

In his book he tells of the proud moment when he was able to borrow at a bank two thousand dollars on his own name—this before he was twenty.

When he was thirty years of age he was borrowing money in a way that would have staggered his creditors if they had known how much he was owing. However, he was working out a definite plan, and that was the organization of the oil business so as to reduce the cost of pumping, refining, transporting, distributing, selling and advertising.

A Perfect Service

AND today the Standard Oil Company distributes a greater volume of goods, at a less expense for salesmanship and advertising, than any other business concern in the world.

¶ It has stopped the leaks, taken up the economic slack, reduced friction, and rendered a service to the world that is the nearest approach to business perfection of any example that can be named.

The oil flows from the well direct into your lamp, and your gasoline-tank is filled without disappointment and at an expense that is reasonable and right. Service is the big thing the Standard Oil Company supplies.

I thought of this last Summer when I visited Association Island, in Lake Ontario, an island that happens to be surrounded by water and is five miles from the mainland.

This Island is the tying-up place for a goodly fleet of gasoline-launches.

To minister to the requirements of these launches the Standard Oil Company laid a pipe-line directly across from the mainland, and maintains a station on the Island, where with one whirl of the handle of a "Bowser" you get your gallon of gasoline and away you go to the fishing-grounds, care-free, with never a thought but that when you want more fuel you can put into port there at the Island and get the perfect service which makes you forget about it.

Things that are done smoothly, rightly, properly, beautifully and well, the world knows nothing of.

The newspapers only print accounts of the unusual, the extraordinary, the abnormal, the terrible and the tragic.

The world accepts the service of the Standard Oil Company just as we accept the sunshine, the dew, the starlight, the silver moon, and the gentle rains from heaven.

That the Standard Oil Company should thrive through this service is exactly as it should be.

At the same time let it be noted that the Standard Oil Company does not hoard its money. It is eternally building, and laying out new pipe-lines, arranging new stations, building new steamships, and now it is exchanging its forty thousand horses for motor-trucks that will carry light, lubricant and power to every farmhouse, village, town and city in the United States of America and elsewhere. ¶ It has been a jest up to this time that the Standard Oil Company has used horses to deliver gasoline instead of using gasoline to deliver gasoline.

The simple reason that horses have been used is because our roads in America have been of so impassable a kind that gasoline-trucks were only for the favored few who lived on faultless roadways.

Mr. Rockefeller said to me: "I will never be satisfied until every Standard Oil tank-wagon runs with oil or gasoline for motive power, but this can not be until we have good roads leading from every farm to every schoolhouse, and from every schoolhouse to every postoffice."

"Build your country roadways fourteen feet wide of nine-pound brick on a concrete base," said Mr. Rockefeller; "then leave eight feet of macadam on the side. A fourteen-foot road will compel automobiles coming towards each other to slow up. A driver when he gets off the brick will involuntarily lessen his speed. This makes safety doubly sure. Fourteen-foot brick road, that's what you want—not sixteen feet. Save that two feet on the side and put it on the end of your road."

Here we get a straight example of Mr. Rockefeller's lucid logic. That is just the way he talks. His reasoning is never muddy, foggy or doubtful.

He has his own views, but he does not present them dogmatically.

No one can meet this man and look into his steady blue eyes, and listen to his gentle voice, without being impressed with the fact that he is an honest man and that his intentions are right ♣ ♣

I select a few little extracts from Mr. Rockefeller's writings and sayings and append them herewith :

Some Random Extracts

A friendship founded on business is a good deal better than a business founded on friendship ♣ ♣

The underlying, essential element of success in business affairs is to follow the established laws of high-class dealing. Keep to broad and sure lines, and study them to be certain that they are correct ones. Watch the natural operations of trade, and keep within them. Don't even think of temporary or sharp advantages. Don't waste your effort on a thing which ends in a petty triumph unless you are satisfied with a life of petty success. Be sure that before you go into an enterprise you see your way clear to stay through to a successful end. Look ahead.

The man who starts out simply with the idea of getting rich won't succeed ; you must have a larger ambition. There is no mystery in business success. The great industrial leaders have told again and again the plain and obvious fact that there can be no permanent success without fair dealing that leads to widespread confidence in the man himself, and that is the real capital we all prize and work for.

A temporary setback will lead to safe institutions, and more conservative management upon the part of every one, and this is a quality we need. It will not long depress our wonderful spirit of initiative. The country's resources have not been cut down nor injured by financial distrust. A gradual recovery will only tend to make the future all the more secure, and patience is a virtue in business affairs as in other things.

The mere expenditure of money for things, so I am told by those who profess to know, soon palls upon one. The novelty of being able to purchase anything one wants soon passes, because what people most seek can not be

bought with money. These rich men we read about in the newspapers can not get personal returns beyond a well-defined limit for their expenditure. They can not gratify the pleasures of the palate beyond very moderate bounds, since they can not purchase a good digestion ; they can not lavish very much money on fine raiment for themselves or their families without suffering from public ridicule ; and in their homes they can not go much beyond the comforts of the less wealthy without involving them in more pain than pleasure. As I study wealthy men I can see but one way in which they can secure a real equivalent for money spent, and that is to cultivate a taste for giving where the money may produce an effect which will be a lasting benefit.

A man of business may often most properly consider that he does his share in building up a property which gives steady work for few or many people ; and his contribution consists in giving to his employees good working conditions, new opportunities, and a strong stimulus to good work. Just so long as he has the welfare of his employees in his mind and follows his convictions, no one can help honoring such a man. It would be the narrowest sort of a view to take, and I think the meanest, to consider that good work consists chiefly in the outright giving of money.

The best philanthropy, the help that does the most good and the least harm, the help that nourishes civilization at its very root, that most widely disseminates health, righteousness and happiness, is not what is usually called charity. It is, in my judgment, the investment of an effort or time or money, carefully considered with relation to the power of employing people at a remunerative wage, to expand and develop the resources at hand, and to give opportunity for progress and healthful labor where it did not exist before. No mere money-giving is comparable to this in its lasting and beneficial results.

If you aim for a large, broad-gauged success, do not begin your business career, whether you sell your labor or are an independent producer, with the idea of getting from the world by hook or crook all you can. In the choice of your profession or your business employment, let your first thought be : Where can I fit in so

that I may be most effective in the work of the world? Where can I lend a hand in the way most effectively to advance the general interests? Enter life in such a spirit, choose your vocation in that way, and you have taken the first step on the highest road to a large success. Investigation will show that the great fortunes which have been made in this country, and the same is probably true of other lands, have come to men who have performed great and far-reaching economic services—men who, with great faith in the future of their country, have done most for the development of its resources. The man will be most successful who confers the greatest service on the world.

The greatest single obstacle to the progress and happiness of the American people lies in the willingness of so many men to invest their time and money in multiplying competitive industries instead of opening up new fields, and putting their money into lines of industry and development that are needed. It requires a better type of mind to seek out and to support or to create the new than to follow the worn paths of accepted success; but here is the great chance in our still rapidly developing country. The penalty of a selfish attempt to make the world confer a living without contributing to the progress or happiness of mankind is generally a failure to the individual. The pity is that when he goes down he inflicts heartache and misery also on others who are in no way responsible.

Probably the most generous people in the world are the very poor, who assume each other's burdens in the crises which come so often to the hard-pressed. The mother in the tenement falls ill and the neighbor in the next room assumes her burdens. The father loses his work, and neighbors supply food to his children from their own scanty store. How often one hears of cases where the orphans are taken over and brought up by the poor friend whose benefaction means great additional hardship! This sort of genuine service makes the most princely gift from superabundance look insignificant indeed.

It is one thing to stand on the comfortable ground of placid inaction and put forth words of cynical wisdom, and another to plunge into the work itself and through strenuous

experience earn the right to express strong conclusions —

For my own part, I have stood so much as a placid onlooker that I have not had the hardihood even to suggest how people so much more experienced and wise in those things than I should work out the details even of those plans with which I have had the honor to be associated. —

If the people can be educated to help themselves, we strike at the root of many of the evils of the world. This is the fundamental thing, and it is worth saying even if it has been said so often that its truth is lost sight of in its constant repetition. —

I believe in the spirit of combination and co-operation when properly and fairly conducted in the world of commercial affairs, on the principle that it helps to reduce waste; and waste is a dissipation of power. I sincerely hope and thoroughly believe that this same principle will eventually prevail in the art of giving as it does in business. It is not merely the tendency of the times developed by more exacting conditions in industry, but it should make its most effective appeal to the hearts of the people who are striving to do the most good to the largest number. —

Ignorance is the source of a large part of the poverty and a vast amount of the crime in the world—hence the need of education. If we assist the highest forms of education—in whatever field—we secure the widest influence in enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge; for all the new facts discovered or set in motion become the universal heritage. —

Criticism which is deliberate, sober and fair is always valuable, and it should be welcomed by all who desire progress. I have had my share of adverse criticism, but I can truly say that it has not embittered me, nor left me with any harsh feeling against a living soul. Nor do I wish to be critical of those whose conscientious judgment, frankly expressed, differs from my own. No matter how noisy the pessimist may be, we know that the world is getting better steadily and rapidly, and that is a good thing to remember in our moments of depression or humiliation.

It has been my good fortune to contribute at various times to the University of Chicago, of which Doctor Harper was President, and the newspapers not unnaturally supposed at such times that he used the occasions of our personal association to secure these contributions. The cartoonists used to find this a fruitful theme. They would picture Doctor Harper as a hypnotist waving his magic spell, or would represent him forcing his way into my inner office where I was pictured as busy cutting coupons and from which delightful employment I incontinently fled out of the window at the sight of him; or they would represent me as Eliza fleeing across cakes of floating ice with Doctor Harper in hot pursuit; or perhaps he would be following close on my trail, like the wolf in the Russian story, in inaccessible country retreats, while I escaped only by means of the slight delays I occasioned him by now and then dropping a million-dollar bill, which he would be obliged to stop and pick up.

These cartoons were intended to be amusing, and some of them certainly did have a flavor of humor, but they were never humorous to Doctor Harper. They were in fact a source of deep humiliation to him, and I am sure he would, were he living, be glad to have me say, as I now do, that during the entire period of his presidency of the University of Chicago, he never once either wrote me a letter or asked me personally for a dollar of money.

The whole system of proper relations, whether it be in commerce, or in the church, or in the sciences, rests on honor. Able businessmen seek to confine their dealings to people who tell the truth and keep their promises. The representatives of the Church, who are often prone to attack businessmen as a type of what is selfish and mean, have some great lessons to learn, and they will gladly learn them as these two types of workers grow closer together.

I have been surprised to learn how far a given sum of money has gone in the hands of priests and nuns, and how really effective is their use of it. I fully appreciate the splendid service done by other workers in the field, but I have seen the Roman Catholic Church secure better results with a given sum of money than other Church organizations are accustomed to secure from the same expenditure.

Make the farm attractive—that's the thing! It is a mistake to allow the boys and girls to drift to the cities. We must build up the country until every crossroads village has every advantage that any city can supply.

Good roads are the most needed thing in the world. That sounds as if I was selling gasoline—and of course I am. But good roads and quick, safe and cheap transportation are going to solve most of our social ills.

My heart goes out to all those farmer boys who have raised a hundred bushels of corn to the acre. How proud they must be, and yes! how proud the mothers of such must be.

Anybody who adds to the wealth of the world, and prevents waste, makes everybody richer.

You can't make money without helping other people to make money.

Charity, as usually administered, means giving to the most plausible and the most persistent. Thus, begging becomes a business, and reacts to the disadvantage of everybody. To give and not pauperize is a fine art.

Men who have ideas and express them are yet at bay in the world.

An Apple King



RECENTLY made a little journey to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, speaking there at a Board of Trade banquet.

Four miles from Fitchburg, at the little village of Lunenburg, was born Luther Burbank.

My friends took me out there in an automobile on pious pilgrimage bent.

We found the house, all right, and expected we would have the felicity of surprising the occupants by telling them that they were living on sacred soil.

However, we discovered that the good old farmer and his wife who now occupy the place know quite as much about Luther Burbank as we do.

Our proposal to put a bronze tablet on the corner of the house met with their hearty approval. ❧

But that is another story. What I want to write about now is the work of a man who looks very much like Luther Burbank.

Perhaps people who have similar ideals and ambitions, and who live under like circumstances, look alike.

In any event, A. A. Marshall, who lives three miles from the birthplace of Luther Burbank, has the Burbank look.

Marshall is just turned sixty. He is slender, straight, strong, athletic, intelligent, active, kindly, gentle, sympathetic.

He has all of the combined modesty, delicacy and strength which Luther Burbank possesses. Marshall has a farm of one hundred sixty acres. About sixty acres of it is yet in stumps, stones, underbrush, vines, with all of the marks of the storied abandoned farm.

The other hundred acres is planted with apple-trees—just apple-trees, only that and nothing more, but such apple-trees! There are more than six thousand of them.

A thousand were planted ten years ago; a thousand eight years ago; two thousand six years ago; and since then a few have been planted every year.

The trees planted ten, eight and six years ago are now bearing fruit. Some of these trees are producing twenty bushels of apples.

The trees had been cut back until, standing on a stepladder, I could reach the apples on the topmost branches. Most of the fruit, however, was picked while standing on the ground. ❧

Massachusetts Apples

It was the fairest, most beautiful fruit you ever saw.

The men of the West, where they irrigate, have certainly set a pace, but now Marshall of Massachusetts is reaching right out after the blue ribbon.

Certainly no man on an unirrigated farm has produced fruit equal in color, size and flavor.

❧ It is all a matter of the application of intelligent labor to land. Marshall has brought science to bear, also persistency, patience, and a love that has never faltered.

Mr. Marshall took me in his Winton Six and we went in and out among the apple-trees. He seemed to know each particular tree and to be on chummy terms with them all. His

enthusiasm and affection for the trees hushed us into silence.

And, best of all, this is no academic demonstration. It is a commercial proposition. Marshall is n't an agriculturist. He is a farmer. It was apples paid for the Winton Six.

❧ Mr. Marshall has a cold-storage plant operated by electricity, and a packing-warehouse where the apples are sorted, inspected, boxed and shipped.

The Number One apples, seventy-two in a box, now command three dollars and fifty cents a box in Boston; Number Two, one hundred in a box, two dollars and fifty cents; Number Three, which are simply apples that are slightly imperfect in shape and not uniform in size, two dollars a box. A box represents a bushel of apples.

Some trees are producing twenty bushels to a single tree. Please figure out the possibilities for yourself. The trees run on an average one hundred to the acre.

The apple-crop this year is supposed to be about one-half the normal yield. Farmers all around through Massachusetts are complaining of small yields of fruit.

Fortune, however, has favored Marshall. He knows how to provide against every accident.

❧ Marshall allows the grass to grow in his orchards. The grass is cut, however, four or five times a year, but is not raked up. It remains on the ground. Marshall sacrifices, say, one hundred fifty tons of hay a year, and certainly this takes courage in New England, where hay is worth twenty dollars a ton in the field.

Every tree is spaded around by hand in a ring six feet, say, in diameter. Beyond this there is no cultivating. The grass holds the moisture, and the trees seem grateful for the company of the grass.

Plowing orchards is all right except in a country where there is deep freezing. Here the sod is required to protect the roots of the trees. Mr. Marshall's orchards are worth a thousand dollars an acre. In fact, he would not sell his growing trees for this figure, for they are producing eight per cent and more on this valuation, after deducting cost of labor. ❧

The World's Fruit Supply

❧ If one man can raise superb apples in New England why can't others? And the answer is that they can, provided they will bring science, love and labor to bear.

Land in the vicinity of Fitchburg can be

bought at forty, fifty, sixty and seventy-five dollars an acre. This is exactly the kind of land that Marshall is leveling and putting under the plow at the rate of twenty acres a year, and which he has made worth a thousand dollars an acre.

The world has always been short on its fruit-supply. We would all be better off if we ate more apples. Apples are a form of fruit that agrees with every one. Any doctor will tell you that there are a hundred diseases that would absolutely disappear if we would adopt a fruit diet for, say, one meal a day.

There is no reaction to a baked apple save that which is beneficent, beautiful, healthful and right.

Burbank and Marshall were boys together. Burbank's success has inspired Marshall and given him courage; but Marshall's focusing on one thing, specializing on apples, has proved a financial success perhaps beyond the ambitions of the Wizard of Santa Rosa.

It is good to know, however, that no one glories in Marshall's success more than does Luther Burbank, who several times a year receives a box of apples, express prepaid, from his old schoolmate, A. A. Marshall of Fitchburg.

The art of winning in business lies in working hard, and not taking the game too seriously.

Economic Echoes



THE Honorable Mark Antony made a little speech at the funeral of the late Julius Cæsar, wherein he paid great compliment to his subject. Among other pleasant things reported by the press, Mr. Antony said, "He brought many captives home to Rome, whose ransoms did the general coffers fill."

Colonel Cæsar knew but one way to make money, and that was to hold somebody up. He knew how to use the taxing power of the State, and if the parties taxed did not dig down into their blue jeans, he knew how to go after them and collect the amount due.

He fined one concern in Gaul twenty-nine million sesterces, and collected it in body

attachment, vulgarly called kidnaping. And from that time on, he was known as the great seizer.

Julius Cæsar was a lawyer, and when he got money he was n't especially interested as to whether it was tainted or not.

The businessman of today is a creator, a builder and an economist. He who thinks otherwise is a Marxian Socialist and a small-bore, petty diplodoccus who has no use for a pocket-handkerchief.

The only way to make money is to render a service for humanity—to supply something that people want, and to carry things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed.

He who confers the greatest service at the least expense is the man whom we will crown with honor and clothe with riches.

Any other policy is running on its rim on the high clutch, headed for the cliff.

Success turns upon ability to produce the goods. A business built by bunkum beckons bankruptcy.

We live in the age of business. Economics is fast becoming a science.

There is only one sin, and that is waste; and disuse and misuse are both forms of waste. The best brains in the world are now at work, endeavoring to eliminate lost motion and take up the economic slack.

The men who are making the biggest fortunes are the men who are utilizing by-products. That is to say, the thing that was once thrown away and discarded is now being coined into cash.

At one time Chicago utilized every part of the hog but the squeal. There is now some talk of forming a company with the object of recording, rearranging and classifying the shoat's last notes as gramophone classics. The businessman is also making his troubles tot up on the Dr. side of his ledger. He cashes in on his experiences. He may fan out occasionally, but look out for that homer!

The Important Things

HALF the population in America are engaged in farming. Farming is a primal need, because we get our food from the soil. Next to food, love is the chief requisite, and no man is loving, lovely or lovable who is on half-rations.

Richard Cobden put this concisely when he said, "The ratio of marriages keeps pace with

the price of corn." Only well-fed people are capable of love, and a corn-fed product is always prosperous.

Next to farming in importance comes transportation, because a thing has to be in a certain place at a certain time in order to possess value. The railroads bridge time and annihilate space.

In a few hours West and East exchange greetings. Evening sees the farmer pack his hampers with his produce, and next day they are gracing the table and delighting the palate of people five hundred miles away. The great network of railroads and trolleys link up the farmer with the teeming populous centers of industrialism, where his products find ready acceptance.

The third most important thing in the world is manufacturing, which is taking the raw products and combining them into forms of use and beauty. Commercialism is no longer used as an epithet; it is the synonym of energy, ability and beneficence.

There is beauty in the smokestack; and the hum of the spindle and the rattle of the loom token the happiness and prosperity of the people.

The assets of a country are its men and women—men and women made happy by being given the opportunity to work. And the manufacturer provides that opportunity for any one with energy and ability.

The solvent of economic evils lies not in the meddlesome tinkering of legislators, nor in the sporadic spume of pseudo-socialists, but in the intelligent co-operation of all in the great constructive policies of the businessman and manufacturer.

Distribution is another important thing. Our great cities are centers where vast warehouses are located, and these warehouses gather together the products of the farm, the factory, the mine and the sea, and distribute them to the millions who need them.

The fifth most important thing in the world is banking. The banker is one who takes the savings of the people and loans out again a certain per cent of these savings to the people, who can use money to make more money. Statistics show that with a fair capital to start on, the banker can safely loan out eighty-five per cent of his deposits, and at all times stand ready to meet the checks of his customers.

Banking is a necessity in economics. A bank keeps money active instead of allowing it to be stored away in ginger-jars or in the unsafe and unsanitary clock, where the mice and cockroaches do congregate, and thieves break through and steal you to a standstill.

The sixth most important thing in the world is advertising. And advertising is telling who you are, what you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity.

The man who has some goods to sell, does n't holler down a well.

When you want milk don't sit down in a pasture and wait for the cow to back up.

The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer in way of commodity or service, and such a person is a dead one—whether he knows it or not.

For him, Charon's mudscow is grating on the sands, and the boom of the surf can be heard just beyond the Hoffman House bar.

A man in a bomb-proof business does n't much care what you say about him—the clergy are very sensitive.

Why I Ride Horseback

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!—Richard III



RIDE horseback because I prize my sleep, my digestion and my think-trap.

That is to say, I ride in order that I may work.

I wish to be a good transformer of divine energy. I want to add to the wealth and happiness of the world, and to make two grins grow where there was only a grouch before.

To take care of myself, and then produce a surplus for the benefit of the world, is my ambition.

"We are strong," says Emerson, "only as we ally ourselves with Nature."

I find that when I go in partnership with a good horse, I keep my nerves from getting outside of my clothes. I am better able to act sanely, serenely and happily, dispose of difficulties and surmount obstacles.

A horse helps you to "forget it."

A horse has no troubles of his own.

He does not pour into your ear a sad tale of woe ♣ ♣

I have ridden horseback almost daily for the last forty years. And I enjoy horseback riding today more than ever before.

I have never been sick a day in my life; and I have never lost a meal except through inability of access.

I have made fortunes for myself—and for other people. Also, I have lost fortunes; but, thank Heaven, I have always had all the mazuma I needed, even if not all I wanted ♣ The man who keeps his strength and good-cheer in this country will never be out of a job. And of work I have always had a plenty.

♣ God has certainly been good to me. I think I have had as much fun and as many laughs as any man in the wide world.

I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work, said Robert Louis Stevenson, the well-beloved. ♣ One of the principal reasons why I have been able to do good work is because I have always kept on close chummy terms with at least one good horse.

The Modern Centaur

ALFRID RUSSEL WALLACE says that civilization had its rise in the domestication of animals; that where men domesticated the horse, the ox, the camel, the elephant, civilization thrived and man evolved; but that in countries where man had nothing in the way of domestic animals, except a tame wolf—that is, the dog—there was no evolution.

♣ The centaur, that fabled combination of a man and a horse, had its rise in the dim ages when man first tamed a wild horse. Some boob saw a man on horseback, and he was so amazed that he told the whole boob family that he had seen a man with the body of a horse. And being boobs, they believed it.

A man on horseback was pretty nearly invincible until the invention of gunpowder; and the first use of gunpowder was to scare horses. The idea of the explosion having a rock or an iron ball was a later idea.

My opinion now is that if we are going to preserve our vigor, our courage, our enjoyment, we will have to be on good terms with Mother Earth and close up to *Equus Caballus*.

Aristotle and Leonardo, Horse-Lovers

THE two greatest men the world has ever seen were both horsemen. Aristotle was the world's first schoolmaster and the world's first scientist. He taught school out of doors,

and all of his pupils were taught to ride horseback ♣ ♣

Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander the Great. He taught Alexander to ride the wild horse Bucephalus, and Aristotle sat on the top rail of the corral and watched his pupil turn the trick ♣ ♣

Aristotle wrote a book of a thousand pages on the horse. He said all there was to say on the subject, and no man can ever write at length about the horse without quoting Aristotle ♣ Aristotle dissected the dead body of a horse. He then fastened the skeleton together, preserving all of its articulations.

The native villagers stood around and watched him; and when the skeleton was all fastened together with the aid of thongs, the villagers chuckled and gurgled in glee and said, "We knew they could never do it!"

The merry villagers thought that Aristotle and Alexander were endeavoring to make a horse, and they were overjoyed to see that Aristotle was not able to clothe the bones with flesh, put the skin on the horse, saddle him, and ride him down the street and shoot up the town. That was one on Aristotle.

The next man to write a book on the horse was Leonardo da Vinci. Leonardo was the most accomplished, graceful, gracious, efficient and versatile personality that the world has ever seen.

Among other things he did was to paint a picture of his ladylove, the Mona Lisa, which picture was stolen from the Louvre and (we were told) was brought to America. But that was a libel. Leonardo got the trifling sum of eighty thousand dollars for the picture. It is now worth a million.

Leonardo was a horseman. And one of the big things that Leonardo did was to write a book on the horse. Aristotle wrote the first book, Leonardo the next, and nearly two thousand years separate these men. No one has ever tackled the job of writing on the horse exhaustively since the days of Leonardo.

Leonardo attributed much of his bubbling, perennial joy in life to his close association with the horse. He was a horseback rider from childhood until his eighty-fourth year, when death, through accident, claimed him, and he went out with a smile and a wave of the hand, first intimating with broken breath that if there were no horses in Paradise he did not care to go there.

So died Leonardo, the gifted, the gracious, the kindly, the loving, the strong.

Garnet the Superb

I HAVE ridden horses since I wore trousers buttoned to a calico waist, and no other garment but these two. Then I used to swim horses when I wore no more than they did. In my childhood I could go out to the barn in the night, and find, saddle and bridle any particular horse that my father wanted.

My father was a country doctor, and used to ride much nights. Sometimes I rode with him, first behind him, then in front of him, and then I got a horse of my own.

The other day a man came along here from New York City and asked Ali Baba this question, "Is Mr. Hubbard giving many lectures this year?" And the old man replied: "Good Lord! How can he go off giving lectures? Don't you know that his mare has a colt?" And it is so.

Garnet, my best saddle-animal, has the greatest little baby horse that ever came jogging down the cosmic pike.

He is a dark bay, with a star, a snip, and three white feet. He has big, wide-open, lustrous eyes, the eyes of genius, and he comes by the genius rightfully, for his mother is a genius of the horse tribe.

I have owned many horses, but never did I find such a combination of strength, intelligence, docility, speed, endurance and good-cheer as this mare, Garnet, possesses. She has never been touched with whip or spur.

I owned her mother; and I broke, bitted and rode the foal. I once asked a man in Texas how he broke his horses. He replied, "Stranger, we don't break no horses; we just git on an' ride." So it was with Garnet. She was broken from the start.

No one has ever ridden Garnet but myself, excepting Miriam. Miriam is always butting in, using everything that is mine just as if it were her own. When Miriam was about ten years old, she went down to the barn one day and climbed on Garnet, and to my great astonishment rode away up the street on a dead gallop, with just a halter to guide with. **I** Garnet and Miriam were on very good terms from the first.

Garnet is the genuine saddle-horse told of by Leonardo, for she knows how to mix psychologically with the rider. She anticipates where you want to go and the speed at which

you want to travel. You guide her by the motion of your body, and by merely "holding the thought."

Someone asked Henry Thoreau what he did when he wanted to turn his canoe, and Henry replied, "I just carry the idea in my mind that I wish to turn, and the canoe goes just where I want it to." The fellow tried the trick, and got upset in some very damp water—this because he did not have the canoe instinct.

Any man with horse instinct soon comes to a perfect understanding with one of these high-bred horses.

Garnet is eighteen years old, and I have ridden her almost daily for fifteen years. Night or day, Winter or Summer, storm, sleet, wind, hail, snow, or glorious sunshine, it makes no difference.

Garnet enjoys stormy weather, and so do I.

I It is a great thing to feel that you are bigger than the elements. And a horse of the right kind helps you to hypnotize yourself into the belief that you are a part of all you see, and hear and feel.

No man can have melancholia who loves a horse and is understood by one.

You shake off your troubles and send your cares flying into the wanton winds when you ride horseback.

Garnet has never slipped or stumbled with me so as to go down. She has never been on her knees, unless politely requested to. She has never been sick, lame or laid up, and Miriam rode her up to within a week before her baby, little Fra Asbestos, was born.

A Noble Pedigree

GARNET was sired by Hamlin's Almont, and Almont was the sire of fifty-one in the 2.30 list. He sired three horses that formed a triple team that trotted in 2.12, which is the world's present triple-team record.

Almont was a horse of wonderful personality.

I The dam of Garnet was Sionora, sired by George Wilkes, one of the greatest sires of trotting blood that the world has ever seen. The sire of Fra Asbestos is The Miter-Bearer, 2.19 1-2; and The Miter-Bearer is a foal of Nettie King, sired by Mambrino King, the handsomest horse in the world.

The Miter-Bearer is full brother to The Abbot, 2.04 1-2, who held the world's trotting record; also to The Abbe, 2.04, the horse that now holds the world's record as a double-gaited

horse, having trotted or paced over fifty heats between 2.00 and 2.05.

The Miter-Bearer was sired by Chimes, by Electioneer—dam, Beautiful Bells, the greatest mother of trotters the world has ever seen. She had twelve colts, all in the list, and the prices at which they were sold footed up close to a quarter of a million dollars.

It will thus be seen that Fra Asbestos is born to the purple. No horse in this neck of the woods traces to as many of the fast ones. For all of which we must thank Pa Hamlin, now running barefoot in the Paddock of the Blessed; and my neighbors, Ed Geers, Ben White, Billy McDonald, and Billy Andrews, fine fellows all, horse-lovers and friends of humanity, without grump, grouch or graft proclivities, giving much, asking for little. Here, boy, keep away from that horse's head. What do you know about advertising!

To be stupid when inclined and dull when you wish is a boon that goes only with high friendship

A Roycroft Christening



THE Pastor of His Flock has often officiated at funerals. And in one instance he was invited to perform a marriage ceremony, but this he was obliged to decline for conscientious reasons.

However, several weddings have occurred in The Roycroft Chapel—with the kindly assistance of the local Baptist clergyman.

But the first christening that has occurred at Roycroft took place recently. On this occasion Mr. and Mrs. George H. Maines of Poughkeepsie, New York, came to Roycroft on pious pilgrimage bent, bringing with them their lovely little boy, aged four months, by name, Elbert Hubbard Maines. Elbert Hubbard Maines is as fine a sample of scientific eugenics as the world has ever seen: dimpled, laughing, kicking, hungry, beautiful, healthy, strong—cooing his way into the hearts of all who see him!

Someone has said that if all rituals were abolished, a new one would be inaugurated very soon, just as good.

Prayers, forms and rituals have their use. They have a reactionary effect on the individual, which under right conditions is beautiful, esthetic, and has a marked survival value.

And so on this occasion the naming ceremony was performed, with Frederick D. Underwood, Frederick N. Finney and Alice Hubbard as sponsors.

The Speech

FRA Elbertus officiated and made the following remarks: "We have gathered here, a little company of friends with like tastes, ambitions and beliefs, to dedicate this beautiful baby to the Good, the Beautiful, the True, and the Useful.

"Born under happy conditions, sponsored by the able, we hope, aye, more, we expect, that this child will grow up into manhood and become a pride to his parents, and an able, efficient worker who will carry his share of the world's burdens and make the earth a better place because he is here.

"This is a solemn, yet glad occasion. This dedication or christening ceremony is always impressive. This child is a manifestation of the Great Intelligence of which we are a part. And being normal, he is essentially divine.

"No one standing here this beautiful morning will forget this day and the event.

"We are workers all. Frederick D. Underwood and Frederick N. Finney, who stand here as sponsors, or "godfathers," to this beautiful child are world-makers, both.

"They have left their impress on the times. Born in decent poverty, knowing difficulties, trials, hardships, grief, loss, out of it all they have woven a fabric of success, not only for themselves but for millions of other people.

"They have made the desert to blossom like the rose; they have made the waste places green, and in great degree they have made sorrow and sighing to flee away.

"And here in this presence they promise their friendship and their good offices, under every and all conditions, to point this child in the way of industry, economy, and efficiency.

"I now baptize this child in pure spring-water, in token of his close kinship to Mother Nature; and I predict for him a life of work, play, study, laughter, health, long life, and power to confer great good on the world.

"So let it be!"

The Corn Belt



WHEN we hear people talking of the Corn Belt we have in mind the Mississippi Valley—with, say, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri especially in mind ♪ ♪

Twenty-five years ago, in Illinois, we considered sixty bushels to the acre a big yield. Fifty was the average, and forty was n't so bad.

Occasionally now we find a farmer who raises one hundred bushels to the acre. At least he makes certain acres produce this amount. When he does, the country knows about it.

The boys' corn-clubs, with prizes offered by the State or railroads, have done an immense amount to put corn-raising on a scientific basis ♪ ♪

Especially has the selection of seed borne big fruit ♪ ♪

In this work Funk Brothers of McLean County, Illinois, have played a big part ♪ Perry G. Holden of Ames, Iowa, has added untold millions to the wealth of the West through scientific instruction in the selection of seed-corn.

Let no captious critic cavil at the splendid work that has been done by men like Banker Harris of Champaign, Illinois, and others working with him.

Clarence W. Barron, Farmer

BUT here is the humiliating part. I was down in Boston—storied Boston, which is in Massachusetts—bleak Boston, where the winds of the sea blow in, and was telling some of my friends about the wonderful corn-crops of Illinois and Iowa, when I was interrupted by Clarence W. Barron, editor and publisher of the *Boston News-Bureau*.

One would not expect a Boston newspaperman to know anything about corn, except in an academic way, but I discovered that Barron, a Boston blue-blood, with a home on Beacon Street, and a country place down Cohasset way, was a corn gazabo.

"Come with me tomorrow to Cohasset," said Barron, "and I will show you taller corn, bigger corn, more to the acre, than you ever saw in Illinois."

And so with Farmer Barron I rolled in a

"Packard" out through Roxbury, past Brook Farm, through Quincy, where two Presidents of the United States sleep in one grave, through storied Hingham, on to Cohasset. This is all sacred soil, where you tread knee deep in history ♪ ♪

Cohasset Bay is lined with snug little houses that overlook the sea—once the homes of daring sea-captains. When sea-captains built a house they built it as near like a ship as they could possibly get it. They were the first men to paint houses in America, for sailors all have the painting habit, and when the men of the sea have nothing else to do they paint the anchor ♪ ♪

On one of these sites, where a sea-captain lived, is a house once owned by Lawrence Barrett, where he and Edwin Booth made big plans, most of which were cut short by death. This unique home is owned by Brother Barron.

¶ These rugged hillsides were first farmed by our Pilgrim fathers, say as early as Sixteen Hundred Twenty. It is only a little ways down from Cohasset to Plymouth Rock, where the overladen *Mayflower* landed her passengers, and there, within sound of the booming surf, Clarence W. Barron has a farm where he produces certified milk that he sells at eighteen cents a quart.

However, there is n't much of this milk to sell. Most of it is supplied to the Bonnie Bairns Hospital, just a quarter of a mile up on the hillside ♪ Here sick and dying babies are brought from the poor districts of Boston ♪ And say, Terese, ninety-five per cent of the dying babies do not die. They get well and strong and fat and smiling and rosy, thanks to the skilful care of that great physician, Doctor Fernald, and to Clarence W. Barron, the generous farmer whose cows supply the milk the babies need.

Clarence showed me cows that are producing fifteen thousand pounds of milk a year, and making butter at the rate of seven hundred pounds per cow, sleek, mild-eyed, wide-nostriled, beautiful cows that never hear an unkind word, much less are they caressed with a milking-stool.

Clarence W. Barron has been planting corn for several years to fill his silos.

With the help of a young Scotchman by the name of W. S. Kerr, he is working out a scientific plan of corn-culture.

I saw acres of corn where the stalks were

sixteen feet high. Standing on tiptoe, reaching up, I could not touch some of the ears of corn.

¶ There were stalks that had four and five ears on. One hundred twenty bushels were being produced to the acre. If cut for ensilage some of this land produced thirty tons to the acre.

Never in Illinois or Iowa have I seen such crops. Barron had fields of clover in which two crops have been cut, the first producing twelve tons to the acre and the second crop six. This land is stony. To look at it Western man would say it was practically valueless. You are only convinced of its magnificent fertility when you see for yourself the results that are being secured by the application of intelligent labor and love to land.

The secret of it all is rotation of crops, with proper fertilization and the right kind of tillage ♣ ♣

Up at Fitchburg is that man A. A. Marshall raising apples, with orchards that he refused to sell at one thousand dollars an acre, simply because they are yielding big returns on this value. Ten years ago this orchard land could be bought for forty dollars an acre.

If science, love and labor can join hands and produce these results, what kind of a country would this be if a majority of farmers were men after the style and stamp of A. A. Marshall, Luther Burbank and Clarence Barron? ♣ ♣

Eventually we must and will produce a race of men where the Barron, Marshall and Burbank type will be the regular thing and not exceptional ♣ ♣

♣

WHETHER there is any such thing in Nature as justice for the individual is a question, but cosmic justice is beyond cavil. The stupidity of a parent is often a very precious factor in the evolution of his children. He teaches them by antithesis. So if a man can not be useful and strong, all is not lost—he can still serve humanity as a horrible example, like the hobo who volunteered to pay the farmer for his dinner by acting as a scarecrow ♣ Children of drunkards make temperance fanatics, and those who have a shiftless father stand a better chance of developing into financiers than if they had a parent who would set them up in business, stand between them and danger, and meet the deficit.

Men and Horses



N attache of the American Embassy in Berlin sends me a circular that is being distributed through the German Army ♣ ♣

A free translation of this circular is as follows:

“**MEN AND HORSES:** In the Army of the Fatherland horses have always played an important part. We owe a great debt to our horses for service, in times both of war and of peace. ¶ And it is hoped that all good soldiers will see to it that the rights of our Dumb Brothers are respected.

“Our horses are entitled to food, water, bedding and shelter, just exactly as a trooper is ♣ ♣

“But beyond this it must be remembered that a horse should not be insulted or distressed, either by cruel treatment or by vehement language.

“To curse a horse is just as bad as to curse a man ♣ ♣

“Perhaps it is worse, since a man may strike back, but the horse is practically within our power ♣ ♣

“The courage of the horse comes from the courage of the rider. Alone he is timid and nervous. See to it that he is not needlessly alarmed ♣ ♣

“Although a horse can not express himself, he has a high intelligence.

“Words of encouragement and affection are grateful to him; rough usage and hateful language distress and frighten him.

“It is therefore ordered that all swearing at horses be considered an offense.

“Vile language toward a horse shall be looked upon henceforth by officers exactly as if the unfit language were applied to a human being. Reproof and punishment must follow accordingly.

“**OFFICIAL.**”

Done at Potsdam, this

Tenth day of August, 1913.

The Divinity of Life

MY friend across the sea who sends me this circular writes me that it is generally believed that the document was written by the Emperor's own hand.

King William is a horseman, a farmer, and a

stock-raiser. Occasionally, he visits Farmers' Clubs and joins in the discussions, on terms of absolute equality with his neighbors.

In any event the circular has his endorsement and approval. In itself it is a trivial thing, simply a printed dodger on cheap paper that is being widely scattered among the cavalry, artillery and drivers of wagons.

But beyond all this it mirrors a worldwide sentiment, and that is that the source of life is one.

All life is divine.

The Supreme Energy, of which we are a part, takes many forms. Man is the highest manifestation of this Energy.

This circular speaks of our "Dumb Brothers." This surely is a new view of life, and coming from the high source that it does, is worthy of more than a passing glance. Let it not be forgotten that the circular is not issued by a poet or a preacher, and it is not being distributed among women, children and sentimentalists. It is going to men who are supposed to be rough, rude, crude, violent and destructive. For is not the primal purpose of an army to kill and destroy?

Here we find soldiers being cautioned not to "distress or frighten" dumb brutes. The purpose of the circular is all in the line of protection, conservation and love.

The Boy Scouts are being instructed along similar lines; but who would think of this coming from the world's chief War-Lord? And these things being true, is the day so far distant when conscription will be for purposes of conservation, industry, and the protection and promotion of the useful arts?

¶ This circular issued to troopers mirrors the Zeitgeist. It is a symbol of the Spirit of the Times. The world is moving, and it is moving in the right direction, when a mighty ruler of men uses his influence in behalf of our "Dumb Brothers."

THE great books are those the authors had to write to get rid of; the only immortal songs are those sung because the singer could not help it. The best loved wife is the woman who was married because her lover had to marry her so as to get rid of her; the children that are born because they had to be are the ones that help the race; and the love that can not help itself is the only love that uplifts and inspires.

Evenhanded Justice

By Alice Hubbard



EMESIS is the personification of Justice. She is all-wise, all-knowing. She is not represented as having great affection for any particular part of the human race. Nemesis works for the welfare of all alike. Her one passion is to be a potent factor in the law of equilibrium. Her life-work—and she is eternal—is to make a balance for everybody and everything.

In law, Justice is revered and revered by intelligent people.

She is the power which makes stability, permanence, right.

When personified, she is pictured as a woman holding scales at balance.

Complete justice is the loftiest aspiration of human beings. It is desired, at least dimly, by all. Every one is striving to secure it for himself. Sometimes men are generous enough to work to get it for others.

"You don't play fair!" "You are cheating!" "You are unjust!" arouse the indignation of children as well as adults.

The foundation of business is justice. I give you this. In exchange, you give me that. There must be a balance in the service or it is unfair business.

Unfair business does not continue. Nemesis looks after that.

"Keep your scales at balance," is the advice of wise businessmen and the principle on which they work. They value justice as they value success.

Theologians have tried to explain Scripture to unbelievers who accuse the Christian doctrine of being unfair and unjust. Jehovah was said to prefer one race to another, one sex to another.

The last argument of "proof" to be brought is the fiat: "It is the will of God. We dare not question the Divine Will. Man's duty is to believe, submit, accept."

Nemesis has recently tried to introduce justice into theology, and she is making a struggle to dominate politics and business.

She is bound to win in the end.

She is now in the struggle.

Liberty or Moral Turpitude

MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST came to America in October, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen. She came expecting to be understood by the descendants of the people who made a Boston Tea-Party, who defied the right of their mother-country to demand taxation without representation. She expected that Americans still held the principles on which this country was founded.

It would have been consistent had she expected a welcome from those who had received with enthusiasm Garibaldi, Thomas Paine, Kosuth, O'Reilly, Steinway, Carl Schurz, Kosciuszko, Pulaski, and had counted them heroes. ¶ She realized that the particular issue for which John Brown gave his life lay moldering in the grave, but she was sure that the soul of freedom for which he stood was still marching on. ¶

Therefore, Mrs. Pankhurst was quite surprised when she was detained at Ellis Island, and was obliged to appear before a Special Board of Inquiry, waiting to pass on her right to enter the United States.

Reta Childe Dorr, who had been sent across the sea by the editor of *Good Housekeeping* to meet and accompany Mrs. Pankhurst on her trip to this country, was also surprised.

With deep emotion, the American woman noticed, as they steamed down New York Bay, Bartholdi's great bronze woman "forever holding the flaming light of liberty." ¶ When they landed at Ellis Island, Mrs. Pankhurst was required to go alone before the Board of Inquiry, without being accorded the right to be accompanied by legal counsel. She was a foreigner, a woman. Her judges were American men.

They questioned this gentlewoman as though she were a common criminal.

"On what grounds am I excluded?" asked Mrs. Pankhurst.

"On the grounds of moral turpitude," was the reply. ¶

Moral turpitude!

"Moral" refers to conduct, specifically applied to character. "Turpitude" is defined in our dictionaries as "inherent baseness or vileness, shameful wickedness, depravity." ¶ Quite a burden of sins for a delicate gentlewoman to carry!

Her intimate friends and her English accusers should have known something of such wicked-

ness before she came here, for England has been alert to find turpitudes, bombs and any weapons of offense in her possession.

Of course, it would have been useless for Mrs. Pankhurst to ask her accusers to prove their accusation, and she did not.

She has been found guilty in England of demanding political rights, justice, for herself and all English women. She has used every means known to her to secure these political rights. She used "ladylike" means at first. They were of no avail.

There is an old story of a farmer who had a tree of good apples. The neighbor boys took possession of the tree. The farmer tried to get the boys out of the tree by asking them kindly to come down. They laughed. Then he demanded. They laughed him to scorn. He threw bunches of grass at them. They pelted him with his own apples. Then he threw clods. They shook his apples from the tree. ¶ Then he said, "We will now try what virtue there is in stones!" And the boys came down.

¶ This treatment is typical of the history of militancy in England.

The women asked, urged the English Parliament, the Premier, the King, to give them the opportunity to exercise their political rights.

¶ They pleaded.

They demanded.

When their demands were met with violence they responded with what violence they had. Mrs. Pankhurst and all militant suffragists have no question but what they are waging war. But it is a war without pageantry, without martial music, without popular approval. They have had to forego dignified methods in their fight, because they have little means. They are without money or opportunity to organize as did the American Colonists, or the Colonists in South Africa.

Guerrilla Warfare

THEIRS has necessarily been aggressive warfare, and it has had to be as individual as was John Brown's radical, lawless demonstration. ¶

And yet John Brown was assisted by such prominent American citizens as Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry Thoreau, William Lloyd Garrison, and President Finney of Oberlin College. "Underground stations" are now considered shrines by lovers of liberty.

It is generally conceded that John Brown

precipitated the Civil War. Many Northern soldiers marched from their homes to the battlefield singing:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering
in the grave,

But his soul goes marching on!"

Men important in England's affairs of state said John Brown was our greatest hero.

John Brown was surely a radical. He burned buildings. He met violence with violence. He used what were called "Beecher Bibles" to take the lives of those who were opposed to absolute freedom for the negro man.

And John Brown killed many white men.

Long before the Emancipation Proclamation, men and women in the North collected money for John Brown to carry on destructive warfare.

Sir Edwin Carson, of Ulster, Ireland, has just recently been drilling his forces and making preparation for war such as men recognize as warfare.

The English suffragists' militant methods are mild compared with those which men have used and use now.

When Mrs. Pankhurst was detained at Ellis Island she asked an official about our reception of the great political exiles who had taken refuge here in this "land of the free and home of the brave."

The official said the immigration laws had changed since their time.

Mrs. Pankhurst spoke of the present impatient reformers, mentioning Sir Edwin Carson and Mr. Landsbury. Would they be excluded from America if they came here? This was anticipating too much. The officers were embarrassed.

Then this effective agitator expressed satisfaction at the questionable assurance that she was not being "discriminated against" on account of her being a woman and representing a woman's cause.

It is doubtful if the officials deceived themselves into thinking that it was evenhanded justice that was being meted out to Mrs. Pankhurst, or that keeps women from exercising their individual rights in politics. It is boasted of the English government that it is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, even more than is our own so-called democracy.

Edmund Burke enlightened English-speaking people with regard to what the government is,

its obligations to the people, what the people owe the government, that the single purpose of government is to benefit the people. Since that time English men have had opportunity of exercising their political rights, and they have a voice in the government quite as much as have American men.

But these rights have been confined to English men.

Women as "helpmeets," mothers, servants, assistants, inexpensive aides, females and extravagant luxuries, are known through all history, myth and legend.

However, women as an integral part of humanity, as individuals, independent beings, are new—not yet in history.

We may expect and we should be patient with the mental attitude of humanity towards so revolutionary a measure as a readjustment of the position of woman in a world owned by men, operated by men for men. It is a radical innovation to reclassify all men and women as human beings with equal natural rights. It is difficult and sometimes humiliating for parents to recognize that their children grow to maturity and have every right to every courtesy, responsibility and individuality that any citizen has.

For a woman to hold a position other than that of a minor seems to many men, presumptuous, indelicate, insolent. She has been paternalized since before Abraham's time. Fifty years ago, the culmination of unkind accusation put upon a woman was to say that she believed in woman's rights or wanted to exercise political rights. To be guilty of this desire was ostracism from polite society. Such a woman was believed capable of violating any or all of the Ten Commandments.

British Glory Minus Women

DOCTOR BERNHARD HOLLANDER, of London, brain specialist, says that militancy is an expression of unbalanced energy. All normal women have only the needs that women have whose energies require no greater output than taking care of a home and their families.

He says that for women to take up the cry, "any taxation without representation," is unreasonable. "For while it may be unfair to withhold the vote from a large number of women who have inherited property, where will these women be when they have a vote, and the wife of their gardener, and the wife of

their coachman, and the wives of their servants have votes, too?"

However, the Doctor is not worried about the men who now have such competition. He is accustomed to that condition.

He recommends consulting qualified women on political affairs, sees no harm in women forming an assembly of their own, framing bills for the welfare of their sex, and "getting them taken up by Parliament." He thinks such bills would receive earnest consideration by Great Britain.

But Doctor Hollander does not say that consultations have already occurred, and again and again. What English women are militating for is to get their bills taken up by Parliament. It is because Great Britain gave consideration, and nothing more, that there is militancy in England.

Were the question simply that of "allowing a few well-conducted, well-educated, self-respecting gentlewomen quietly to record their predilection for liberalism or conservatism," Doctor Hollander would not object to it.

But he cites the conduct of militant suffragists as a sample of the work that women would do if all women were allowed to "sweep the polls." That is what this brain specialist says. The Doctor warns against informing young women of the social dangers, saying that it is only half-knowledge, and that half-knowledge is dangerous.

The greatest warning of all is, that there are "a million or so more women than men in England, and votes for women would mean that women would have a majority of votes." That is to say, the greatest number of adult human beings in England will be represented in Parliament, when women vote, and if England is governed by what a majority of her inhabitants wants, there will be more women in Parliament than there are men. And therein is the danger.

If we grant that women are human beings and men are human beings, and that human beings are people, then if government is of the people, for the people, and by the people, England has not such a government today. The governing power of England is by the few, for the many.

If these statements are correct, Evenhanded Justice does not control Great Britain.

"The glory of the British Empire," says

Doctor Hollander, "depends on the fighting capacity of its men. British ships, railways, cities, finance, trade, mining, transport, and other industries have been made and are conducted by men. The greatest inventions, the most wonderful discoveries, are all due to male talent."

But the Doctor overlooks the fact that women have played an important part in "British glory."

These men of whom the Doctor is justly proud, all had mothers. These men have received at least ten, some of them twenty, some twenty-five years, of the best of a woman's life, in order that he might be possible. Throughout his life each one of these men has been helped and ministered to by a woman or women, and in a way that no other human being could or would assist.

Will Doctor Hollander subtract all woman's work from the sum total of the work that the British Nation has, and show us the remainder?

¶ Doctor Hollander's own statistics state that it has taken more than a million more women than men to make Great Britain what She is today.

English women are simply asking for human rights—the ministration of Justice.

A Distinguished Precedent

ON December Eighth, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, sixty women, members of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, went to the White House at Washington, and had an interview with President Wilson. They asked that he use his influence with Congress to obtain the ballot for the women of this nation.

They did not ask him for his personal views. They appealed to him as being a servant of the people, all of the people, citizens of the United States, and made their request to the President of the United States. They had the idea that the President today had the same relation to the citizens of the nation that Abraham Lincoln had while he was President.

¶ He said: "I am not the President of the North any more than I am the President of the South; not the President of a section and not of a party. As President of the United States, no citizen is dearer to me than another. The South is my responsibility just as much as the North. I am the President of all of the people."

Doctor Shaw, President of the National

Association, was spokesman when the sixty women, representing more than half the citizens of the United States, had audience with President Wilson. She mentioned the fact that this was not women's first attempt to get national action on this national question. Women had always been listened to courteously, but Congress had buried their case each time.

She appealed to the President, in the "spirit of justice," to urge Congress by message to pass an amendment to the Federal Constitution, to be submitted to the States, that would give women throughout the land the right to vote.

The President of the United States listened in silence to this representative of millions of adult human beings, born in the United States, subject to Her every law.

Then when she had stated clearly her business, the President said that he was not a free man, but an official of a great government—"incidentally, or so it falls out, under our system of government, the spokesman of a party." This must have been astonishing, perhaps alarming, news to Republicans, Progressives, Prohibitionists, Socialists, and all women and children. It must have given a sensation of great uneasiness to all but Democrats, to feel that they are without representation in the Executive Mansion at Washington.

"I set myself this very strict rule when I was Governor of New Jersey and have followed it as President—that I am not at liberty to urge upon Congress in messages, policies which have not had the organic consideration of those for whom I am spokesman.

"In other words, I have not yet presented to any legislature my private views on any subject, and I never shall, because I conceive it to be part of the whole process of government that I shall be spokesman for somebody, not for myself. It would be an impertinence. When I speak for myself, I am an American individual; when I am spokesman of an organic body, I am a representative."

And citizens with good memories point to the fact that Mr. Wilson has presented to Congress in his messages policies that have not had the "organic consideration" of those for whom he is spokesman, namely, the Democratic Party.

Only a few days before, the President sent to Congress the recommendation for a national

presidential primary. The Baltimore platform and the Democratic party declare for State rights on such legislation.

This does not give the appearance—to women, at least—of being a ministration of evenhanded justice.

"I Am Eternal"

THESE delegates from the National American Woman Suffrage Association were representatives not only of mothers and homemakers, but of wage-earners: women who are working in the world for a living for themselves and others; women in various professions, farmers, journalists, architects, draftsmen, teachers, clergymen, lawyers, stenographers, physicians and surgeons; women carrying on business of their own, and assistants to businessmen, nearly three millions of women wage-earners.

Can women hope that the President was not discriminating against them because they are women who have not yet the power and influence which the ballot gives? Would so important a body of men have been put off with sophistry?

Government for, by and of the Democratic Party is too limited for Americans.

President Wilson missed the opportunity of a lifetime when he refused to respond to the wishes of representatives of more than half a nation; when he gave a pretty compliment instead of a serious hearing to a subject vital to the welfare of the race.

He might have played a big part on a world stage. He did not.

These representatives of women went back to their work.

But into every woman's heart, Nemesis whispered, "I am Eternal."

GRAY spent thirteen years writing his *Elegy*, and so made clear the point that the man who does good work does not at the last lay him down and rest his head upon the lap of earth, a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. Gray secured both fame and fortune. He was so successful that he declined the Laureateship, and had the felicity to die of gout. Gray's immortality is based upon the fact that his life gave the lie to his logic. The man who thinks out what he wants to do, and then works and works hard, will win, and no others do, or ever have, or can—God will not have it so.

Our First German Citizen

By the Honorable Stanley E. Bowdle



FOR a few years of my life I worked daily in close association with a German, whose humble and obscure personality interested me very much. He was one of those intensely valuable citizens whose genius makes this civilization possible, yet of whom nothing is ever heard. He was Bob Cook, a German from Stettin, who spoke no English, who for years was the most valuable machinist employed at the Cramp shipyards, at Philadelphia. Bob assembled the engines of the great ships turned out at that yard. When the giant parts had advanced to the point of assembling, he it was who was always called on to erect the monster, and as an apprentice I was assigned to help him. Those were happy days. To build things and see them grow, and see the steam turned on and your work move—pray, where is pleasure equal to that! Day after day I have worked with him on great engines, he directing me in the sign language; and I have often sat down at ninety-three and shared his Schweitzer and tried to understand his words. Little did he suppose that his apprentice would, twenty-three years later, be telling of him, the first great German that I knew; wherever he may be in the world unseen, I am sure that he is talking German with Vulcan and forging his thunderbolts; but may he, above the din, know that I am paying him this brief tribute.

One Great Day

ON October Thirty-first, Sixteen Hundred Eighty-three, a great and brave German citizen landed on these shores—Franz Daniel Pastorius. He did not come on the *Mayflower*, and I am glad of it, for that historic boat certainly was overloaded. He waited a little while, and a great many Germans waited still longer and took much faster boats; but I am glad Pastorius came and that, like all good Germans, he multiplied himself greatly.

A great many people pride themselves on their past. This is because they have no present. Right here is Germany's greatness. The German people have a wonderful "now." When you are asked to talk about some people

you simply turn to the encyclopedia. There is no other way of learning anything about them. But with Germans it is different.

The German people have never forgotten the simple life, and that is why its people and nation are so strong. The other day, in coming home from a baseball-game, I stopped to see a German friend and client of mine. There was the brick house; the brick walk leading to the rear had been washed and reddened; the front of the house had been scrubbed as high as the lintels; the windows shone; the curtains were drawn down evenly; two negatives of Niagara Falls hung in the windows. I walked around to the rear. There was a tanbark walk under a grape-arbor; there stood a green table—one of those tables with the mysterious space under the top where one can keep so many interesting things in dry territory.

Made Them Happy

A PARROT talked in the arbor. The wife came out, offered me a chair at that table, and in a moment brought me some grape-juice and insisted that I have some smearcase that she had just made, while I waited for Heinie. And the whole place was clean and sweet, and Heinie's parrot talked contentedly, and the cat looked happy; and there we sat, and this mother told me that everybody was well and that her husband and son had money in the bank, and not one word was said about the Thaw case, not a word about politics. We just talked pleasantly while I ate the cheese and refreshed myself rationally. And when I left that simple, wholesome yard and that green table and the tanbark and that good mother I felt happier. I felt that I had met the people who really make this world. I had met the minds that make this civilization possible. There was a family with which you could build an enduring empire or preserve a republic. Do you wonder that that type of family is influential in Brazil, as was exhibited in the person of Doctor Lauro Muller, who recently visited this country? Do you wonder that men of that type have the trade of Mexico? Do you marvel that that type is so powerful in America? Happy is that country with such families.

German Is Good Thinker

THE greatness of the German is that he is a good thinker and is a simple liver. There is more good, simple living among the Germans than among any other class on earth. Among us Americans the simple life is lost, strayed or

stolen. We talk a good deal about it, but nobody wants to live it. We demand the low-necked, short-sleeved, rubber-tired life, with the broiled birds, the box party, and the alimony trimmings. Why, the simple life has gotten so far from us that it was no wonder that that Frenchman, Pastor Wagner, made a hundred thousand dollars writing about it. But I have not heard of any one adopting the simple life as the result of Wagner's sermons. ¶ The simple life has this profound advantage: It leads men to hate debt. Right here you have one of the sources of German strength. They are frugal; they like to know that there is a little money in the bank. To me debt is a horror. "That the borrower is servant unto the lender" is as true today as when Solomon said it. Debt is the hold another fellow has on me. To the extent that it exists, to that extent I have cashed in my independence. —

Some years ago I spent a good deal of time around the city of Guadalajara, Mexico. My companion at the breakfast-table during one Winter was a German citizen of Buenos Aires, who came regularly to Mexico to look after a mine. He was a fine, solid, old man, who spoke Spanish and German, and he taught me some Spanish. I remember him saying one day: "You Americans don't mind debt. If you want a fire-engine or a town flag-staff, you issue bonds, and you forget that bonds are in fact bonds. You need to learn that debt is a curse." This is a sad fact. We overwork credit. Much of the sadness of modern life is due to debt. Much of our divorce troubles are due to the irritation in the home due to debt. Much of our national illness is caused by the lowered vitality due to the worries over debt.

Cemetery statistics do not always tell us accurately of what a man died. Debt has carried off more people than hardening of the liver. Divorce decrees rarely state the true cause of the difficulty. It was the irritation and impatience resulting from debt. If I were a doctor, called in to see the head of a family, immediately after feeling the pulse I would ask to see the bank-book. I am a lawyer, and when a troubled spouse calls to see me about divorce I ask to see the savings-bank book. Much true history of families and nations, if written, would take the form of a ledger-account. —

John Morley once said to a graduating class, "Show me your cash-account, young man, and I will tell you the rest." Yes; we *May-flower* Americans have a lot to learn from the Germans, who came later and faster. Hatred of debt is one of those things, and the simple life fosters that. A house and lot cures socialism. Let a man get a brick house, a little grape-orchard, some tanbark, a green table built as I have indicated, a German wife, and a bank-book, and I tell you what it is, there will be few quarrels, no divorce, and no general grouch over the condition of society.

German Frugality

¶ HAVE met a good many persons who talked about the man being above the dollar, but they generally borrowed what I had before the conversation ended. The old apostolic doctrine, "Owe no man anything," has been practically followed by the German people, and we Americans would do well to think more of it. This sensible frugality has done much to make Germany.

Yes; Germany walks the heights, but she lives simply. Her people are a serious people, therefore; but, like all serious people, Germans understand the meaning of rational enjoyment. To them life is not a continuous garden party, as some people try to make it, and lose out. The German head may be in the clouds of philosophy, but the German foot is on the ground. Her philosophical output is matched up by her "made in Germany" output. Her philosophers have been keen to see the injustice of this world, but they have never become grouchy. They have been thankful always for the good that man has attained.

German philosophers know mankind so well, and they know how long it has taken him to develop even what he is, that evil does not shock them. Man's goodness is what perpetually surprises them. To them goodness is the daily-enacted miracle. That man should be good at all is what proves to the German mind the existence of the Deity and makes immortality certain. What is this being wandering about the earth, made of blood and bones and thatched with hair?

Philosophy of Hegel

WHY should this assemblage of matter develop goodness? Right here is where that kingly German mind of Hegel set up his philosophy. He saw in goodness the operation of spirit, the Divine Spirit, which is destined

to subdue all things unto itself. While I believed in God and immortality before I read Hegel, I believed chiefly because the Bible required it. But Hegel's thought placed that belief above the mists of doubt. He made that belief the law of my being. Germany, especially in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, had much reason to become utterly pessimistic. ■ ■

Hegel himself had seen her cities devastated by Napoleon. Destruction was everywhere. Men had but to look from their windows to see fire, famine and death. History never seemed so meaningless. All life looked like a solemn joke. If God lived, He certainly seemed absent from His world. Sorrow and infinite perplexity were everywhere. Pessimistic philosophers abounded. ■ It took a divinely ordained man to see the good working out amid such ruin. But Germany had such a man; yes, she had two—Hegel and Fichte—and all Germany listened as they talked.

These men did much to resurrect Germany from her ruins. But the German mind is a serious mind, and quickly responded. Frivolous France could not permanently beat serious Germany. Light persons are interesting, but, like candy, you do not want much of them. It is this seriousness that has made Germany all she is. ■ I should like to say all he is, for Germany is, above all things, masculine. He is the great male among the nations. ■ The mollycoddle is not native to Germany. Germany turns out male men and female women.

German Teamwork

THE German home is a little nation where the man is secretary of foreign affairs and the woman is secretary of the interior. He manages the State, she manages the Home. This teamwork between German men and German women is a marvelous thing. It is a great State asset. Man is king in the German State, and woman is queen; and he believes that the queen should rule when the king is dead, or becomes a mollycoddle—yet at that she rules, even now, in the empire of gentleness, and in that empire I am not so sure but that the destinies of the race are more in her hands than she is aware.

And German men being thoroughly masculine, marry. And German women bear children. Ibsen once delivered an address to a Swedish society, and somebody asked what he thought

the great mission of women was. He replied as I recall it, "I can not be far from it when I say that the presentation of a good child to the world is the greatest feature of that mission." Ibsen wisely answered. The world was made for life. Surely, then, the production of life is the divinest of missions. Our divorce-courts would not be so crowded with young people if they knew the softening influence of a child's prattle.

What storms of temper have been silenced by the pleading eyes of a child. What a moral anchorage they have been to us in this sin-tossed world. Yes, Germany knows the mission of children.

At the table this morning my little girl said to me, "Daddy, chickens sit on eggs to get chickens, what do they sit on to get eggs?" Gentlemen, if a quarrel had been brewing with my wife, do you suppose it would have continued to brew after that? Children postpone wrinkles; they retard age; they soften our judgments; they modify our passions; and they excite that in us which keeps us true to the best ideals of our age.

Our age needs more marriage and more children. Our age needs a new baptism of old-time masculinity—and that baptism should be by immersion.

Germany knows the value of masculinity, marriage and maternity, and her sun is today in the zenith. And her women honor her men. No German matron ever pulled Bismarck's whiskers; no squad of German women ever egged Von Buelow.

But above all things I am grateful to Germany for her philosophical literature. Here, indeed, are unsearchable riches.

It is a curious thing to me that so few persons are interested in philosophy. The thing most needful to man is, as usual, the thing he wants least. Metchnikoff points out that were it not for death man would need no philosophy. I do not agree. A thousand sorrows this side of death are assuaged by philosophy. As Emanuel Kant has well said, "The argument for philosophy is that a man can live by it." ■

German Philosophy

WHAT a wonderful company of philosophers she has furnished to us: Hegel, Kant, the Schlegels, Lessing, Fichte, Schopenhauer—why, we could cover a page of world-renowned German names right down to the present hour, when the works of Harnack and

Eucken are widely read—men whose works will be read with solemn pleasure a thousand years hence.

And when will the world forget German music? Why, should I get to heaven, no matter how lovely it may be, I shall want some day to ask for a rain-check and come back here for a day to listen to Wagner or Mozart or Bach. And what is the secret of that music? Well, I think it is due to the fact that Germany's musicians were philosophers. They knew the depths of man's nature and aroused these depths. We never tire of that music, because it appeals to the sublime in our natures.

What countless thousands of gripless men have been nerved to renewed effort by her music. I said a while ago that Germany walked the heights but lived simply. Name any department in thought or science or art and I will name you a troop of men whose names will live while there is an eye to see or a brain to understand.

This age is asking us some curious questions. One is whether we desire to frame a civilization which is favorable to the life of weaklings and degenerates or favorable to the life of normal men. This question looks at us at every point. I wish German seriousness might be ours in deciding this question.

Germany has decided it. The German nation is not racked continually by this question. She has decided in favor of a civilization favorable to the life of a normal man. Her solicitude is for the normal man, and when the normal man has lost his vigor and becomes old, she is arranging to care for him.

Our own national development, amid untold riches, has been so rapid that we have produced but few philosophers. But this era of money-making and money-seeking is closing. America is entering a period which will be productive of philosophers. We as a people stand in great need of philosophy and true religion. Materialism is playing out. The game is over. The signs of a greedy money debauch are all about us. The luscious fruit of a few years ago is seen to be mere apples of Sodom—Dead Sea fruit. If we are to be happy as a people, our philosophical powers must be developed. If the magnificent external world that we have created is to be enjoyed, we must be prepared to secure a new morality.

Up to this time our energy has been mainly expended on the external world, and we have

made it grand; but development there is rapidly closing up. We are living in the days of finality. By that I mean just this: We seem to be reaching the limit of improvement in the external world.

It is not necessary to tell mechanics that the turbine-engine leaves nothing to be desired. It is not necessary to say to electricians that wireless telegraphy renders further progress impossible.

It is not necessary to say to engineers that aerial navigation leaves no other element to be navigated.

Gesundheit!

PRINTERS know that the linotype and monotype machines are the finality of printing, as fully as duplex telegraphy is the end of that science.

Photographers know that the biograph and kinemacolor apparatus leaves no further field for photography.

Marine engineers are aware that the limit of marine architecture has been passed and that the monsters of the deep are already degenerate in size and equipment.

But let me not multiply simple facts. The realm to be conquered next is the realm of the mind. We must create within a spiritual kingdom of developed powers if we are to enjoy this well-nigh completed material world. The world does not satisfy; it can not satisfy; it was not made to satisfy us. It was made as the matrix for the gestation of spirit. This was Hegel's view; this is Eucken's view; this was Moses' view; this was Christ's view. To the creation of that kingdom Germany has furnished and is furnishing a vast amount of material.

I am glad that Franz Daniel Pastorius landed in America, and I am glad he did much more than land. Permit me to salute him and all his descendants with my one precious German word, *Gesundheit!*

REVOLUTION never depends on any one man. A strong man is acted upon by the thought of others—he is a sensitive plate upon which impressions are made—and his vivid personality gathers up these many convictions, concentrates them into one focus, and then expresses them. The great man is the one who first expresses what the many believe. He is a voice for the voiceless, and gives in trumpet tones what others would if they could.

Why the Government Should Control the Railroads

By E. F. Bush, President Missouri Pacific Railway.



INFORMATION supplied by the census, and by the various departments of the government, indicate the necessity for an immediate relief of railroad conditions. There is, first of all, the necessity of a higher traffic rate for passengers as well as for freight, and this, I believe, would receive public support if the case were put before the people in such a form that they would

realize the minimum individual cost. Inadequacy of transportation facilities was declared to be alarming by the Interstate Commerce Commission in Nineteen Hundred Seven, and yet, when the railroads sought to advance their rates in Nineteen Hundred Ten to enable them to make better provisions for the public demands and to establish a higher financial credit, the Interstate Commerce Commission would not sanction the advance. This action of the Commission, owing to the increased operating expenses and the swelling of taxes, caused a loss in net revenue to the railroads of over eighty-seven million dollars. This loss so seriously impaired the credit of the railroad that it was equivalent in its effect upon the ability of the railroad to raise necessary capital to the amount of over two billion dollars at four per cent.

The wonderful commercial progress of the United States has been made possible only by the railroads. Since Eighteen Hundred Seventy, when the impetus given railroad construction began, the wealth of this country has increased enormously. Its foreign commerce, in the main largely dependent upon the railroads, has increased from eight hundred million dollars to four billion dollars. The internal commerce of the railroads today has reached the stupendous figures of over two hundred ninety-three billions of units of service—being the tons of freight hauled one mile and the passengers carried one mile.

The volume of this railroad commerce has nearly doubled in twelve years, and taking cognizance of the alert and progressive spirit of our people and our still latent and undevel-

oped resources—in farms, in mines, in forest and factory—an alluring promise is foreshadowed for a continued increase. The fulfillment of this promise depends entirely upon the ability of the railroads to improve their existing plants: to bring them into a higher state of efficiency, to extend their lines into undeveloped regions, and thereby provide the necessary facilities of the undeveloped country and the increased population. The commercial supremacy of the world is our national heritage, but its permanency will depend upon the capacity of our railroad traffic.

The Railroad Problem

THE problem of the railroads is to find out how they can secure the necessary capital to make these improvements. As conditions are today, not having the means at hand, the railroads, with few if any exceptions, can not give proper movement to the large volume of existing traffic. The transportation facilities can not keep pace with the increasing requirements of traffic.

As the means have been available, the work of rebuilding, enlarging and improving the roadways and equipment of railroads has been carried on, so that by degrees a higher standard of service and efficiency might be brought about. Billions of dollars have been spent in this way, but much remains to be done before the railroads will be able satisfactorily to meet the demands of the constantly increasing traffic. This will require many more billions of dollars. The money can not be supplied from railroad earnings, because the earnings in many cases are scarcely sufficient to maintain the property in a solvent condition. A railroad, like a merchant, must have established credit in order to obtain money for extension or for improvement. It must be able to show that it will be able to meet the new obligations it assumes and to have a surplus over and above all its requirements. Not many railroads are able to do this under the existing expense of high wages and other operating problems, such as the increased cost of material, the higher standard of service demanded, and compulsory expenses enforced by the government, including regulation of charges for transportation.

The Increasing Burden

LEGISLATION of the most undesirable character has in recent years been enacted by Federal and State authority, forcing numerous expenditures without any com-

pensation clause, many of these acts being without benefit to the public. In fact, they have merely created an economic waste. Three or four bills now being urged upon Congress will, if passed, involve an expenditure to the railroads within the next four years of nearly a billion and a half dollars.

The many expenses over which the manager of a railroad has no power of control has steadily increased the cost of operation; and as the unit of compensation for traffic service, regulated by Federal and State authority, is more often reduced than advanced, the railroad profits are steadily decreasing. Those who believe that the revenue derived from the increase of railroad business will more than offset the increased expenses are wrong.

The gross earnings of the railroads did increase largely during the last half of Nineteen Hundred Seven, but notwithstanding this, the net earnings were decreased to the amount of over twenty-two million dollars, because the railroads were burdened with business beyond their capacity. During the last six months of Nineteen Hundred Ten the gross earnings were increased over fifty million dollars—but the expenses were increased in that time to over eighty-four million dollars. The earnings for the railroads in Nineteen Hundred Eleven and Nineteen Hundred Twelve increased eleven million fifty-four thousand dollars; but the operating expenses and taxes were increased to ninety-eight million five hundred forty-five thousand dollars. Obviously, it is a misunderstanding far too prevalent among the people that the railroads are over-capitalized and are always seeking to obtain exorbitant rates from the public to pay interest on excessive capital. The fact is that the actual properties of the railroads could not be duplicated today for anything like their present capitalization. The money of the owners which has not been capitalized, but which has been spent on the railroads from year to year since their pioneer days in improvement, has long since absorbed any water there may have been in the securities. The average rate received by the United States railroads for hauling a ton of freight one mile is three-quarters of one cent, while the rate received in England for the same service is over two and a quarter cents, or three times as much. The rates of other European countries are much higher than ours.

The Railroad Situation

RECOGNIZE that the railroads are in duty bound to serve the public in the best possible manner, and that the public, through the State, has the right to regulate their operations, but when that authority is exercised with reference to details, which burden the railroad with an unnecessary expense, and which it can not legitimately afford, it would seem only just that the public should give the railroads some protection in the way of maintaining compensation rates. Considering what the railroads have done in return for the investment of private capital, they certainly are entitled to that necessary protection which will enable them to continue in their vocation and to elevate it to a still higher plane for the social, commercial, industrial and agricultural conditions of our people.

The railroads created an increase between the years Nineteen Hundred Ten and Nineteen Hundred Eleven in the capital of thirty billions of dollars in the two important industries of agriculture and manufacture in the United States. As they are entirely dependent upon transportation lines for their business, the railroads have been of service to them. But, while the agricultural and manufacturing industries managed to increase their capital to this amount of thirty billions of dollars, in the same length of time the railroads only increased their own value to the amount of four and a quarter billion dollars.

As the railroads have increased their volume of traffic double-fold in the last twelve years, the most important problem before them just now is what will they do if it continues to increase in the same ratio in the coming years?

¶ The marvelous resources of this country are, in many respects, scarcely touched as yet. When our farmers are awakened to the scientific benefits of the application of agricultural discoveries, the crop yields will be much more extensive. A more careful culture of our wheat could easily double the yield. And then, too, we are still reclaiming swamps and arid lands, which are constantly adding to our industrial territory.

Add to this the vast mining lands still awaiting development, and the commercial result from the opening of the Panama Canal, which will open to us directly a new trade of the Orient and Western South American countries with their hundreds of millions of people to

be clothed and fed and transported. Even our foreign trade is taking on a greater momentum. Here we have a significant vista of possibilities which portends the increase of our trade and commerce.

The Immediate Necessity

NOW, with the present traffic of the railroad, which has reached the stupendous figures of over two hundred ninety-three billions of units of service, what will the future increase mean to the railroads?

Take the capacity of the New York Central Railroad, with all the magnitude of its operations and transportation facilities. Four per cent of the volume of traffic now annually moved by our railways would at the present day tax the full capacity of the New York Central Railroad, working day and night for one year. This gives an illustration of the magnitude of the work that will have to be done by the railroads to meet the increased conditions of commerce. The commerce is increasing on an average of eight per cent per year, and yet no provision is being made or can be made under the railroad-rates now prevailing, to meet the prospective traffic. The only remedy by which the railroads will be enabled to meet this serious problem is by being allowed to charge a fair compensation for their services. The railroads now receive on an average per mile seven and a half mills for hauling a ton of freight, and less than two cents per mile per passenger. If the compensation could be increased only one mill per mile, or the equivalent of the price of a postage-stamp for twenty miles service, it will extricate the railroad from all further trouble and anxiety. It is scarcely conceivable that such a slight advance would injuriously affect any trade.

With these adverse conditions confronting the railroads, it is absolutely necessary, in order that they perform their functions to the public, that they be allowed to advance the cost of freight and passenger service. This is a matter of more vital concern to the welfare of the entire people than it is to the individual owner of the railroad. So the conclusion is irresistibly forced upon us that this railroad question is a government problem, and one of very grave and serious concern, which should be satisfactorily settled.

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Happiness is a by-product.—L. T. Thomas.

Why Turkey Fails

By David Starr Jordan



WHAT shall we say of the failure of Turkey in the test of war? We are told by a leading military expert that "Turkey is being defeated because of her lack of preparation for war." Others have said that it was because her armies have been under German drill and armed with German guns, her adversaries being equipped in France. Others say that her armies contain too many

Christians, who will not shoot nor fight their friends. Others, with a similar thought, say that she "has misgoverned Macedonia and Albania, and these in the crisis become inevitably and properly her enemies and not her friends, a source of weakness and doom instead of defense and strength."

May it not be that Turkey's failure in war is because of too much preparation, because she has prepared for nothing else? Nothing else grows under military occupation. Turkey's old war debt of five hundred nine million dollars is crushing to all her industries, prohibitive to all her hopes. As "the sick man of Europe" Turkey has been kept alive only by the persistence of his creditors. "Instead of being extinguished in the struggle for political existence because too weak to pay his debts, he had to be kept artificially alive in order to pay them."

The Fighting Edge

THE reputation of the Turk as a fighter comes down from the days when he was a wild frontiersman. For centuries he has been kept in garrison-towns, the worst possible school for physical vigor, giving a lassitude which even the drill of a German Field Marshal could not overcome. Perhaps this is not the true explanation, but it is as likely as the others. The Turkish army, it appears, was short of arms and powder and rations. But the soldiers may have had all there was. Too long prepared for war, the provisions for it had long since given out, and there was no money to get any more.

Chesterton tells us of approaching a distant shore, covered with dark forest. As he came nearer he saw that this forest had no roots

in the ground. It was made up wholly of hovering vultures. It was Turkey.

Professor Sumner of Yale once said: "There is no state of readiness for war. The notion calls for never-ending sacrifice. It would absorb all the resources and activity of the State. This the great European States are now proving by experiment. What we prepare for is what we get."

For hundreds of years Turkey has been preparing for war. She has always had on the "fighting edge." The "fighting edge" grows rusty. The standing army grows stale. But successful war depends on other resources. Other resources Turkey has not got—can never get, because war is her business. Her people have not taken root—not in Europe, not in Asia. They live in barracks, in encampments, not in a "continuing city." In Zangwill's play of *The War God*, Frithiof says: "'To safeguard peace, we must prepare for war': I know that maxim—it was forged in Hell." ❧ ❧

Gardening and manufacturing made Holland rich—two things that will make any man or country rich.

Farm Facts

By Peter Radford



AN is but a product of the soil.

❧ Science found agriculture plowing with a stick.

Agriculture needs all the great men it can get.

Humanity marks time by the improvements in agriculture.

❧ There is not and never will be an over-supply of educated farmers ❧ ❧

Nature is unkind to the unwise. Only the fittest survive in farming.

The economic distribution of farm-products is today the world's greatest problem.

The farmer that markets his produce when the demand is strongest reaps the best reward ❧ Agriculture has gone through two thousand years of evolution and is still in an experimental stage.

Over-production is the stumbling-block, and systematic marketing is the stepping-stone of agriculture.

The farmer can produce without organization, but to successfully market he must have the co-operation of his neighbor.

The farmer is able to get about on the farm, but he loses his way in the market-places, where he needs most assistance.

Greece and Rome went down to their death when the population became congested in the cities and the farms were forgotten.

If your business in the city does not pay, do not go to the farm. There are already too many down-and-outs in agriculture.

Farming is not a pastime. It is a hard, cold, business proposition, and every farmer should be strong enough to look hardship in the face. Plan while you plow, and give a lot of thought to seed selection.

The thoughtless farmer is a bane to his community; think as you farm.

The economic value of the silo has been demonstrated and proved to the farmer ❧ The highest attainments of science are yet to be learned, and they will come from the soil ❧ ❧

The highest duty of the State and Federal governments is to place agricultural education within reach of all.

The farmer can not be helped until he organizes, and the government can not help the farmer except through organization.

Co-operation among farmers in gathering, grading and marketing their products will enable them to secure better prices.

Statistics show that the cost of a plow is twice as much as fifty years ago, while cotton and other farm-products are not twice as high ❧ ❧

The prosperity of the farmer is coincident with the prosperity of the State, and fundamentally, the welfare of the people depends upon the cultivation of the soil.

❧
NO truth is so sublime but it may be trivial tomorrow in the light of new thoughts. People wish to be settled; only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them ❧ Life is a series of surprises. We do not guess today the mood, the pleasure, the power of tomorrow, when we are building up our being. Of lower states—of acts of routine and sense—we can tell somewhat; but the masterpieces of God, the total growths and universal movements of the soul, He hideth; they are incalculable.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

HUDSON Six-40

New Ideas in Sixes

A new lightness—2,980 pounds. A new-type motor which immensely lowers operative cost. A new-style body of the most distinguished type. A new price—\$1,750—for a high-grade Six.

THE HUDSON engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, this year bring out a sensational Six. A Six which legions of motorists have long been waiting for.

¶ This car—the new HUDSON Six-40—weighs only 2,980 pounds, certified railroad weight.

It contains a new-type motor, small bore and long stroke. A type which European engineers regard as finality in low operative cost.

And it sells for \$1,750—a price far below cars of any type of the same size, class and power.

Compare, for instance, with the HUDSON "37"—the best four-cylinder car that ever went from this factory. The new Six-40 weighs 400 pounds less. It consumes one-fourth less fuel. Yet the Six-40 is longer, more powerful, and it has two extra disappearing tonneau seats.

This is largely due to a new-type motor, not feasible in anything but Sixes.

The Reign of Sixes

The Sixes started in the high-price field, because they were heavy and costly, and they consumed extra fuel. We have seen them gradually come down, until they captured the whole field above \$2,100.

They did this because the Six is smooth-running and flexible. It is free from vibration, economical of tires. It avoids changing gears in slow-moving traffic, or in mounting any reasonable grade.

This luxury of motion—like constant coasting—wins anyone who once rides in a Six.

Now comes, for the first time, a quality Six to sell below \$2,000. In addition to that, it offers very light weight. And to all that it adds a low fuel consumption, below any comparable car.

Now men who want these things—modest price and weight and operative cost—will find them all in this HUDSON Six-40. They will find this Six-40 excelling on these points any other type of car.

New Ideals in Beauty

With this new economy, this Six-40 combines new ideals in beauty. It has a stream-line body of the most distinguished type. These flowing

lines which wipe out the dash angle mark the accepted European vogue. And European vogue in bodies is always followed here.

The finish is rich, the upholstering luxurious. Many new ideas in comfort and convenience are embodied in the car.

In fact, this Six-40, in design and equipment, is almost identical with the new HUDSON Six-54. That is our larger Six—price, \$2,250—which many pronounce the handsomest car of the year.

Go see this car at your local Hudson showroom. Ride in it, compare it. This is the most popular model we ever put out. Also write us for Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book.

HUDSON Six-40 \$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top made of Pantasote.
Quick-adjusting curtains.

Dimming searchlights.
Concealed hinges.
Concealed speedometer gear.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.

Price, \$1,750 F. O. B. Detroit.
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, \$75 extra.

Standard roadster, same price.
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, \$1,950.

113

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7789 Jefferson Avenue

Detroit, Michigan

CRESKA MUSHROOM .. POWDER ..

is only one of a large number of food novelties imported under the Creska Mark. No one knows why the Mushrooms that grow on the hills about Bordeaux, France, are of surpassing flavor, but so it is. ¶ Every particle of these rich fungoids seems charged with savor, and none of it is lost in the drying and pulverizing process.

¶ The many advantages of this convenient form for broiled meats, sauces, soups, dressings, chafing dish combinations will be readily appreciated and your own taste will suggest many other uses. ¶ If your fine grocer cannot supply you, we will fill your order direct by Parcel Post; carriage charges prepaid.



**Eighth Pound Tins, 65c Quarter Pound Tins, \$1 10
One Pound Tins, \$3.15**

The fascinating Creska story and a collection of unusual menus and recipes will be found in our booklet sent for a two cent stamp

CRESKA COMPANY

IMPORTERS

366 GREENWICH ST.

NEW YORK

STILLWELL CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW HOMES



*Scientifically
Planned.
Artistic.
Comfortable for
any climate.
Sole the high-
cost-of-building
and servant
problems.*

HOMES OF THE GOLDEN WEST

This beautiful home is but one of the 188 one and two story houses shown in our practical plan books. These offer intensely interesting ideas in beautiful exteriors, artistic interiors with built-in conveniences—and all at a surprising economy of space and cost.

GENUINE BUNGALOWS. From many of our working plans, home-builders have faithfully reproduced many of these wonderful Bungalows in nearly every State and Nation. For your profit, get our ideas before you build.

ALL 3 BOOKS FOR \$1 (Postpaid)
"Representative California Homes." 80 ideal homes, \$1,000 to \$6,000—Price, 80c.
"West Coast Bungalows." 80 inexpensive homes, \$500 to \$2,000—Price, 80c.
"Little Bungalows." 28 perfect little homes, \$800 to \$1,400—Price, 80c.

Each fully illustrated; elevations, floor plans, costs, etc. Send today. Money returned if not satisfied.

E. W. STILLWELL & CO., Architects
4161 HENNE BUILDING, LOS ANGELES

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear
Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Ringing and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars. **WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,** incorporated
828 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



plain ability to get results.

The battle is too hot in every line of business for any foolish favoritism.

If you can really get results for the house you're working for—if you can do things that no other man has done before you—you stand ten times as good a chance for big success as the boss's son or the boss's nephew or anybody else connected with him.

Ninetimes out of ten the trouble lies with you, not with the house you're with. Your mental eyes are poor. You don't see straight. You get so in the habit of looking at the dark side of things that every time you hear of any one's success you credit it to a "drag," instead of work and

YOU pessimists who always have a kick to register—who always think some one is putting something over on you—who think because you've never won success yourself that every man who does must do it through a "drag"—the best thing in the world for you to do is read the greatest grouch-exterminator this world has ever seen, *The Philistine*.

¶ The most successful business houses nowadays do not promote their men through "drag" or "pull" or anything on earth but

brains and enterprise. And so you keep on your melancholy way, kicking and complaining every day, till finally you are kicked out yourself because you are no earthly good to anybody.

Come out of it! Complaining does n't get you anywhere. While you are kicking, other men with no more brains than you, but who don't waste their golden hours in moping, are going ahead with giant strides and winning fame and fortune. If you are in a place where

you've a right to kick, if you really haven't got a chance where you are now, you're seventeen different kinds of a simpleton for *staying there and wasting time.*

Don't kick about conditions—change them. Quit handing those large chunks of sympathy to yourself and get a move on!

—R. B. Wrigley.

WHAT are the rights of the child?

What is this inheritance of which I speak?

Listen: Here is all of my religion, all of my politics, all of my philosophy of life.

By right of birth, and regardless of parentage or racial extraction, the child shall have, to the full of its need, of all the wealth

accumulated by the labor of those who have struggled for mastery over the material world, and of all the knowledge man has gathered in the centuries gone, and this child—all children—shall have all of these things from which to build their lives, without money and without price. To deny children this right to participate, to the fullest extent of their individual needs, in the use of all things of worth stored upon this earth of ours today, is to deny the only ethic upon which an orderly State may

be builded. Deny this right to but one child in all this land and you condemn a social order to death!—James H. Brower.

ALL weakness mimics strength; everything apes aristocratic ideals. The secret dream of the oppressed is not liberty so much as it is a dream of debauchery, to put on the weaknesses and vices of the upper classes and shed its own enforced virtues and the pricking haircloth of poverty.



*If it
isn't an
Eastman,
it isn't
a Kodak.*

The Story of the **Kodak Album**




The friendships of school days, the very atmosphere of the home, every phase of life that makes for companionship—in all of these is an intimate picture story—a story that glows with human interest, grows in value with every passing year.

Let Kodak keep the story for you.


Ask your dealer, or write us, for "At Home with the Kodak," a delightfully illustrated little book that tells about home pictures—flashlights, groups, home portraits and the like—and how to make them. It's mailed without charge.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

THE FRA MAGAZINE

 A Journal of Affirmation. Monthly. Printed on toned book-paper, bold type, two colors. Special initials and ornaments.  *The Fra* has on its subscription-list more men of money and brains than any other publication issued in America.  *The Fra* stands for organization and co-operation, and places no limit on progress. It represents the American Spirit. With *The Fra* we give, gratis, as premium, a volume of

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF GOOD MEN AND GREAT

 If you know the lives of a hundred of the best and greatest men who have lived you are an educated person. Some people say that *Good Men and Great* is the best of all the *Little Journeys*, and reveals Mr. Hubbard's writing ability and insight into character at their best.

■■■■■■■■■■ FILL IN THE COUPON ■■■■■■■■■■

To THE ROYCROFTERS,
East Aurora, New York State

I enclose Two Dollars for THE FRA Magazine for one year, and the gratis premium, *Good Men and Great*.

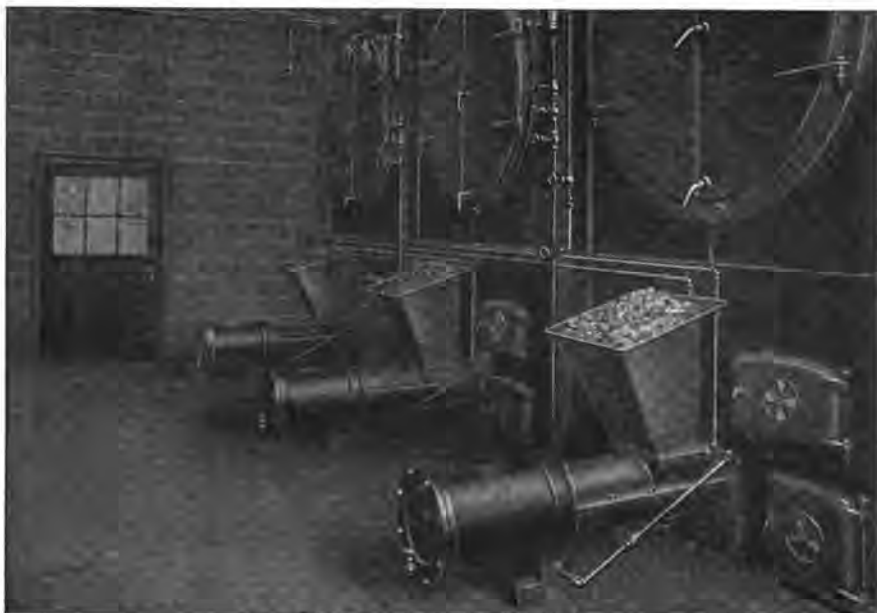
Name

Address

Foreign Postage, Canada excepted, Seventy-five Cents

THE JONES STOKER

An Advertisement written by ELBERT HUBBARD and aimed at hard-headed businessmen who are in the Commercial World for profit—no others need apply!



BOILER-ROOM AT THE ROYCROFT SHOP

(Showing Jones Stokers)

First, a Stoker is a man who tends a furnace, and keeps it supplied with fuel.

Next, a Stoker is a fuel-feeding machine that does the work of the man, with very little supervision, and gives him time for other things. It is thus a conservator of time, money and energy.

The Jones Stoker is the last word in fuel-feeding machines.

There are just two methods of firing known today—hand-firing and stoker-firing. Between these two methods, there is absolutely no comparison. Filling the hopper of a Stoker is the easiest kind of a proposition alongside the old-fashioned hand-firing; and when plant conditions justify it, it is a very easy matter to install overhead coal-bunkers from which the coal is passed by gravity direct to the stoker-hoppers, thus further reducing the firemen's labor.

At Roycroft we do many things by hand, but when it comes to a question of stoking, the Jones can do it so much better than anybody around the place, that we simply stand from under and let Jones do it.

Take a look at the picture and you will see that we have confidence in Jones Under-Feed Stokers. We are greatly pleased with them in every way. They have never gone on a strike, never gotten tired, and they are always on the job.

The Jones Stoker does things that have made it a great favorite with the heads of industrial establishments. It decreases fuel bills—a saving of both material and money.

It increases efficiency and eliminates smoke—this because of perfect combustion of bituminous coal, from the lowest to the highest grade.

After the Jones Stoker is once installed and broken

in to service, the expenditure for upkeep is very slight. The Jones pays for itself—then pays dividends. Repairs are rarely required. The cost of upkeep is negligible. Constant and uniform steam-pressure is guaranteed under all varying conditions of the load.

If the Jones Stoker were not, without exception, the best ever, it would never have been adopted into some of the biggest and best families in the land, among which may be mentioned the

Largest Cotton-Mills in the World
Largest Electric Plant in the World
Largest Commercial Corporation in the World
(Standard Oil Company—note Jondoe on the front cover!) and the
Largest Flour-Mills in the World

These four concerns alone have installed 648 Jones Stokers, and all since 1902. That is surely "going some," as Rex Beach would say.

The Jones Stoker is working also for S. F. Bowser and Company, Largest Manufacturers of Oil Storage and Distributing Systems in the World.

The Bowser opinion of the Jones Stoker is couched in characteristically laconic language, but powerfully impressive withal:

"The whole outfit is perfectly satisfactory in every particular."

You can say the same thing and use more words, but this nine-word encomium covers the case.

You captains of industry who are interested in this problem of the economical combustion of bituminous coal, had better send this day for a copy of *Coal*, a Jones Stoker booklet—containing figures and facts you ought to know.

THE UNDER-FEED STOKER COMPANY OF AMERICA
HARRIS TRUST BUILDING CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ARTISTIC LEATHER PILLOWS

For Adornment, Comfort and Coziness

MODELED-LEATHER PILLOW



Price, \$10.00
Size, 20 by 20 inches

This pillow is an example of the special work in upholstery that The Roycrofters can do. We will submit designs for upholstering any piece of furniture for which you may wish to have a distinctive and individual covering. We will make cushions of any kind to order.



Price, \$6.00

LACED-EDGE PILLOW

These pillows have covers of soft leather. The colors are gray, red, green and brown. We have table-covers in colors to match the pillows. Price, \$2.00

FULL-SKIN PILLOW



Price, \$5.00

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, N. Y.



The "Shut-In" Season is Out of Fashion

Nowadays it's the spin in the open that puts vim and vigor into the daily task. Though their snowball days are over, motorists no longer cheat themselves out of these months of glorious outdoor life. So many men are buying and using Chalmers cars right through the winter that our big factory has been kept running at full force. What used to be a dull season with all makers has become a busy one with us. For motorists have learned that the Master "Six" is the greatest winter car of them all.

You "Stay-at-Homes"

One of these crisp, sparkling days come take a ride in the Master "Six" and learn something of the joys of motoring in winter.

Push the switch and the motor starts on the instant. Cold cylinders make no difference to the Chalmers-Entz electric starter. It's always sure whether it is January or July.

Like Sliding on Runners

A purr of the motor and away we go. This car responds to the throttle like a thoroughbred when you loosen the reins. Forty miles an hour and yet no vibration, no conscious effort. The steady pull of the six cylinders gives an easy, gliding motion like sliding on runners.

Such velvety smoothness is possible only in a "Six." In a "four" there's a gap between the impulses of the pistons. In the Master "Six" the impulses overlap; the push of the pistons is continuous. So there's no vibration to shorten the life of the car. No weariness after the ride. You are conscious only of the comfort and exhilaration as you skim along, the tires singing over the frosty road.

See What You're Missing

Look down there at the river winding through the willows, black against the mantle of white. Never saw that scene in winter? Why, man, you're cheating yourself and your family. This is only one of a hundred such beauty spots of winter which a Chalmers "Six" will bring into your life. You'll go fifty miles from home where you used to go five. No hill is too steep for it—no road too heavy.

The persistent power of this Master Motor seems without limit. Up hill or down you are conscious of no strain, no labor. Its silence is amazing.

This silence and lack of effort means far more than excess of power. It proves the absence of undue friction and wear. It means low upkeep and years of added service.

The Car That Knows No Seasons

There are many bright, balmy days in midwinter far more delightful for motoring than the dusty days of summer.

Even when the weather is bad the quickly adjustable Collins curtains and the rain-vision windshield of the Master "Six" enclose you completely. Full control of the car is within reach of your arm; there's no occasion to get out in the snow or mud or rain.

Think of the many days you've kept the kiddies out of school in winter on account of bad walking or rough weather.

If you had a Chalmers "Six"—but you know better than we can tell you what a world of usefulness it opens up. How much nearer it brings the concerts, the theaters and your friends.

The Master "Six" Has Captured the Country

The nation-wide success of the Chalmers "Six" is known to all. Its sales have eclipsed everything in our past history.

The reason is clear. Every claim we make for the Master "Six" is fully proved even in midwinter by the Chalmers Standard Road Test. This practical test under normal road conditions is convincing; under the extreme conditions of winter it becomes overwhelming.

So we urge you to make this test now, on frozen roads, on roads heavy with snow or mud. It will give you a new standard from which to judge all cars. It will give you a new conception of the delights of winter motoring.

Roadster	\$2175	Six Passenger	\$2275
Four-Passenger	2175	Coupe	2850
Five-Passenger	2175	Limousine	3600

All bodies interchangeable. Five wire wheels, \$80 extra

Fully equipped, F. O. B. Detroit

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

ROYCROFT VALENTINES



The little god of love lends himself to many poses ✽ The Roycroft artists have caught him in some of his happiest, and have embodied these in Valentines ✽ Dainty Valentine girls, Roycroft Fra-Lick Valentines, and cunning cupids.
Price, Ten Cents Each.

THE ROYCROFTERS EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Gift Candy

☞ For Valentine Day and other days, when gifts of candy are in the order of things, send Roycroft Pecan-Patties. These are made of the purest maple-syrup and choicest pecan-nuts. We pack them daintily in a special box, and will enclose our own appropriate cards or yours, as preferred. Send your order ahead of the day for which the gift is intended, and we will make shipment at the proper time. The price for our special box is One Dollar. Postpaid to any address.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora; N. Y.



FAME AND FARMING

An Appreciation by Fra Elbertus



PHILIP D. ARMOUR

Philip D. Armour supplied a market for farmers' products. He paid out to farmers more money than any other man who lived during his own lifetime. He felt that he was in partnership with the farmer, that the farmer's prosperity was his own. Often he used to say, "I can only hope to thrive as the farmers thrive."

Philip D. Armour devised fertilizers that helped vastly in the wealth production of the world. The methods adopted by Philip D. Armour are still continued by the Armour People, for although Philip D. Armour has ceased to live, his spirit abides and his soul goes marching on.

To the farmer we look for food. The farmer feeds the world. New York City is always within twenty-four hours of actual starvation. With variations, this statement applies to all big cities. By Nineteen Hundred Twenty-eight, New York expects to have a population of eight million souls. And the telephone interests, with an eye on the future, are making their plans on this assumption.

Greece and Rome languished because the mass of the people preferred the squalor and poverty of the city to a comfortable competence and contact with the soil. When the folks came flocking from the farms, Rome began to lose power and prestige. The great man of the hour was no longer a Cincinnatus, called from the plow to direct the nation's battles. This condition was due to a lack of co-ordination between proletariat and commissariat. Salvation now, as then, is in the soil. The farmer is our only hope.

The day of efficiency in farming is at hand. A judicious

admixture of theory and practise will give the world more and bigger crops than she has known. To cite a familiar instance: The average American farmer is still growing thirty bushels of corn to the acre. This is only one bushel more than the average given for Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine. Think of it!—a quarter of a century and no advance. We are raising more corn, of course, but also our acreage has increased. Thirty years ago we considered a corn yield of sixty bushels to the acre, very big. And we still do today. But occasionally is found a man or a boy who can make a hundred bushels of corn grow where thirty grew before. And a hundred bushels to the acre should be the rule and not the exception—and it will be so when we learn how to use the right fertilizer.

The total value of all crops raised in Iowa in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen was four hundred thirty millions of good Woodrow Wilson dollars. And it was a bad year at that.

Take also the case of Potatoes. Potatoes are the world's most important crop. In America the Indians had raised small potatoes and few in a hill. The Pilgrim Fathers improved on the farming of the Indians and raised a hundred bushels to the acre. The Irish succeeded in raising from two hundred to five hundred bushels to the acre. And then we called 'em Irish potatoes. Politics and potatoes go together. The record crop of potatoes was raised by Lord Roseberry, who produced two thousand bushels on a single acre.

The best potato-land in the United States is worth five hundred dollars an acre, because it will pay a return on this valuation. As yet, however, as a people, we are really on the Red Indians' preserve—we raise small potatoes and few in a hill.

Fortunately, there are remedies, and they are being applied successfully. The theories of crop rotation are more thoroughly understood and more scientifically applied than was the case a few years ago. Land is not allowed to run down. It is possible to run every good thing (crops not excepted) into the ground.

Soil needs nourishment in proper and precise proportions. How shall soil get this nourishment? Why, from *Armour's* superior *Animal Fertilizers*.

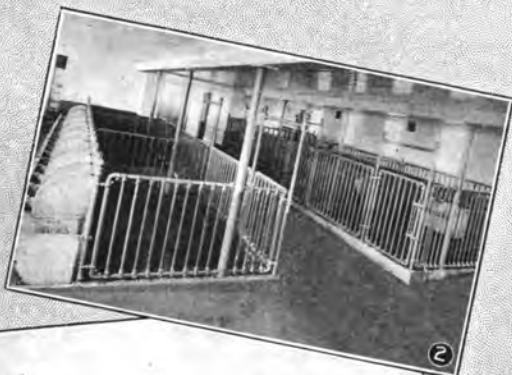
Mixed with brains, *Armour's Fertilizers* bring bumper crops. To watch your fields laugh a harvest, just tickle 'em with *Armour's Fertilizers*. These fertilizers do three things that enable the American farmer to boost his bank-balance and scoot around in his runabout collecting his rents. And those three things are these: They (1) enrich the soil, (2) increase the yield, (3) improve the quality.

To every American Farmer I would say, "Don't envy a big bank-balance—use *Armour's Fertilizers* and have one!"

Send for gratis literature, and fertilize your mind.

ARMOUR & COMPANY

Chicago, Illinois



Countless Contented Cows Contribute Cream

"Double riches of content," said Shakespeare as he quaffed a flagon of the lactean ambrosia.

You just double your profits when your cows are housed in a James equipped barn.

Feed-bills are less and the yield is more.

The work of caring for your stock is cut in two, and your fun doubled.

Cows—just like bairns—thrive only when they live in sanitary, well-ventilated homes.

It pays big profits to keep cows well cared for

☛ Their efficiency to produce is just that much greater and you reap the benefits.

I should cease to worry?—Yes, Hezekiah, yes

JAMES MANUFACTURING CO.
B D 11 RIVER STREET





Bully Barns Bring Better Butter

James barns are properly built—scientifically constructed—designed by experts who have studied and know every requirement of the cow that yields the milk.

James shows you how to remodel old barns, also how to plan and build new ones.

House your cows in James Barns and you have given them the principle and pointed the way to peace and happiness.

James Service gives you advice and counsel free.

But whether you are planning to build a James Model Barn now, or later, send for our Barn Building Book. It costs you nothing and may supply you with a few big ideas.



JAMES MFG. COMPANY
FT. ATKINSON, WIS.



James Mfg. Co., B D 11 River St., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

As you request, I am answering the following questions and would like to have a copy of your free Barn Building Book.

I expect to build in 1914, about.....

I want to take care of..... COWS

Would also like to have the free catalogs checked:

☐ Stalls, Stanchions, Pens, etc. ☐ Carriers, Feed Trucks, etc.
☐ Ventilators.

Name.....

Post office.....

R. F. D. State.....



Why Grope Blindly Through Another Year?

If you are not progressing as fast as you desire, if you are bewildered by business problems that seem to defy solution, then you are as the man whose eyes are blindfolded. *You are mentally blind.*

You need to *see*, to *understand* the mastering, success-giving powers within you—the energies that *must be developed and put into action* before those big, desirable business achievements *are yours*. And, right now, while you stand on the threshold of a new year, let—

Sheldon Point The Way

The Sheldon Course is the application of fundamental and scientific laws to *your own personality*. It will develop, systematize and co-ordinate your powers—make you 100% efficient, capable of solving every business problem, of achieving the highest results from your business. That is why it is called the Science of Business Building.

Sheldon Book Sent FREE

The coupon, or a postal or letter, will bring you the Sheldon Book—*free*. From the vital facts set forth you can judge for yourself why 60,000 men have profited by the Sheldon Course. Send for book and full information today.

The Sheldon School

404 Gunther Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

COUPON

The Sheldon School,
404 Gunther Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Send me the Sheldon Book free, and full
information about the Sheldon Course.

Name

Street Address

City State



It Wins Its Way By SERVICE L.C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

(Ball Bearing—Long Wearing)

In buying a typewriter you want a satisfactory answer to three questions:

*What will it do for me?
How well will it do it?
How long will it do it?*

By answering these queries with the needs of the typewriter owner and user in mind, the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Company has attained the front rank in the typewriter field.

Some people think that a typewriter is a typewriter and that is all there is to it. Machines may look alike but there is a lot of difference in efficiency.

The new Model Five is built not only for straight correspondence but for tabulating, billing and in fact for every service needed in the average business.

Its ball bearings at all points where friction develops through action, permit close adjustment and insure correct and accurate typewriting.

We would like the opportunity to tell you more about it.



Mail this Coupon checking the kind of work you have to do:

Gentlemen:—I am interested in a Typewriter for
☐ General Correspondence ☐ Card Writing
☐ Billing ☐ Tabulating ☐ Label Writing

Name

Address

To L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Company
Home Office and Factory at Syracuse, N. Y.

Idle Hour Place Stock Farm

REGISTERED HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE

Sales to the right of us,
Sales to the left of us,
Volleyed and thundered!

But from all valleys rode sixty times six hundred. All on their way to the one really good sale. An individual sale, not a consignment sale.

April 29th and 30th, 1914

The sale of 175 animals on these two days consists of only a small part of my herd. Write any time in the year for what you want.

T. H. RUSSELL
Geneva, Ohio

WHY CIRCLE "A"?

A QUESTION ASKED AND ANSWERED

SEVERAL good Roycrofters who read our advertisement in the January *FRA* wrote in and asked about the name, and we are glad they did. It gives a chance to explain. So here you have it:

"A" represents first quality, first, last and all the time. The "circle" denotes the scope of investigation required to make possible the "A."

Circle "A" is made from Ginger purchased in the green state, and imported from the Island of Jamaica, hermetically sealed.

Our Ginger-Ale plant in Waco is said, by people who know, to be the finest in the world.

Our apparatus is of the best, and some of it is sterling-silver-lined.

It has taken years of time, trouble and travel to produce the beverage bearing the Circle "A" brand. But it has been worth while.

Circle "A" has the flavor and the taste—a delightful aroma, sparkle and bouquet.

For a carbonated beverage that

smacks of good health and good-cheer, we recommend Circle "A" Ginger Ale. **U**shkabibble! May we receive your order for a trial case of Circle "A"! We are certain every reader of *THE FRA* would recognize the excellence of our product.



21
BLUE RIBBONS
AND GOLD MEDALS



\$3.00 CASE DELIVERED PREPAID
ANYWHERE IN THE SOUTH.



21
BLUE RIBBONS
AND GOLD MEDALS

ARTESIAN MFG. & BOTTLING CO. WACO, TEX. U.S.A.

This combination reading-table and bookshelves is a Roycroft Special. First built with an idea of utility and service. Every library needs just this convenient little piece. ¶ It typifies the genuineness of Roycroft Furniture. Its simplicity, strength, beautiful workmanship, and finish are all characteristic points. ¶ This is the only piece of our furniture upon which we make any exception as to price and shipping rules.



Solid Quartered Oak
Roycroft Brown Dull Wax Finish
Combination Reading-Table
and Bookshelves, No. 022
Top, 15 x 26 inches; Height, 30 inches

¶ The only reason for an exception here is made to help convince you that Roycroft Furniture is all we claim for it. ¶ The regular price of this piece is Sixteen Dollars, but here is our offer: Remit us Twelve Dollars with your order and we will send it anywhere in the United States, East of the Mississippi, freight prepaid. To Western points we prepay to the Mississippi and you pay the rest.

Send 25c for complete catalog of our furniture.

THE ROYCROFTERS EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



**FRENCH, GERMAN
SPANISH OR ITALIAN**

To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way. You must hear it spoken correctly over and over, till your ear knows it. You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it. You must talk it and write it. All this can be done by the

Language-Phone Method

Combined with Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. He speaks as you desire—slowly or quickly, night or day, for minutes or hours at a time. Anyone can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.

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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.

ble, but there's no stopping a Wilder jest in mid-career, to put salt on its tail, or chloride of lime. Colonel Wilder has been telling jokes for so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. He has told everybody's own particular favorite story before anybody ever heard of it.

And while the rest of the world has been agitating and muck-raking and up-lifting and lecturing and homilizing and delivering messages to Garcia and other people, Wilder has just jollied us all along and made us feel good to ourselves and others. That's something, I should say.

But the devil should n't have all the good tunes, nor Wilder all the

MARSHALL P. WILDER should be indicted by the Federal Grand Jury. His offense is a combination in restraint of trade in jokes. Colonel Wilder has cornered all the jokes and stories there are. He has all his own, and ours, all the new ones and all the old ones. To him there's no such thing as "that's another story." There is no "other story." The first and the last are his. Wilder! There's a man who makes us cough to hear his jokes. Hubbard's jokes are tama-

good stories—nor Hubbard all the wicked ones. Wilder, I repeat, is a monopoly, a private monopoly of jests—therefore, to be abhorred.

—William Marion Reedy.

MEN are like motors—some are self-starters, their own initiative automatically giving impetus to actions; others require cranking by a master mind before their engines are brought into play. If you would be a 1914 model, be a self-starter.—Frederick C. Kuhn.

AMERICA has furnished to the world the character of Washington, and if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.—*Daniel Webster.*

IF I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solution of some of them which will deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant, I should point to India. And if I were to ask myself from what literature we here in Europe—we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of the Greeks and the Romans and the Semitic races—may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact more truly human, a life not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life, again I should point to India.—*Max Muller.*

John Rogers didn't die of cold feet, and neither will Elbert Hubbard.—*Marilla Ricker.*

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75 cents

Hand-Wrought Copper Paper-Knife



25 cents

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York State

EVERY day vaccination laws remain in force, children are being poisoned, diseased, crippled, tortured, maimed and killed by this barbarous and cruel malpractise inherited from our ignorant and superstitious forebears of a pre-scientific age.—*Dr. J. W. Hodge.*

MAY the virtue and happiness of the people be preserved and the Government which they instituted for the protection of their liberties be perpetual.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

WHEN will this happen in your home? When will your wife or sister, alone in the night, have to face the burglar? Get ready for that night. For you can out-arm any burglar. You can protect your home and family with an unfailing defender—the ten shot Savage Automatic, with its ten ready bullets—ready to fly fast or slow as she wants them. This automatic wipes out all “Didn’t-know-it-was-loaded” danger, because it tells positively at a glance or touch if it is loaded—.32 and .380 calibers.

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THE ROYCROFT FRATERNITY

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta

From *THE FRA Magazine* for February, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen

- Note reference to The Roycroft Junta in Mr. Hubbard's newsy article entitled, *A Week Off*. Do you think you have benefited from your Junta Meetings of the year just past?
- Meaning of (a) *en rapport*; (b) *hoi polloi*.
- Why is the Miter Tavern famous in the annals of English literature?
- Who were the following: (a) Doctor Johnson? (b) Oliver Goldsmith? (c) David Garrick? (d) James Boswell?
- What is the Nebular Hypothesis?
- (a) What does *Mazda* stand for? (b) Who are the *Rotarians*? From what Latin word is the name derived?
- Explain the allusion to “Roman augurs,” on page 132, first column. Why did Roman augurs smile knowingly when they met and shook hands?
- Who was (a) Marshall Field? (b) Gordon Selfridge? (c) Epictetus? (d) Confucius? (e) Why is Epictetus referred to as “Mayor Gaynor's friend”?
- Who is John D. Rockefeller? How has the Oil King benefited millions?
- In what connection is Roger Williams mentioned in American history?
- Who are (a) the Quakers? (b) Mennonites? (c) Dunkards?
- What is a “*parvenu*”?
- Is the Standard Oil Company a corrupt corporation—a predatory organization?
- How is Luther Burbank helping humanity along?
- Characterize Mark Antony's speech at Cæsar's funeral.
- What was the “diplodocus”?
- Who was Richard Cobden?
- How does Charon figure in Greek Mythology?
- What great scientific discovery did Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace hit on at about the same time?
- What happened at the Boston Tea-Party?
- Who were (a) Garibaldi? (b) Thomas Paine? (c) Kosuth? (d) Carl Schurz? (e) Kosciuszko? (f) Pulaski? (g) John Brown?
- Give your own definition of “moral turpitude.”
- What is “guerrilla warfare”?
- Quote at least five celebrated lines from Gray's *Elegy*.
- Tell why the following are famed: (a) Hegel? (b) Bismarck? (c) Von Buelow? (d) Kant? (e) Lessing? (f) Fichte? (g) Schopenhauer? (h) Wagner? (i) Mozart? (j) Bach? Who are (a) Harnack? (b) Eucken? (c) Pastorius?
- Meaning of the German word “Gesundheit”?
- What is the problem the railroads are facing at this time?
- Should the Government control the railroads? Argue for or against, and give reasons.
- “Happiness is a by-product.” Explain.
- Why does Turkey get the ax?
- What is the matter with the maxim which says, “In time of peace, prepare for war”? Is this what Charles Lamb would term a “popular fallacy”?
- Why did Greece and Rome disintegrate?
- Explain the value of Agricultural Education.

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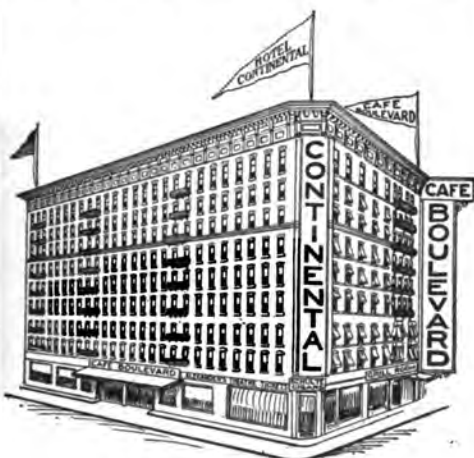
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in Winter*

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Your Winter-Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing."*



*"And when like her,
oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-
Scatter'd on the Grass
And in your joyous errand
reach the spot
Where I made One, turn
down an empty Glass!"*

*"Why, if the Soul can fling
the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of
Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame —
were't not a Shame
for him,
In this clay carcase crippled
to abide?"*

THE RUBAIYAT
OF OMAR KHAYYAM
FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION



MAR KHAYYAM is the great modern Philistine. He lived eight hundred years ago, but the world has just discovered him. We like him because he expresses our mood. He is an Optimistic Pessimist. ¶ As a special premium with a year's subscription to *The Philistine*, we offer a copy of Old Omar's Rubaiyat. The book is from our new pocket edition, in flexible leather covers. Just the book for a Valentine gift—beautiful, artistic, unique! ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

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Price, \$1.50 a pair
Made in five sizes:
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The Modeled-Leather Articles shown on this page have both value and beauty to recommend them to you. To purchase any one of them compliments your discernment and taste.



The Roycroft Artists and workers have, in the manufacture of any article, the standard set by the years of quality producing which makes possible the present product

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Suitable for Stamp-Case

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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

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AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



We have it on excellent authority that the consumption bacillus and pneumococcus have been found on the dirty hands of children who crawl about the floor, the infected dust of the streets being brought on to the carpets of floors. ¶ But children crawl and creep, and the floor is their rightful stamping-ground. To take them off the floor is to deprive them of much healthful exercise. ¶ What to do? Why, keep the floor sweet and sanitary; a fit place for the gyrations and genuflections of the gin. ¶ But how will we do it? Why, by installing a Tuec. ¶ And what is a Tuec, do you ask? Goodness gracious, Terese, your ignorance is amazing. I am disappointed in you. If you want to know about the Tuec, drop a line to

THE UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY
33 Hurford Street
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requesting information. Here is my self-filler—there's no time like right now.

P. S.—We are in receipt of an ultimatum from Canton to this effect: "A few good territories still open. Write for terms."

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The latest achievement of modern science—the two machines combined in a practical, easy operating thorough cleaning device **The Hoover**

sweeps up hair, thread, lint; shakes loose imbedded sand and grit; removes all dirt and soot by powerful suction; brushes up the crushed-down nap, and restores the original colorings to the floor coverings.

It's the machine you've always wanted and expected, and now it's here ready for you.

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The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co.
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(25 cents in stamps brings illustrated booklet)

THE CASE IN COURT

ELBERT HUBBARD, Reporter

Scene: A Court Room of the Supreme Court of the State of Public Welfare, Trial Term.

Dramatis Personae: Judge, Jury, Lawyers, Stenographers, Onlookers.

On Trial: SANATOGEN.

The Accusation: Too good to be true.

(Continued From January Issue.)

Bailiff—Hear ye—hear ye! etc.

Judge—Gentlemen, we continue the case of The People *versus* Sanatogen. I understand the testimony is now all in, and the attorneys on both sides agree to submit the case on its merits without further argument. Are there any questions the jury would like to ask before they retire to deliberate on their verdict?

Juror No. 6—I would like to ask just one question!

Judge—You may state it.

Juror—I wish the Court would tell me what a man is.

Judge (Smiling)—The question is too difficult for this Court to answer; I submit it to any one of the learned counsel present who feels competent to answer. (Silence.) The Jurors seems to think that the Court is omnipotent.

Juror—Not exactly that, but yesterday Sir Gilbert Parker gave us a definition of *Nature*, and if a man can explain what Nature is, he ought to be able to tell us what a man is.

Judge—The point is well taken; I see Sir Gilbert is in the Court Room; will he please step forward and explain to this jury what a man is? (Sir Gilbert Parker steps forward.)

Sir Gilbert Parker—One thing sure, man exists. Man is an animal, and an animal is a manifestation of Energy. If you wish to call it Divine Energy, you may. But the

thing that distinguishes man from the rest of the animal creation is his ability to think, to imagine, to project his intelligence by a spirit of prophecy into the future, and to remember and record the past. Man is a thinking, reasoning—and usually unreasonable—manifestation of Divine Energy. He is a spiritual being in a physical body. He reaches the material world through this body. Here spirit and matter blend. My apology for man is that he is in process—that he is not yet created. I do not believe that the six days of creation are yet up, but the East is all aglow. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." But as we are now, we are spiritual beings living in physical bodies. And our personal success and the success of the race turns on a proper care of our bodies.

Judge—Sir Gilbert, you do not pretend to know all about it?

Sir Gilbert Parker—Certainly not, your Honor. I merely venture to give an opinion.

Judge—That will do for the present. If there is no objection I will now proceed to charge the jury.

Gentlemen of the Jury, you have listened with patience and intelligence to the presentation of the testimony in this case. It has been explained to you by various eminent specialists and men of high repute what Sanatogen is, how it is manufactured, what its constituent parts are, and what is claimed for it as a remedial agent.

Certainly it is not a "dope," to use a vulgarism much in vogue. It is not a patent medicine; it is not a cure-all, nor a panacea for all of the ills of earth. It does not take the place of fresh air, of good-cheer, of kindness, of work, of love.

You were told by Sir Hall Caine and others that a man's thinking influences the condition of his body, and the condition of his body influences his outlook in life.

Fear tends to increase the heart-beat and then there is an equalization and the heart-beat dies down. Extremes in the circulation of the fluids in the body tend to disease. Right thinking tends to harmonious bodily conditions.

Success is hygienic, and love is sanitary.

The Latin maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body—is a very good one. The only question, therefore, is for you to consider whether Sanatogen tends toward putting the body in right relationship to its environment.

You will bear in mind that it is not claimed that Sanatogen "cures" or "heals." All it does is to aid Nature in performing her perfect work. The testimony has shown that Sanatogen is a tonic, a gentle stimulant and a food. It does not take the place of other healthful and palatable foods. The argument seems to be that the maxim, "Everything good in moderation," is eminently a commonsense proposition.

All that is claimed here is that Sanatogen in its tendency is beneficial in its results, since it is easily and quickly taken up by the digestive tract and nourishes the entire system, especially the nerves and brain. To this end it is regarded by educated men as a valuable material in building up and sustaining the human body, especially where the individual is working under great mental strain and stress. Men and women, and especially those in middle life, and elderly people, are recommended to use this preparation. The name of the preparation we are told symbols its quality. "Sanito" means sanity, or that which is sane and sensible,

efficient and helpful. The word "gen" refers to life. Eugenics, able life—disgenics, poor or reduced life. You will bear in mind that you have been instructed that doctors do not cure, and a medicine itself does not heal. All we can possibly do is to put the individual in right relationship to Nature, so the natural forces, or what Sir Gilbert calls "Divine Energy," shall play through us. It thus seems that man is a sort of dynamo or a transformer of energy; also at the same time he seems to generate energy that is picked by the body out of the atmosphere, as the electric current makes use of the electrode, carrying material from point to point. Perhaps electricity will yet be found to be the secret of life.

The Court now directs the Jury to retire and deliberate and decide as to whether Sanatogen shall continue to be recommended to intelligent men and women as a useful, healthful, efficient aid to right living.

The bailiff will conduct the Jury to their room, and we will await their deliberation and listen later to their verdict. (Jury retires. An interval of fifteen minutes occurs, when the jury file in.)

Clerk of the Court—Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed on a verdict?

Foreman—We have.

Clerk—The foreman of the jury will please state the verdict.

Foreman—We, the Jury, find that the charge against Sanatogen, to wit: Too good to be true, is not sustained, and Sanatogen, therefore, is not guilty as charged in the indictment. We find that Sanatogen is an honest, simple preparation; that in it there is nothing mysterious, metaphysic, supernatural, strangely peculiar or deleterious. It is one of Nature's remedies, devised by skilful chemists, and prepared in a way so that it can be easily and readily utilized by the human economy for our permanent good and lasting benefit.

Judge—The Case is closed, and the Clerk will engross the verdict on the record as presented. The jury is dismissed.



MITCHELL SIXES

Products of Long Experience

This company has been building popular priced sixes longer than any other concern in this country. Hence the sixes we offer are the product of many years of experience and in no sense experiments.

The *Mitchell Little Six*, which was known as the "Baby Six" in 1912, is, in our opinion, the most logical investment in the automobile market. It is not only the sensible compromise between big and little power and passenger capacity, but it has everything that any high-priced car can offer you.

It has quality that insures long life. It has the style of beauty that the exacting mind demands. It has as much speed and power as any person can desire. It will hold its place in any company and look classy and work perfectly for several years to come. Its equipment is complete, and details thereof sterling in character. The price, \$1,895, brings this smart car to you ready for instant use. There is nothing left for you to buy—no extras—no appurtenances.

The *Mitchell Big Six* is the largest and best car at the price that has ever been produced. It is built along the same lines as the Little Six, save that it has 144-inch wheel base, somewhat larger tires, greater passenger capacity. Yet the quality of the two are identical. The equipment is precisely the same—the outward beauty similar. For a big family car the Big Six has no equal in America and there is nothing as good for less than \$3,500 or \$4,000. The price of the Mitchell Big Six is only \$2,350.

The *Mitchell Four* is intended for those who feel that they cannot afford either of the Sixes. It is the only four cylinder car we make. We build it to meet the demand of those persons who still like a four-cylinder car of class at a popular price. It has the same equipment as the other two cars and sells for \$1,595. We want you to look this car over minutely and then ask yourself if there is a four-cylinder car at anywhere near the price that can compare with this one in any detail.

Here is the Equipment for all the Mitchell Models Which is Included in the List Prices, as Given:

Electric Self-Starter and Generator—Electric Lights—Electric Horn—Electric Magnetic Exploring Lamp—Mohair Top and Dust Cover—Tungsten Valves—Jiffy-Quick-Action Side Curtains—Quick-Action Two-Piece Rain Vision Wind Shield—Demountable Rims With One Extra—Speedometer—Double Extra Tire Carrier—Bair Bow Holders—License Plate Bracket—Pump, Jack and complete set of first-class tools.

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Brunswick "Baby Grand" Pocket Billiard-Table

STYLE "B" Size, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ feet

Handsome Figured Mahogany—Fancy Wood Inlaid Design—Vermont Slate Bed—Baby Monarch Cushions—Ball and Cue Racks, the latter concealed—Accessory Drawer for playing equipment

BOYS AND BILLIARDS

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

You all know the old, old story of how a certain boy's parents, possessed of a Puritanical bias, sternly forbade his playing cards at home. ¶ So this boy, being a real boy, left his happy home. Like the soldier in the song, he had a good home, but he left. He played poker with unpromising companions, consumed countless coffin-nails, and in short, went from bad to worse with a reckless abandon that made the old soaks at home shake their heads thoughtfully. He developed various vicious traits, came to an untimely end, and brought his parents' silver threads in sorrow to the grave.

This is the time-honored yarn once so prevalent in the Sunday Skule Books. Yet it has enough of the saving salt of truth to make it point a moral even in this day and generation. Parents nowadays are more liberal-minded. They realize that boy nature changes very little from age to age. They know that bad boys are merely good boys gone wrong. Most boys crave excitement. "Something doing," is the motto of the modern American Boy. Bring the real good time right into the home, and no boy will go downtown in search of an

unnatural and unhealthy "good time."

¶ Even the best-equipped Billiard parlor has nothing on the home that boasts a Brunswick "Baby Grand." Billiards itself is one of the cleanest and most charming games ever devised for the amusement of mortal man. It is one of the greatest indoor sports on the carpet. ¶ The Brunswick "Baby Grand" Home Billiard-Table stands for real Billiards—the same game the experts play, even if somehow it doesn't seem quite the same game when *they* play it. Brunswick "Baby Grand" billiards is no gentle parlor diversion, no croquet or croquettes, no pretty ping-pong—just straight Billiards from the word "go." The Biblical injunction, "an eye for an eye," is here recalled.

A "Baby Grand" in the Home is almost as constant a source of delight and diversion as a Grand Baby. A room 12×15 feet accommodates the model shown at the top of the page, and there is plenty of elbow-room, besides, for participants. ¶ Brunswick-Balke-Collender Billiard-Tables are shipped everywhere, every day. Safe delivery is assured. Fill in the coupon and mail today.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.,

Dept. R. V. 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Gentlemen :

Please send the beautiful color-illustrated catalog *BILLIARDS—THE HOME MAGNET* and details of Easy Purchase Plan to

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TOWN _____

STATE _____



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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

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ECONOMICALLY, EFFICIENTLY, HONESTLY,
FAITHFULLY; TO THE END THAT ALL PARTIES
IN EVERY TRANSACTION SHALL THRIVE,
AND THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE
GREATEST NUMBER FOLLOW

—*John D. Rockefeller*



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THE FRA



A JOURNAL OF
AFFIRMATION



Vol. XII

MARCH, 1914

No. 6



W. ATLEE BURPEE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



Mitchell Little Six
\$1,895.00

No Mitchell model lacks any essential or convenience that the careful owner desires or demands. And still the prices remain as they always have been—*popular*.

No detail of the Mitchell is sacrificed, or even cheapened, to improve another or to add to the physical beauty of the whole. From stem to stern *the car is a gem of quality* and there are 30,000 satisfied owners *ready to say so*.

John W. Bate, the man who created the Mitchell, is back of it—putting into it his skill, his knowledge and his spirit. So that every Mitchell Model simply *must make good* or some one must account to Mr. Bate.

We know of no car in America that involves you in so little risk—so little expense of maintenance—so little wear and tear on the disposition. *It is the most car and the best car for the money that the automobile industry has produced.*

The Mitchell Models for 1914:

The Mitchell Little Six—Fifty horse-power—132-inch wheel base—36x4½ inch tires—two and five passenger capacity - - - - - **\$1,895**
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Electric Self-Starter and Generator—Electric Lights—Electric Horn—Electric Magnetic Exploring Lamp
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—Quick-Action Rain Vision Wind-Shield—Demountable Rims With One Extra—Double Extra Tire
Carriers—Bair Bow Holders—License Plate Bracket—Pump, Jack and complete set of tools.

Prices F. O. B. Racine

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

Burpee's Annual for 1914



"The Leading American Seed Catalog"

It tells the **plain truth** about the famous **Best Seeds That Grow**. Besides colored plates of popular **BURPEE-SPECIALTIES**, this bright book of 182 pages shows hundreds of the choicest vegetables and most beautiful flowers, illustrated from photographs. It is almost indispensable to every one who has a garden, either for pleasure or profit, and is mailed **Free to all** who can appreciate the value of the **BURPEE-QUALITY IN SEEDS**.

The "**House of Burpee**" is known the world over not only as **Leading Experts in Sweet Peas**, but also as **SEED SPECIALISTS**. No other American firm has ever introduced so many novelties of sterling value,—and no other growers supply seeds annually direct to so many planters. It might be to your interest to read **THE BURPEE ANNUAL**. It will cost you only one cent for a post card to send us your address, and you are under no obligation to buy. We never annoy applicants with "follow-up" letters. Shall we mail you a copy? If so, kindly **write to-day**.

Burpee's SWEET PEAS

THE BURPEE COLLECTIONS advertised below are the choicest yet offered. Such values would be impossible even with us, had we not increased our acreage in the Beautiful Lompoc ("Little Hills") Valley, California. Here, under the personal care of the Resident Manager at our **FLORADALE FARM—"The Home of Flowers"**—we had the past season one hundred and eighty acres of **SWEET PEAS** alone! We hold the largest stocks of **SELECTED "SPENCERS"** in the world.

Six "Superb Spencers"

For 25 Cts. we will mail one 15-cent packet of **BURPEE'S ORCHID**, the most beautiful helio-mauve, which alone sold last year at 12 seeds for 25¢—one regular 10-cent pkt. (40 to 50 seeds) each of **BEATRICE SPENCER**, deep pink; **GEORGE HERBERT**, rosy carmine; **MRS. C. W. BREADMORE**, cream edged rose; **STIRLING STENT**, bright glowing salmon-orange; also one large packet (90 to 100 seeds) of **THE NEW BURPEE BLEND** of Surpassingly Superb Spencers for 1914, which is an absolutely unequalled mixture. With each collection we enclose our Leaflet on Culture. Purchased separately, these six packets would cost 65 cents.

Six "Superfine Spencers"

For 25 Cts. we will mail one regular 10-cent packet (containing 40 to 50 seeds) each of **APPLE BLOSSOM SPENCER**, rosy-pink and white; **BURPEE'S DUPLEX SPENCER**, cream-pink and apricot; **ETHEL ROOSEVELT**, primrose, flaked rose; **OTHELLO SPENCER**, rich maroon; **TENNANT SPENCER**, beautiful mauve, and the glorious **THOMAS STEVENSON**, most glowing orange scarlet.

For 50 Cts. we will mail both collections named above, and also a 15-cent packet of **KING WHITE**, Burpee's greatest novelty for 1914.

Eight "Elegant Spencers"

For 50 Cts. we will mail one regular packet (containing 40 to 50 seeds each and costing 10 and 15 cents per packet separately) of **AURORA SPENCER**, flaked orange-salmon on cream; **DAINTY SPENCER**, white, edged rose-pink; **FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE**, clear soft lavender; **IRISH BELLE**, rich lilac, flushed pink; **KING EDWARD SPENCER**, magnificent crimson; **MRS. RUTZAHN**, buff, suffused light pink; **QUEEN VICTORIA SPENCER**, beautiful primrose, and **VERMILION BRILLIANT**, the best iridescent scarlet. These **EIGHT ELEGANT SPENCERS** were all first named and introduced by us, and are shown painted from nature on the last cover page of **Burpee's Annual for 1914**.

For \$1.00 we will mail all three collections as offered on this page, and also a 15-cent packet each of **KING WHITE**, our greatest novelty for 1914; and the new **GIANT HERCULES**, best of all warm pinks,—making **TWENTY-TWO TESTED SPENCERS** OF **FINEST FLORADALE STOCK** for a Dollar. This great offer could not be duplicated anywhere else in the world. When ordering it is sufficient to write for **BURPEE'S SPECIAL DOLLAR BOX OF SPENCERS**. Whether you order now or not you should write today for

Burpee's 1914 Annual

As advertised above this popular "**SILENT SALESMAN**" is mailed free upon application to all who value Quality in Seeds. In asking for your copy kindly name *The Fra Magazine*. Please Write To-day—"Lest You Forget."



A Spray of
Burpee's Queen Victoria Spencer
Exactly Natural Size. Engraved
from a Photograph.

Some, such as King
White and Hercules are
still larger!

W. Atlee Burpee & Co.,

Burpee Building, Philadelphia

"The World's Largest Mail-Order Seed House"

PUBLIC OPINION

ALL OVER THE WORLD

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Underwood

In Preference to Any Other Typewriter

BECAUSE :

It has proved itself by winning all world's awards for merit
It holds all records for **SPEED—ACCURACY—STABILITY**
It holds the Elliott-Cresson medal awarded by the Franklin
Institute of Pennsylvania—the highest mechanical award

These are Features no Other Writing
Machine can Offer

Underwood

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

least to know whether you are making a fair profit on all your product.

5. Careful study of your overhead to see that you do not overload your productive capacity by complicated book-keeping or methods of obtaining work.

6. Make your every customer a salesman for your business.

This he is always willing to become if you treat him right and give him good service. It is easier to keep business than to get new business. Strain every effort in reason to please the customer.

7. Have satisfied, competent help, and see that they are supplied with an abundance of material; it is cheaper than labor.

8. Be careful that every step

THE principal ingredients that go to make up success in any business are as follows :

1. Strict honesty with your customer, competitor, banker, those who assist you, meaning labor, and in fact in all things, especially with yourself.
2. A thorough knowledge of your business, both mechanically and commercially.
3. An efficient equipment and an efficient force to handle the equipment.
4. A knowledge of your costs sufficient at

or movement is shortened to the uttermost, and that the hygiene of the workrooms is as good as it is possible to make it. Then if the returns show that it can be done, let the producers share with you the results. In fact, the whole establishment should be run on the family basis. "One for all and all for one."

With these I might add that constant watchfulness and thought with unity of action must bring success.—*Charles Francis.*

SOME of the most valuable information I have has come to me from talking with workingmen," said William T. Noonan, President of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad. "I never lose the opportunity of getting a man's point of view, no matter who he is. I know my own point of view. I must get that of others. A foreigner who works on the railroad often has information which it is very important that I get."

It is this attitude of mind which makes Mr. Noonan cosmopolitan, international. Mr. Noonan, dressed for weather, rides from ten to fifteen miles into the country, early in the

morning, and he takes the opportunity to see with a thousand eyes and get a thousand viewpoints where most of us are quite content with one. "I go to school to every person I meet," said Mr. Noonan.

Mr. Noonan meets many people, and he is in a fair way to become the best-educated man in this or any other country. He has the open mind, the immature mind, a mind that will ever be as hungry and eager for truth as it is now.—*Alice Hubbard.*



Both at Once

A little cream and some Grape-Nuts in the spoon, both at once. Then one gets the delicious, nut-like flavour of the cereal, combined with the most digestible of all fats—cream.

The golden-brown granules are tender and crisp; and invite thorough chewing. That's one reason why **Grape-Nuts** food is of special value. There are many others.

Chewing brings down the saliva which is necessary to "taste," and also—more important—to *begin* digestion.

This act of chewing also causes, by a natural reflex action, the flow of digestive juices in the stomach, so that by the time the food reaches that organ, it is ready for further digestion.

In making Grape-Nuts, whole wheat and malted barley are ground into flour, and the "vital" salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) are retained. These "cell-salts" are highly necessary to the daily repair of the tissue cells of body, brain and nerves.

Try a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream regularly for awhile, and notice the mental "glow" and physical "go"—how much better everything seems.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

A MAN asked to define the essential characteristics of a gentleman—using the term in its widest sense—would presumably reply, "The will to put himself in the place of others; the horror of forcing others into positions from which he would himself recoil; the power to do what seems to him right, without considering what others may say or think."—*John Galsworthy.*

No cross, no crown.—*Saint Paulinus.*



Like a Bomb from the Clouds

the aeroplane's message announces its arrival. Far above in the sky the military airship has been learning important facts about the enemy's position. To transmit the information without delay, and enable the aeroplane to continue its observations, a "Dispatch-Carrying Bomb" is dropped, and, through an ingenious device, calls attention to itself at once upon reaching the ground.

This latest invention for modern warfare is interestingly described in

Popular Electricity and the World's Advance FOR FEBRUARY

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Among other striking articles in this issue are:—World's Greatest Electrical Control System at Panama—King Solomon's Mines—Reducing Miner's Phthisis—Cutting Iron Under Water—The Mysterious Ferry Boat—Money That Actually Talks—Curse of the Manana Habit

—Metering Niagara's Power—Mida's Mystery Platform—A Sealed Skyscraper of Glass—Perfected Talking Pictures—Stereoscopic View of Surgical Operations—Chart to Outwit the Magnetic Pole—Where Insanity is Treated as Sickness—Navy's Latest Wireless Feat—Submarine Volcanic Eruption—and these are just typical of the

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tells simply and clearly the things you want to know about electricity. Tells you on the latest developments and astonishing applications of this mysterious force. Shows how to use it yourself. Appeals alike to general reader, student, amateur or practical man.

These 64 pages, alone, constitute a magazine replete with entertainment and instruction for all the family.

Many Other Live Articles

devoted to modern progress along every line. Thirty-two pages bring before you from everywhere, vivid, living pictures and views of the world in action, interesting—educational—uplifting. This magazine entertains—most of 128 pages—200 Subjects—200 Illustrations—awaits you in



better oil and better gasoline at a lower price than any one else could or would, and so the people bought from the Standard Oil Company. The law put an end to the combination, thereby destroying many economies that had been possible, and took away the club which for many years has been held over the back of the Standard Oil Company. And what is the result? We are all paying much higher prices for oil and gasoline than we did before. If you go abroad, however, you find that we are still in much better position than our friends across the water, from the fact that the wonderful machine constructed by the managers of the

Standard Oil Company, even though divided up, still works to such advantage that the successors to that company can and do sell their products at just about one-half what you must pay for the same thing in England or France.—Robert M. Thompson.

THERE is no man so good who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the laws, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life.—Montaigne.

THE legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done, but can not do at all, or can not do so well, for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities. In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere. The desirable things which the individuals of a people can not do, or can not well do, for themselves, fall into two classes: those which have relation to wrongs, and those which havenot. Each of these branches off into an infinite variety of subdivisions.

The first—that in relation to wrongs—embraces all crimes, misdemeanors and non-performance of contracts. The other embraces all which, in its nature, and without wrong, requires combined action, as public roads and highways, public schools, charities, pauperism, orphanage, estates of the deceased, and the machinery of government itself.—*Lincoln*.

He who has the truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.

—*John Ruskin*.

Geraldine Farrar listening to herself as Madame Butterfly

Victor Record 87014—"Entrance of Cio-Cio-San"

You too can hear Miss Farrar just as she hears herself—and to hear her on the Victrola is just the same as hearing her on the operatic or concert stage.

The same sweet voice, with all the personal charm and individuality of the artist, as clear and beautiful on the Victrola as in real life. So perfect that Miss Farrar herself has said:

"Friends may admire, critics praise or condemn, but the Victor in its records decides with unprejudiced fidelity".

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you this dainty little Butterfly number by Miss Farrar (Victor Record 87004) or any other music you wish to hear.

Victor-Victrolas \$15 to \$100
Victrolas \$10 to \$100.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Brisson Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors



New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

THE only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practise, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*Lowell*.

The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.—*George Eliot*.

Announcing the NEW MODEL ROYAL No. 10

**"The Machine with a Personality"
FEATURE No. 2**

No Matter
What Your
Personality
May Be—
The ROYAL
MASTER-
MODEL 10
will fit it:



**"Just
Turn
the
Knob"**

EVERY keen-witted stenographer, every office manager, every expert operator on the firing-line of "BIG BUSINESS" will grasp at once the enormous work-saving value of the *New Royal Model 10*.

Because it is "the machine with a personality"—*your* personality! Think of a master machine with an adjustable touch—a typewriter you can "tune up" to fit your own *personal* touch, simply by "turning the knob" until it strikes the keynote of *YOURSELF*.

Think of getting through your week's work with the *minimum* of effort and banishing the dull grind of "typewriter nerves."

That's only *one* reason why the No. 10 Royal is the *master machine*. There are many other big, vital new features. Combined with the personality of its *regulated* touch, you get a typewriter with 100% speed—100% accuracy—100% visibility—100% durability—making 100% EFFICIENCY. A machine with 1,000 working-parts less than others—a typewriter of *long-term service*, that need not be "traded out" and won't "die young."

The No. 10 Royal introduces many exclusive Royal features not found on any other typewriter in the world. It carries all standard improvements: **Tabulator, Back-Space Key, Bi-chrome Ribbon and Automatic Reverse**, and has the famous **Royal Triple Service Feature**—it writes, types cards and bills!

**BUILT for "BIG BUSINESS"
and its GREAT ARMY of
EXPERT OPERATORS.**

Get the Facts!

Send for the "Royal man" and ask for a DEMONSTRATION. Or write to us direct for our new brochure, "Better Service," and a beautiful Color Photograph of the new Master Model 10, showing all of its many remarkable new features. This advertisement describes only one. "Write now—right now!"



Price \$100 (\$125 in Canada)

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.

Royal Typewriter Building, 359 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

thought and all their energy upon the company's interests. This is quite as impossible as to attempt to make Niagara's mighty waters flow upstream. The only way to get human nature to open up her heart and pour forth her best is by expressions of appreciation. It's the "pats on the back" in the hot sandy desert of hard labor that refresh the soul of the employed and which cause the matter-of-fact way of doing things to change to "a love to do it"—enthusiasm—sublime loyalty—renewed interest—concentration of thought and energy.

Your organization may be fine, your system excellent, perhaps perfect, but if you make un-

THE relations that exist between employer and employee are a vital factor in the success of any business enterprise. Many things enter into these relations, but the chief one is perhaps that of wages. A good many, yes, too many, employers feel that when a definite wage is fixed and by them paid at regular intervals, they not only have a claim on the time and talent of the employed, but that the employed must be enthusiastic, sublimely loyal, and concentrate their every

favorable criticism your chief diet, you will find some day that all your vast army of good workmen will become as dull tools, and you know that that means wasted time, costly errors, delayed deliveries, loss of business, eventually failure. Managers of institutions, you are human, you know that human beings appreciate appreciation and that "pats on the back" judiciously administered may be worth one thousand dollars apiece in the long run. Try them and see if my predictions will

prove true; your business will increase, less time will be squandered, those costly errors will seldom occur, the cost of operation will be materially reduced, and, best of all, those dividends you so love will be greatly increased.

Sure, there are times when you must criticize and occasionally you must reprimand, but if you forget that "pat on the back," your admonitions will soon become useless and conditions made worse rather than better. Give a little thought to this neglected asset, *Appreciation*—then do a little "patting on the back."—*N. V. Watson.*

LOVE peace. I have infinite peace. I give to the world

the Peace that passeth understanding. Nothing can confuse or confound me. I am protected from the snare of the unscientific. From everywhere come words of Life, Health, Beauty and Peace, in reflex of my attitude. I am the embodiment of Health. I radiate Life, Truth and Love.—*Josephine Barton.*

It is only those who do not know how to work that do not love it. To those who do, it is better than play—it is religion.—*J. H. Patterson.*

Eureka! I have found it!

Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment

To be able to file valuable documents, records, papers and books, and find them after many, many days, *safe, undisturbed and in perfect order*, is fine. Nothing ruffles the temper or wastes the time more than hunting for mislaid correspondence. It is better to be sure than sorry; and to get that peace of mind born of a feeling of security invest in a —

Globe Cabinet Safe

The Globe Cabinet Safe may be purchased with nearly any style of interior fittings. All Globe-Wernicke Steel Cabinet Sections fit it—vertical files of all sizes, deep and shallow drawers, card index files and shelves, etc., etc. Equanimity is essential to business success, and this is given by the protection, convenience and security afforded by the Globe Cabinet Safe.

Write for Cabinet Safe Catalog No. 16 at once. Also go to your local Globe-Wernicke dealer who will arrange a Globe Cabinet Safe with special compartments to suit your particular requirements.

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Cincinnati Mfrs. Of Sectional Bookcases—Filing Cabinets—Stationers' Goods

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Globe-Wernicke
No Freight To Pay!

TRUE brotherhood knows no rank nor station, neither is it limited by clime or national boundary. It should be more than the church, club, lodge or social circle, and when it fails to become cosmopolitan, in that it lifts the fallen and strikes the shackles from the oppressed of every land, then does the very name become as a tinkling cymbal and as a sounding brass.—*Edward F. Strickland.*

We but half express ourselves.—*Emerson.*

Philistine Subscription Offer

*"Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing."*



*"And when like her,
oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-
Scatter'd on the Grass
And in your joyous errand
reach the spot
Where I made One, turn
down an empty Glass!"*



*"Why, if the Soul can fling
the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of
Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame —
were't not a Shame
for him,
In this clay carcass crippled
to abide?"*

THE RUBAIYAT
OF OMAR KHAYYAM
FITZGERALD'S TRANSLATION



MAR KHAYYAM is the great modern Philistine. He lived eight hundred years ago, but the world has just discovered him. We like him because he expresses our mood. He is an Optimistic Pessimist. ¶ As a special premium with a year's subscription to *The Philistine*, we offer a copy of Old Omar's Rubaiyat. The book is from our new pocket edition, in flexible leather covers. Just the book for a Springtime gift—beautiful, artistic, unique! ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

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Enclosed find One Dollar for a year's subscription to *THE PHILISTINE* and copy of *The Rubaiyat by Omar Khayyam*. Subscription to be recorded for
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Address.....

Premium to be sent to

Name.....

Address.....

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THE FRA---A Journal of Affirmation

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flavor that appeals to the connoisseur. It is made from the highest grade of purple-blushing, selected olives, in which there is no green or decayed fruit. It is free from chemical treatment or clarifying process of any kind, and is only settled to clear it—no other refining whatsoever.

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conception of values. How finished—how convincing—how satisfying—how fruitful of results in his work. Such a man always has a reserve force—he is always equal to an emergency—he is always going ahead. You are sized up in the same way—it is well to know what kind of a hammer you are swinging.

A certain successful businessman has said that the real salesman is one part talk and nine parts judgment—that he uses the nine parts judgment to tell when to use the one part talk. Whether this is just the right proportion is not important—it is the principle involved that is vital. It makes apparent the necessity for developing judgment which

THE proper appreciation of values—their relative worth—is just about the keynote of this great life problem we are all working out. To know when and where to exert your strength—to appreciate what things are worth striving for and what are not worth while—determines not only the value of the salesman but of the individual in whatever walk of life.

How quickly you are impressed with the man who knows himself—who has a proper

will regulate the amount of talk necessary. It is the sense of values again.—*Albert E. Lyons.*

A MAN should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; it is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—*William Penn.*

I have written always with the perception that there is no life but of the Spirit; that the concrete is really the shadow.—*George Meredith.*

ANOTHER sign of a change in the tides of the business times is shown in the decadence of the muckraking magazines. Even the yellow journals trying to sell their millions of copies to the weak, the ignorant, and the prejudiced, have to devote about one issue a week to the defense of sound business or in advocacy of fair rates to the railroads or in commendation of something in relation to business, whereas formerly the attitude was wholly one of attack upon business. The people are themselves rising up to attack the muckraking of the penny press. When the Administration at the top and the daily-newspaper

readers of the yellow press at the bottom are no longer for muckraking, the business tide of times in this country has indeed turned.

—Clarence W. Barron.

WHERE have I come from, where did you pick me up?" the baby asked its mother. "She answered, half-crying, half-laughing, and clasping the baby to her breast: "You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.



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"You were enshrined with our household deity; in his worship I worshiped you.

"In all my hopes and my loves, in my life, in the life of my mother, you have lived.

"In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home you have been nursed for ages."

—Rabindranath Tagore.

NINETY-NINE-PER-CENT EFFICIENCY

*"These are the times that try men's souls," said the Quaker Patriot.
"Also," we might add, "their brains and bodies."*



MODERN business makes a terrific tax on the nervous system. ¶ The Germans have a motto to the effect that we are all damfools for five minutes every day.

¶ Wisdom consists in not exceeding the speed limit. That is to say, we are entitled, all of us, to five minutes of folly a day. When you begin, however, to bunch your quota for a month into one day, you are on dangerous ground, with paranoia just around the corner.

¶ It is a great thing to keep your nerves from getting on the outside of your clothes.

¶ These things were brought to my attention very sharply a few days ago when I visited the Postl Health Building Institute.

¶ I had seen CHARLES M. POSTL, the Director, on the mat a few years

ago, and the event was unforgettable. ¶ Postl is one of the best types of men turned out by the German army. If conscription can produce this sort of a man, then we want more conscription.

¶ The Emperor William has recently said: "Conscription in the Fatherland will never be abolished. Conscription makes for discipline, and the discipline that makes a good soldier will make a good citizen."

¶ More and more is conscription in the German army taking on educational features, and in the course of time it is bound to be both educational and industrial, with war as a far-off possibility.

¶ Postl is a man who is master of himself. He is of medium size, and in every attitude is graceful, easy, sure. He symbolizes power, purpose, poise, plus.

¶ Postl has intelligence without being a highbrow. All of the brain he has is in use. He is a Commonsense Man. ¶ He weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, is five feet nine, and besides having a superb body, he has the chin, the nose, the mouth, the brow that token the able army officer—the executive.

¶ Postl is a man in whose presence you can keep silence

without embarrassment. He is sympathetic, gentle, and yet behind all of his quiet tones you feel that you are in the presence of a man of decision.

¶ Postl commands respect.

¶ Postl puts men in position where the powers of Nature play through them. ¶ It will pay you to visit the Postl Institute on the seventh floor of the Nepeanuk Building, Sixty-three East Adams Street. The location is central. Just run in and take a peep at this man

and his faithful helpers, and note the cleanliness, the friendliness, the order, the high intelligence that prevails in all of the Postl methods.

Most of us eat too much and breathe too little.

¶ When we exercise, we exercise with dumb-bells in a gymnasium, or resort to methods that tend to tire out the vital organs and increase the size of muscles.

¶ I was pleased to see that Postl uses no apparatus save that which Nature has supplied us.

¶ Every man is given individual treatment. Postl gets acquainted with his "students," studies the case from every possible angle, and gives the man the sort of exercise that is required for his particular condition.

¶ Strenuous exercise that overtaxes the vital organs and makes a demand on the heart is not wise.

¶ If I were a Chicago businessman and found myself getting irritated over little things or big, not sleeping very well, and things not tasting like those which mother used to make, I would hike for Postl's, post-haste.

¶ Visitors here are welcome. Consultation is free. You are given a sample treatment and advice without pay.

¶ If you want to continue, you are welcome to do so; otherwise you just break even and no harm is done.

¶ My advice is, however, to the busy businessman, with overtaxed nerves, who would get himself "FIT," and this quickly:

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THE besom has had its day. It is difficult to understand why it has been "on the carpet" as long as it has, for no more clever device for disseminating disease has been found since Gabriel shoed the first pair out of the Garden for knocking the persimmons.

You remember the man with the hoe, standing there, bowed and bent, a man devoid of spirit and ambition—almost of human intelligence. Edwin Markham's great word-picture made a powerful impression on men's minds. The man with the hoe is merely a type. We recognize the stupid, sodden product, the inevitable result of centuries of sluggish, brutish contact with the soil.

The Woman with the Broom is the co-partner of the Man with the Hoe. They make a well-balanced team. Plodding, patient inefficiency is their watch-word.

The broom and the hoe are discards. The hoe traces a pedigree to the earliest peoples of whom we have any record.

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NOTICE!

The article in February PHILISTINE, "What Is the Matter With This Country?" sold out all extra copies of this issue. To meet the continued demand the good stuff has now been reprinted in booklet form. Prices of "What Is the Matter With This Country?" are as follows:

One dozen copies - - - Fifty Cents

One hundred copies - - - Two Dollars

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The Ropcrofters East Aurora New York



TO the great transitional movement known as the Renaissance, or New Birth, we owe some of the most beautiful and artistic impulses ever molded in the mind of man. Take the stone flower-box shown in the picture; it is supported by Renaissance stone brackets, and is eight feet long. How this reminds us of the immortal Keats, with his

*Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairylands forlorn!*

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Writes Geraldine Farrar:

"I am very glad indeed to express my complete satisfaction with the delicious Creme Nerol made by Forrest D. Pullen. It has my hearty and sincere recommendation."

LET it here be stated, once and for all, that Creme Nerol is in no way connected with the late Crime Nero, Emperor of Rome. ¶ Notwithstanding the many theatrical and Grand-Opera stars down on the list as users of Nerol, Nero's name is sought in vain. Yet the mountebank is known to have made a farewell tour of the Roman Provinces, appearing at the ten-twenty-thirties in spicy song and dance. Nero, you will recall, fiddled while Rome was burning; and this wanton act put a different complexion on matters.

Creme Nerol is for complexions—making bad ones good, good ones better. It softens, whitens, purifies, beautifies, toning up the skin and giving life and vigor.

“Beauty is only skin-deep,” but that is deep enough for any reasonable individual.

¶ Creme Nerol is made by a noted face specialist, who has devoted years to the study. Not a single injurious or impure ingredient is used in its manufacture. It will not promote the growth of hair, nor present a tableau entitled, "The Follicles of 1914."

Among the many footlight favorites who endorse Creme Nerol, may be mentioned: Geraldine Farrar, Margaret Anglin, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Julia Marlowe, Maxine Elliott, Billie Burke, Julie Opp, Mme. Tetrassini, Olive Fremstad, Frances Starr, and Elbert Hubbard.

¶ **Warning:** You will not find Creme Nerol at the department or drug store. ¶ Order direct from the maker and receive a jar of freshly made cream, mailed to any address on receipt of the price, which is One Dollar.

FORREST D. PULLEN

Face Specialist

320 Lewis Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

Booklet on Nerol Toilet Preparation sent free on request

TEA AND THE TARIFF

By ELBERT HUBBARD

A row over a shipload of tea precipitated the Revolutionary War. Americans ought to be thankful every time they see a cup o' tea! But they are not. They drink coffee, instead, and cultivate the dark-brown taste. ¶ One reason, perhaps, why so few Americans, comparatively speaking, are partial to tea, is that until very recently the best grades of tea did not find their way to this country. Inferior brands were imported and sold at extortionate prices. Conditions are changing, however, and the very finest imported teas are now sold very reasonably. ¶ Take the superior grades grown in the Island of Ceylon. I have in mind particularly the brand designated as *Stewart's Six Shilling Tea*, grown in the famous Ugalla Tea-Gardens of Ceylon. This tea is guaranteed absolutely



pure. There is no artificial blending, coloring, flavoring or scenting. ¶ The aromatic essence and bouquet of Stewart's Six Shilling Tea leaves nothing to the imagination. It is a tea-deum, the cup that cheers but not inebriates; a tippie that tastes like more, and leaves no regrets. ¶ For a delightful mild stimulant with no bad after-effects, there can be no drink more beneficial and agreeable than a good cup of tea—Stewart's Six Shilling, be it understood. ¶ We laugh at our English cousins and their everlasting tea-cov, y' know, but hi ai, ole chappie, maybe our bloomin' Henglish cousins are not so dead wrong, after all! There is much to be said on both sides, as Sir Roger de Coverley used to declare. ¶ Here 's to hands across the sea, Tea-ree! Yes, thank you, that is good!—hands across the Tea! ¶ Moreover, the Parcel-Post System is operating in favor of the ultimate consumer, in the end that we can now buy from the Importers direct, incidentally lowering the cost of high living to just that extent. ¶ This is what is known as the profit-sharing plan, and all good Roycrofters are invited to come in on a good thing. ¶ Another cup of Six Shilling, Terese, if you please, No sugar—I take mine straight. ¶ There is an interesting little booklet entitled *Ten Facts*, which will be sent FREE. Write Today—A liberal sample of Stewart's famous "Six Shilling" will be sent for the asking. Ten cents, stamps or coin, to help cover postage and wrapping. Don't be a tea-taster. Send Now—Today—and be glad you did so.

Stewart & Ashby, Importers, 324 River St., Chicago, Ill.
Dept. 1963

"SEE! SEE! OUR HONORED HOSTESS!"

Cried good King Duncan at the Castle of Macbeth. The excellent old monarch thought to feast right royally on rare Cresca delicacies. He little wotted that he would be potted.

Lady Macbeth knew the way to a man's heart, and she touched King Duncan's. But it was through his doublet. She did not leave much room for doubt.

Speaking of Mushrooms: The brand bearing the renowned Cresca Mark has proven the unanimous choice of discriminating hostesses and chefs. ¶ Cresca Mushroom Powder is made from French Mushrooms that are dried and pulverized, but have not lost their savor. ¶ In this form, Mushrooms are admirable for giving savor and seasoning to broiled meats, sauces, soups, dressings and various chafing-dish arrangements. ¶ Your grocer can supply you—or we will fill your order direct by Parcel Post, carriage charges prepaid.



Eighth Pound Tins, 65c Quarter Pound Tins, \$1 10
One Pound Tins, \$3.15

The fascinating Cresca story and a collection of unusual menus and recipes will be found in our booklet sent for a two cent stamp



CRESCA COMPANY

IMPORTERS

366 GREENWICH ST.

NEW YORK

PATRIOTISM involves much more than willingness to risk life in battle for his country's security from foreign or domestic foes. It involves also concern for the nation's economic development, and puts citizens under obligation to be industrious and thrifty and enterprising. The true patriot can never be a parasite. The silent, patient toilers in the fields and the shops and the mines are serving the country as truly as the soldiers in the trenches or on the march or in battle. The

organizers and directors of industrial forces also are patriots, if their work is done in the spirit of unselfish regard for the common good. The same is true of the merchant, the banker, the judge, the teacher, the editor, the physician, the fireman, the policeman, the minister of religion—every man and woman who, while pursuing an individual enterprise, is also conserving and increasing the general welfare. But patriotism involves a deliberate and purposed consideration of national affairs. It is a recognition and acceptance of duties to the State. It makes the citizen a conscientious voter. It charges him with responsibility for the

administration of government and the execution of the laws. It makes him a guardian of public health and of public morals. It makes him a promoter of education and reform. It makes him a watchful observer of legislative action and of public officials. In a word, the true patriot is a good citizen as well as, on occasion of need, a willing and valiant soldier. ¶ We honor the dead who fell in the war to save the Union, not simply because they were soldiers—such they were not by

vocation nor by training, except during the national exigency created by the Rebellion—we honor them because in the hour of need they were ready to lay their lives on the altar of sacrifice for their country. We honor them heartily, with full measure of grateful appreciation. But we should honor not less genuinely the man who makes his vocation a service to the nation, the man who is a faithful and incorruptible official, the man who steadily throws the weight of his influence as a worker and a voter on the side of honesty and cleanness and enlightenment and righteousness. The soldier has had his meed of praise through

all the centuries; all people have done homage to him; poets and artists have immortalized him in noble verse and enduring bronze and glowing canvas. The day has come for just appreciation of the patriot in time of peace. The vocation of the soldier passes. As surely as human progress continues, so surely will the nation cease to learn war, and machine-guns and battleships will be relegated to historical museums. The arts and enterprises of peace command the future.



The Pen that Does it all for You

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen is less trouble than a lead pencil. It writes just as readily and smoothly, and actually *fills itself* instantly upon being dipped in ink and the "CRESCENT-FILLER" pressed.

In other words, the Conklin Pen does it *all* for you. It drinks *any* ink from *any* inkwell, and feeds it so smoothly and steadily to *any* paper, that you are simply delighted.

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What is it that makes war? It is ignorance and fear, but still more it is selfishness. It is the opposite of that quality which makes the true patriot. Greedy and unscrupulous exploiters of the people in the industrial and commercial realms are provokers and promoters of war. Selfishness begets social strifes. The man who seeks to mitigate and abolish the dissensions between laborers and employers; the man who exposes and denounces greed and graft in municipal or national gov-

DUST AND ITS ANTIDOTE

THE old doctrine of "the survival of the fittest" still obtains. A case in point is Matteawan (*vid.* Harry Thaw). Civilization is just one long process of elimination. Nature accepts or rejects, as the case may be—and man follows her example. ¶ In the process of elimination we throw away the things that are injurious, worthless, unnecessary. ¶ Clean, sanitary, healthy homes come about only through the constant and continual elimination of dust and dirt. This means eternal vigilance. ¶ Using the Howard Dustless Duster is the most effective way of chasing the elusive microbe from our merry midst. ¶ Howard Dustless Dusters are made from a special chemical formula, which spells instant doom to bacteria and dust. ¶ Any woman can ply the Dustless Duster in her



finest frock, as it will leave no unsightly stains or marks on hands or clothes. ¶ Use the Dustless Duster, and you not only *dust*, but you *clean*, as well—and all the smooth, flat surfaces are given a lustrous polish which helps to preserve and keep intact, the original finish.

¶ Twelve styles of Dusters are made, including Dust-Mops, Wall-Dusters, Bric-a-Brac and Handle Dusters.

5000 best stores sell Howard Dustless Dusters.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. For small, Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

HOWARD DUSTLESS DUSTER CO.
TWO HUNDRED SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

with unostentatious but scrupulous fidelity. The need of men to die for the flag is as one to a million compared with the need of men to live for the nation and the world.—*Philip S. Moxom.*

THE President insists upon Congress giving the country a panicle financial system, and those whose vision is sufficiently acute to penetrate the dense fog surrounding our currency plans are framing up their bills, and chieftains who have grown gray in the service of the dollar will now be in the spot-lights of publicity. Many of us who are unable to make money faster than others can take it away from us would like to see a sys-

tem evolved that would make two dollars grow where one grew before, and a currency system adopted that would keep us out of the net of the get-rich-quick fisherman. There are so few people that can work these financial systems. We need to get them down where the common people can turn the combination. —*Texas News Service.*

Keep your fears to yourself, but share your courage with others.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

THE glory and power of Printing is not all in the past. Its influence in the present makes it a powerful conservator of human progress. It is the hand-maiden of all the arts and industries, and a most effective worker in the world's workshop, to polish and refine the civilization of the age. A book is born of man's effort to secure what he deems to be the best of his heart and brain, and the Press lends him its aid to make permanent what would otherwise be evanescent, or at best but the pleasurable excitement of an hour; and it does so by making its work a "thing of beauty," as well as a "joy forever." On all sides, are we not driven to the



Safe and Easy with Firestone Non-Skid Tires

A sign like this will never alarm the motorist whose car carries Non-Skid Tires.

He knows he can trust the sharp angles and hollows of the Non-Skid tread. He relies on the lively clutch of the rubber which holds without retarding.

He will tackle the steep, slippery grade or the rough, sharp turn with the confidence of experience, because he, like thousands of Firestone users, has tested the tread. He knows its tough resilience and how it increases service with safety.

To make your car run best and longest at

least cost of upkeep and least wear on mechanism, specify Firestone Non-Skids.

Firestones are made in all types, but are alike in quality of service because they are alike in principle.

Wrapped tread construction—built layer on layer, the two-cure process which insures a unit-wall of sturdiness and makes possible double inspection—these are among the factors for certainty in building and security in use. They make Firestones imperative for ease of mind and safety in all seasons, anywhere.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Pneumatic Tires, Truck Tires, Pleasure Electric Tires, Carriage Tires, Fire Apparatus Tires, Rims, Tire Accessories, etc.



conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call Books; for indeed is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a Book?—*Carlyle*.

WE are thankful that we live in this age of progress, an age of improved machinery and methods, an age of social advancement. We are thankful that we live in an age of

reason and science, that we are no longer guided by precedent and superstition.

Every hour brings something new, some new thought, some new invention, some fresh effort for the betterment of humanity.

We are thankful that we have an opportunity to take part in this movement for better things.—*John H. Patterson*.

It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill.—*Tennyson*.

**The Man
and the
Factories
Behind
the
Steger & Sons Piano**

**A Personal Word From
"The Man Behind the Name"**

"We are building for the future. By concentrating every effort to secure the highest efficiency throughout our organization, by constantly studying the best methods of piano-building and by using that knowledge, we give to the making of each **Steger & Sons** Piano and Natural Player-Piano the greatest care in workmanship, years of experience and the finest materials the world can supply, realizing that our future growth and progress depend upon the artistic worth and durability of every instrument sent forth from our factories."—*John V. Steger.*

Steger & Sons

Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

When you buy a **Steger & Sons** Piano you pay for no commission or allowances or extras. You pay only the factory cost, plus a small profit, and you get an instrument of excellent qualities, which will provide the highest type of pleasure for your home circle.

Steger & Sons Pianos easily take rank with the finest products of Europe and America. They are made in the great **Steger & Sons** piano-factories at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

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integrity and safety, if put together, do not equal war. No land that has ever been a cradle of civilization but bears witness to this sad truth. All the sacred citadels, the glories of humanity—Jerusalem and Athens, Rome and Constantinople—have been ravaged by war, and, in every case, their ruin has been a disaster that can never be repaired. If we turn to the minor glories of more modern ages, the special treasure of England has been its parish churches, a treasure of unique charm in the world and the embodiment of the people's spirit: today in their battered and irreparable condition they are the monuments of a Civil War waged all

It is not alone the future of civilization which is forever menaced by the possibility of war; the past of civilization, with all the precious embodiments of its traditions, is even more fatally imperiled. As the world grows older and the ages recede, the richer, the more precious, the more fragile, become the ancient heirlooms of humanity. They constitute the final symbols of human glory; they can not be too carefully guarded, too highly valued. But all the other dangers that threaten their

over the country with ruthless religious ferocity. Spain, again, was a land which had stored up, during long centuries, nearly the whole of its accumulated possessions in every art, sacred and secular, of fabulous value, within the walls of its great fortress-like cathedrals; Napoleon's soldiers overran the land, and brought with them rapine and destruction; so that in many a shrine, as at Montserrat, we still can see how in a few days they turned a paradise into a desert. It is not only the West

that has suffered. In China the rarest and loveliest wares and fabrics that the hand of man has wrought were stored in the Imperial Palace of Pekin; the savage military hordes of the West broke in less than a century ago and recklessly trampled down and fired all that they could not loot. In every such case the loss is final; the exquisite incarnation of some stage in the soul of man that is forever gone is permanently diminished, deformed or annihilated.—*Havelock Ellis.*

It is quite a common sight in Texas to see farmers drive to the harvest-field in automobiles. It takes a solemn sum of money to buy an automobile, and it takes good roads as well as gasoline to run them. A joy-ride in the Texas harvest-field is one of the most exhilarating experiences available, and one that would charm a tourist and convince a homeseeker. A speedway lined with wheat-fields that yield fifty bushels to the acre and oats twice that quantity is a landscape that one seldom tours through in a lifetime. In mapping out automobile routes the Texas harvest-fields should be given prominent position.—*Texas News Service.*

HOMER LAUGHLIN China

When Dreams Come True



The poetry of china is nowhere more exquisitely and charmingly illustrated than in the dinnerware known as *Homer Laughlin*.

The graceful shapes and cameo-like delicacy in the decorations of *Homer Laughlin* are to the eye what joyful, musical lyrics are to the ear.

A perfectly appointed table is a poem, singing its song of welcome to those who sit around it.

The trade name, *Homer Laughlin*, on your china is a mark of distinction to you and your table, an honor to your family and your guests.

HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA

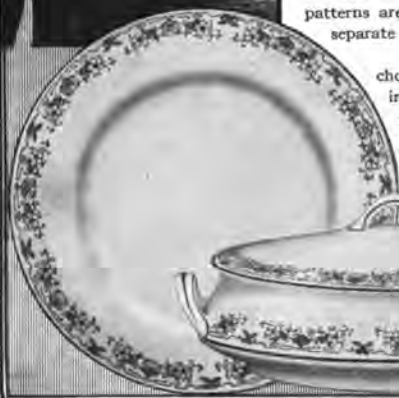
bears the banner of being different.

It is "craze" proof, and so are you, if you buy it. All patterns are "open stock," which means that you can buy separate pieces at any and all times.

The *China Book*, an illustrated brochure on the choice and care of china, will prove delightful and instructive reading, whether or not you contemplate the purchase of dinnerware.

A copy will be mailed free on request.

HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA CO.
NEWELL, WEST VIRGINIA



COMPARISONS based on a butter-scoring contest so aroused the citizens of Rome, South Carolina, that they have erected a dairy-barn and milk-room on the grounds of the local school, in order that the children may learn dairying as a regular part of their school-work. Accommodations have been provided for five cows. Boys and girls of the seventh and eighth grades are studying the best methods of dairying, under the direction of an extension worker from Clemson Agricultural College.



The Master "Six" \$2175

MOTOR folks call me the Master "Six." I have earned the title. I have set a new record for Sixes. In one month alone men paid over \$2,000,000 for me. They had all the sizes of the world to choose from. They chose me. But first they made me prove myself. They put me to tests equal to a season's service. Only by living up to every claim did I win them. ¶ Because I told my story in deeds rather than words—they were convinced, for they could n't deny what their eyes saw—what their senses perceived. ¶ Let me tell you in deeds the story of my master motor. It will win you as it won them.

The Turning of the Tide

Swiftly and surely the tide has turned to the Sixes. Motorists no longer are content with a power that lets go and grabs again at every other revolution. They now insist upon that quiet, steady pull, that luxurious smoothness that can come only from six cylinders.

Until the Master "Six" appeared last year, buyers had thought of all Sixes as heavy cars, extravagant of fuel and tires; costly to buy and expensive to keep. But the Master "Six" opened their eyes.

Here was a car of six cylinders at a moderate price, and even lighter than many "fours" of equal power. Here was a motor so silent and smooth running that friction and wear might be forgotten. A car which cost little to buy and little to keep.

Power Lithe as a Panther

Its master motor has six cylinders of long stroke and small bore. So it fairly floats up the hills on high gear. It can reach twenty-five miles an hour in ten seconds from a standstill. It can creep like a snail through the crowd and then be off like a greyhound at the touch of the throttle.

This ability to run fast or slow on direct drive, to vary the speed at will without constantly shifting gears, puts the Master "Six" head and shoulders above its rivals. It gives a flexibility of power that is possible only among Sixes—and rare even there.

Vibration is Power Thrown Away

Vibration is wasteful as well as uncomfortable. It is power and fuel thrown away in joggling the car which should be used in propelling it. It throws useless strain upon bearings and tires. It means discomfort for the passengers and increased fuel bills. It means the very life of the car cut short.

And vibration can't be cured by a makeshift. The only escape from it is in a six cylinder motor; where the impulses overlap; where the flow of the power stream is continuous.

A One Motion Starter—A Non-Stallable Motor

One swing of a switch at the outset—and this is what happens. The Chalmers-Entz electric starter spins the engine to start it.

But that isn't all. If some unusual demand upon the engine should cause it to falter, the starter keeps it running until it picks up again.

There's no chance to be stranded in a throng or on a dangerous crossing. It makes the motor unstallable. In simplicity and sureness the Chalmers-Entz system is without a parallel.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

The Test That Proves

The true measure of value—and the only one—is performance. What will the car do in service?—that's the question.

So we have arranged the Chalmers Road Test. We make our appeal for the Chalmers Sixes through the cars themselves. We submit the evidence of deeds rather than of words.

Make this test—it is more than just a ride. Put the burden of proof on the car itself. It can't conceal; it can't exaggerate. It will give you a new standard by which to judge other cars.

The Master "Light Six"

I am the Chalmers Light Six.

The son of a king—the Master "Six."

I am like my illustrious sire though built in a lighter mould. I have speed—more than you'll need. Though my master motor is light, I have power to spare. Light on my feet, I am saving of tires and frugal with fuel. I am easy to buy and easy to keep.

Six-Cylinder Value—Four-Cylinder Price

Many have waited for this day to come. They want a car of low first cost; yet a car of generous size and ample power. A light car but not a little one. But this car must be a Six. For they know that means a car easy to ride in, easy to run and easy to keep. In the Master "Light Six" everything has been reduced to the simplest form, yet nothing essential has been omitted. It gives the luxury and economy of the Six at the price of a "Four."

Match the Features at the Price

Six Cylinders	126 inch Wheel Base
Molded Oval Fenders	Electric Starter
Non-Stallable Motor	Clean Running Board
Electric Lights	Tungsten Steel
Triple Heated Fuel	Valves
Timken Roller Bearings	Left Hand Drive
Locked Transmission Gears	Center Control
Chalmers Sectional Piston	34 inch Wheels
Rings	Rayfield Carburetor
Multiple Disc Clutch	Invisible Hinges
Underslung Springs	Streamline Body
48 Horsepower	Tapered Bonnet

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY:

Vol. 12

MARCH, 1914

No. 6

THE SCHOOLHOUSE IS THE HAGUE OF THE COMMUNITY

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Flowers and Fruits



Eight hundred years before Christ a man on the plains of Assyria wrote this prophecy: "And the desert shall bloom like the rose, and the waste places shall be made green, and there shall be no lion there, nor any ravenous beast, but sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Twenty-seven hundred years have come and gone since that prophecy was written,

but now the dream is coming true.

Never in all history has there been such an interest in gardening as there is today. And we are gardening not only for the sake of the fruits and flowers, but because we wish to raise better men and better women.

Man is a product of soil and climate—plus a few other things.

I do not pretend to know just exactly what a man is, but I know we are well, happy and sane only when we are in close touch with the soil.

Isaiah, who wrote the prophecy quoted above, was a farmer and a shepherd.

Five hundred years separate Isaiah and Aristotle. Aristotle was the world's first naturalist. Eusebius calls him Nature's Private Secretary. He wrote on the subjects of trees, flowers, vegetables, fruits, bees and birds. Aristotle named things, and the names of many of his plants and flowers are the classic botanical names by which they are known today.

In one of his essays Aristotle says this: "I have noticed that land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits, also produces a very excellent, intelligent and able class of men and women."

Aristotle seemed to look upon this as a sort of coincidence, but later in life he discovered that instead of being a coincidence it was a sequence.

We educate ourselves through our work. Men are strong only as they lay hold on the forces of Nature.

Man is a product of Nature, just as much as is the tree or the flower. Life is an expression of energy—this energy takes the form of a man, and the same energy, under different

conditions, evolves into a tree. Thus do we say with Aristotle that man is a brother to the tree.

The world's second great naturalist was Pliny the Elder, who was a soldier, but who, on his various expeditions and marches, seemed to pay more attention to the manifestations of Nature than to the doings of the enemy.

Pliny the Younger is known for only one thing, and that is, that he wrote the life of his uncle. After a man is dead he is no greater than his biographer.

Pliny the Younger must have been a great man, otherwise he would not have been able to appreciate the genius of Pliny the Elder. For upwards of forty years Pliny the Elder made very close observations of the living things that he found on his travels. Flowers, birds, bees, animals, the clouds, the wind, the rain—all these things interested him. Some of his remarks today sound rather unscientific; nevertheless, through it all there is a reverence for Nature, and an earnest, sincere love of the out-of-doors that commands our respect.

The Educated Man

HERBERT SPENCER says that the world has produced only six educated men. That is to say, there have been six men who were so incomparably beyond the rest of mankind that they form a class by themselves. ¶ Then Herbert Spencer goes on to say that these men are great simply because they were lovers of Nature, and had an understanding of Nature in her manifold moods that the average man does not possess.

First in the list, Herbert Spencer puts Aristotle; second, Pliny the Elder; third, Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo has been called the best all-round developed man that the world has ever seen. Leonardo was a horseman, an artist, an architect, an engineer, a farmer and a gardener.

¶ He lived at that wonderful time which we know as the year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two.

At that time the business of farming and gardening was at a very low ebb. It comes to us with a dash of surprise that the raising of flowers as a business, or even for purposes of recreation and pleasure, was unknown in England until about the year Seventeen Hundred Fifty.

Lecky, the Irish historian, gives one man

credit for what is called, "The Great Awakening in England."

This man was John Wesley, who for fifty years rode through Great Britain from Land's End to John O'Groats, preaching on tavern-steps, in graveyards, by the roadside, at fairs, wherever any one would listen.

John Wesley was the inspirer and the teacher of the plain, every-day people. He pleaded for temperance, for industry, for economy, and his whole argument was that religion was a form of commonsense.

He believed in bringing about Paradise here and now.

Accidentally, he founded a religious denomination, but this was not his primary intent. Lecky himself was a freethinker—some people called him an infidel—and so what he says about John Wesley can be taken as eminently unprejudiced and judicial.

The Great Awakening was a wave of emotion that culminated in America in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six.

In the diary of John Wesley, a voluminous book published in England some years ago, but now practically forgotten, I once found these words: "Preached at Burslem, a town of potters. The people are poor, ignorant and often brutal. Here I met a young man by the name of Wedgwood who had planted a flower-garden adjacent to his pottery. He is small and lame, but his soul is near to God."

¶ The man John Wesley referred to was Josiah Wedgwood, founder of Etruria, and manufacturer of the famous Wedgwood ware, that is still being made by the third generation in the factory founded by this marvelous man.

¶ Julia Wedgwood, a daughter of Josiah, wrote a life of John Wesley.

Josiah Wedgwood has been called the world's first modern businessman; that is, he was the first man to introduce factory betterments and to pay special attention to the idea of beauty. His factory was surrounded by ample space, so as to insure proper light and ventilation. Also, he had flowerbeds and an extensive garden, where many of his people worked at odd hours. Josiah Wedgwood gave prizes for the best gardens and for the most beautiful back-yards; and this, please remember, was nearly a hundred years ago. Wedgwood attempted to do for England, in the line of gardening, what John H. Patterson has done for America.

Unfortunately, the times were not ripe for Wedgwood's ideas as to factory building and factory surroundings; nevertheless, he left his mark upon the times.

One thing sure, he influenced profoundly another great businessman, Robert Owen, who, in degree, followed the Wedgwood idea and endeavored to make his factory not only a place for manufacturing things, but a place where men and women would evolve and grow and become. Robert Owen's factory was also a school. A product of Robert Owen's factory idea was John Tyndall, the scientist, known to the world as one of the "big five." The other four are Herbert Spencer, Thomas Huxley, Alfred Russel Wallace and Charles Darwin. And a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood was the mother of Charles Darwin. Charles Darwin's book, *The Origin of Species*, has influenced the world more profoundly than any other book issued within three hundred years. But in this year of grace, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, the ideas of Aristotle, Pliny, Leonardo, John Wesley, Josiah Wedgwood and Robert Owen are to be found in many towns, villages and cities of the United States and Europe.

For instance, the Oregon plan of teaching gardening in every public school is a literal following out of the suggestions of Aristotle. Wedgwood and Robert Owen were businessmen, and never claimed to be anything else. Business is supplying human wants. It is carrying things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Business is human service, and the good businessman today is essentially a public servant.

The Businessman

JOHN WESLEY always carried in his saddlebags packages of flower-seeds. He would distribute these seeds judiciously among his friends along the route he traveled. He would explain how to plant the seeds, and how to care for the flowers, and then he would tell his friends that he would be back that way in a year and see how these flowers flourished. In this particular thing of distributing flower-seeds, John Wesley worked a big evolution and revolution. Perhaps his flower-seeds did England as much good as his preaching, but this is not for us to say. But in any event, John Wesley fully believed that there was no dividing-line between beauty and goodness. We used to regard the businessman as one

who took advantage of the needs of the people. But this idea is obsolete. The businessman today is the friend of his customer. "Truth," says Doctor Charles W. Eliot, "is the new virtue." Businessmen tell the truth, for the best possible reason, and that is because it pays. The word "commercialism" is no longer used as an epithet. The business of distributing flower-seeds is not left now to the philanthropist, the preacher and the reformer; it is on a business basis.

The House of Burpee

THE one man in America who distributes more flower-seeds direct to planters than any other one man is W. Atlee Burpee of Philadelphia. Mr. Burpee will never be President of the United States, because he was born at Sheffield, New Brunswick. When the young man was three years of age he persuaded his parents to move to Philadelphia. W. Atlee's father, Doctor David Burpee, desired to marry the daughter of his preceptor, Doctor Washington L. Atlee, the noted surgeon, and to get the consent of the girl's parents had to promise to move from Canada to Philadelphia within five or six years. The name Burpee was formerly Beaupre. The Beaupres were Huguenots, a splendid folk, sort of first cousin to the Quakers.

The Atlees traced a proud pedigree to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, "that terrible Cornet of Horse," to use the phrase of Burke.

And the young people, in order to stop all argument as to genealogical preference, decided to take the baby's advice and move to Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, and make a fortune for themselves. And the move was a good one. The youngster was named "Washington Atlee Burpee" by his mother, whose maiden name was Atlee.

In England the Atlees lived in the particular country that produced George Washington. Edmund Burke once said to George the Third, "Your Majesty, we will never whip George Washington." And the King asked, "Why?" And Burke replied, "Your Majesty, Washington is an Englishman, and he is fighting for his home."

The English spirit is a pretty fine thing after all, and well did Webster say, "The drum-taps of the British Nation circle the globe and greet the rising sun."

Transplanted products rule the world.

George Washington in America was a stronger

man than he would have been in England. The families of Burpee and Atlee were bigger and better people in America than they would have been had they remained in England; and W. Atlee Burpee has exerted a wider influence and enjoyed a bigger career than he could possibly have done had he remained in Canada.

☞ Stay in one place and you get pot-bound. It is the struggle to adapt yourself to a new environment that causes growth. This is about all there is in college education—a change of environment.

Washington A. Burpee went to the University of Pennsylvania, and there the boys insisted on calling him "Wash." About this time young Burpee discovered that about sixty per cent of the colored people of the male persuasion in Philadelphia were named "Washington."

☞ He then decided to part his name in the middle, and since then has called himself W. Atlee Burpee.

However, just write the word "Burpee" on an envelope and drop it in the mail-box and it will go to W. Atlee Burpee and Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

This Canadian lad started in raising garden-seeds and flower-seeds in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, Centennial year.

Burpee made it his task to know exactly what the seeds were that he was selling. Every lot of seeds was tested.

It takes time to prove the value of seeds. The venture grew slowly, steadily, surely. At first there was just one traveling man employed, and that was W. Atlee Burpee. Soon Mr. Burpee found that he could deal with his customers by mail. This was before the time of the Parcels-Post, but seeds do not weigh heavy, and this was an advantage. ☞ Burpee issued his little catalog and wrote letters to his friends. He began business when he was eighteen years of age, and when he was twenty-one he had a thousand dollars in the bank and plenty of energy to make the thousand grow.

The growth of the Burpee business has marked the growing evolution in America of a love for the out-of-doors. Slowly, surely, steadily, the business has advanced, until the year Nineteen Hundred Thirteen has been the biggest and best (although *not* the most profitable!) that Burpee has ever enjoyed.

Mr. Burpee has a farm of more than two hundred acres near Doylestown, known as

Fordhook. At Fordhook are raised tomatoes, corn and sweet peas as specialties, and nearly three hundred varieties of small vegetables and flowers, and these are raised just for the seeds and nothing else.

Experiments are going on constantly the whole year through, under glass and out of doors. Everything that science can bring to bear in the way of betterment of conditions is being done in order to produce the finest, the strongest, the most hardy, and the most productive vegetables and flowers.

Then there is another Burpee farm known as Sunnybrook, at Swedesboro, New Jersey. ☞ This farm is sandy, and considerably warmer than the Pennsylvania soil. Here are raised tomatoes, eggplants, cucumbers, melons, peppers and special flowers.

Then Mr. Burpee has a farm in California known as Floradale. This is situated in the Lompoc Valley, between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Floradale is sacred to the raising of sweet peas and other flowers. Mr. Burpee thinks he has produced sweet peas that approximate perfection. The seeds of these sweet peas, raised in California (one hundred eighty acres the past season), are sent all over the world, and the transplantation from the sunny clime of California to a colder climate produces some remarkably beautiful flowers. ☞ In Philadelphia Mr. Burpee has warehouses which have been built and adapted especially to the handling of seeds. Here, upwards of three hundred employees take care of the orders. Often between five and ten thousand separate orders will be handled in a single day. Every order is filled within twenty-four hours after it is received.

There are no middlemen with whom to divide responsibilities or profits.

Burpee guarantees his goods to the full extent of the price paid, and he has gradually won the confidence of the florists and gardeners of the world, professional and amateur.

And any individual who is n't a gardener is dropping something out of his life that he will have to go back and pick up in another incarnation. ☞ ☞

Burpee Efficiency

ONCE in a while you hear it asked, "What will become of this wonderful business when Mr. Burpee passes out?"

The fact is, Burpee is big enough, not only to evolve wonderful fruits, flowers and vege-

tables, but also to grow a very fine product in the way of men.

For instance, he has two sons, David and Washington Atlee Burpee, Junior, who are in the Agricultural Department of Cornell University.

These boys are farmers by prenatal tendency. But aside from these likely lads, in the Burpee business are upwards of two hundred very strong, earnest, intelligent men and women who have grown up in the business, who take a direct, personal interest in it, and who have grown as the business has grown. Burpee is big enough to get other people to help in his work. He has all the time there is. If you get your nose too close to the soil you will not see the stars.

Burpee's interests are widely diversified. He is a director in various banks and trust companies; takes a deep interest in educational matters; is interested in sanitation, hygiene and athletics; and is a life member of the Royal Horticultural Society of Great Britain, and the National Society of Horticulture in France. Burpee has lived a big, active, generous life. Not only has he loved the flowers and the plants and the trees and the growing things, but his heart has gone out to humanity. He is a citizen of the world, and he is also a citizen of "The Celestial City of Fine Minds."

And what is more, he is not retiring from business.

He is right in the seed business today just as earnestly as he was in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, when Thomas A. Edison exhibited the first telephone in Philadelphia.

Burpee is a worker. If you want things done, of course, you have to call on a busy man—the other kind has no time. But Burpee is big enough so he pushes his business, and does not let the business push him.

Burpee is a composite of Aristotle, George Fox, John Wesley, Benjamin Franklin and Josiah Wedgwood. And why should n't he be? We build upon the past, and all the days that have gone before make this day possible. These great men of the past loom large before us because they had practically no competition. They were planets, while today men of their magnitude are lost in a milky way of moving humanity.

We call Benjamin Franklin our all-round educated American. But in his time the forests were a menace, trees a nuisance, and

less than one-half of the men in America could read and write, and a woman who could read was a curiosity.

The planting of trees and the cultivation of flowers are comparatively new industries. W. Atlee Burpee is a close friend of Luther Burbank. He is also on good terms with about all of the strong and able men in similar lines, in the United States and Europe. He is a cosmopolitan. And yet he does not forget the toilers. He meets his people on terms of equality, and is a worker among them—able and willing if needs be to perform the most menial tasks.

If there is any one man in America, more than another, who is making the waste places green, and the desert to blossom like the rose, that man is W. Atlee Burpee, seedsman magnus, and gentleman superb.

Education is simply the encouragement of right habits—the fixing of good habits until they become a part of one's nature, and are exercised automatically.

The Solidarity of the Race



THE popular acceptance of the great truth concerning the solidarity of the race marks a mental epoch in the onward and upward march.

It is no longer an experiment. The Spirit of the Times—the Zeitgeist, to borrow a word from our German friends—is a constantly progressing entity.

The present Spirit of the Times is of a kind unequaled in history. We have thousands upon thousands of men and women who are thinking great and noble thoughts and doing great and splendid work.

Many of our big businessmen regard themselves as public servants.

Our Zeitgeist is sensitive, restless, alert, impressionable, progressive, and is making for righteousness. The man who can imagine a better religion than now exists is allowed to throw his vision on the screen; and he who can formulate a better government than we now have is not hanged for his pains, but is allowed to express his dreams.

Public Opinion rules. No law that is contrary to the Zeitgeist can be enforced. Judges construe, translate and interpret the laws to suit the Spirit of the Times.

Every man who speaks out loud and clear is tinting the Zeitgeist. Every man who expresses what he honestly thinks is true is changing the Spirit of the Times. Thinkers help other people think, for they formulate what others are thinking. No person writes or thinks alone—thought is in the air, but its expression is necessary to create a tangible Spirit of the Times. The value of a thinker who writes, or of a writer who thinks, or of a businessman who acts, is that he supplies arguments for the people, and confirms all who are on his wire in their opinions, often before unuttered.

The Brotherhood of Man is an idea now fully appreciated in business. Commerce stands for Mutuality, Co-operation, Reciprocity.

To be stupid when inclined and dull when you wish is a boon that goes only with high friendship.

Pensions for Mothers



THE State of New York recently appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for an investigation on the subject of Pensions for Mothers.

Twenty-two States now have a provision for pensioning widowed mothers.

One State, Michigan, pensions mothers, without stipulating as to the mother's marital status.

England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, each and all provide pensions for mothers. New York, the Empire State, does well to rub her sleepy eyes and get in the procession.

I recently attended a meeting of the Twilight Club in New York, where the topic for discussion was Pensions for Mothers.

The Twilight Club has existed for thirty-seven years. It grew out of Herbert Spencer's visit to America, and he it was who practically launched it. It is a forum, where discussion on any social or economic theme is full, free and frank.

On this occasion the Committee appointed

by the New York Legislature to consider the advisability of pensioning mothers was present.

The Chairman was Sophie Irene Loeb. Speeches were made by the Honorable Frank Moss, Doctor Frederic C. Howe, Anita C. Block, Doctor Ira S. Wile, the Reverend Marie J. Howe, Doctor Henry Moskowitz, Colonel John Temple Graves, the Honorable Aaron J. Levy, and the Honorable Ansley Wilcox.

It is very seldom that an audience is gathered which can digest undiluted truth.

This time matters were not minced nor mouthed.

The Biologic Imperative

THE perpetuity of the race depends upon motherhood. I trust there will be no argument on that.

The quality of our race turns on the quality of the parents; and especially does the quality of the child turn on the peace, happiness and well-being of the mother.

You can not make the mother a disgraced and taunted thing and expect the progeny to prosper. When you strike a mother you strike the race.

There is no hint in Nature that motherhood is ever shameful or disgraceful. Only a social and legal fiction ever makes it so.

The necessity for orphan asylums came in with the vows of celibacy and chastity. Less than five per cent of the children in orphan asylums are orphans.

The rest are waifs and outcasts.

The desire of the mother to protect and care for her child is the most persistent instinct that is implanted in the human heart.

If there is anything sacred in the world, it is mother-love.

If there is anything divine in the universe, it is the love of the mother for her baby.

We give pensions to the men who fought to save the State. Why not give a pension to every woman who goes down into the valley of death and kisses the white lips of pain? Is n't the mother just as necessary to the perpetuity of the State as the soldier?

I think so.

The necessity of the one is absolute; the other is conjectural.

Every mother should be recognized by the State "for heroic services."

And let us remember this: we can not successfully legislate against the biologic imperative.

¶ To trample mother-love ruthlessly into the mire of conventionality, to tear the child from the mother's arms and place it in an orphan asylum, is the work of a false and hypocritical "Christianity."

Free Motherhood

NOW that the whole world is trying to get back on a truthful basis as a move in the line of self-preservation, is it not time that we look this issue squarely in the face and express ourselves concerning it?

Before this babe is born it runs the hazard of murder from its conception. That it survives reveals its hold on eternal life.

When born, it is greeted with fears, tears, secrecy, untruth, hypocrisy, and its divine heritage of mother-love is traded for a mess of institutional potash.

That most orphan asylums are now managed by skilful and able people is only a mitigation of the wrong. A substitute is thus offered for mother-love—something just as good.

But the eternal fact remains: there is no substitute for mother-love. God is that jealous of it that He supplies nothing to equal it. We can never have a noble race of men until we have a noble race of mothers.

And in order to be a noble woman, this woman must be economically free.

Wonderful changes have come to the world within a few years.

For a woman not to wed, no longer carries a penalty. The term "old maid" has now no terrors.

Spinsterhood is an achievement, not a disgrace.

The unmarried woman between forty and fifty is probably a self-supporting woman. And this responsibility makes her the mental superior of her married sister who looks to a male man for food, clothing and protection from the storms.

Yet because a woman has not seen fit to wed is no reason for assuming that the cosmic urge is dead. And just remember this, that no woman ever lived who could n't marry some man if she wanted to. She will not marry because she is not content to accept any old thing. It is a question of what man.

And as women more and more are able to care for themselves—and this is the one sure economic tendency of the times—they will more and more cease being willing to swear to honor, love and obey one man.

Yet the mother-instinct will not die on that account. ¶ The race will not perish. The independence of women will make them better mothers. Their children will be stronger in brain and body, cleaner, abler, firmer in the ability to discover and decide for the right.

But Free Motherhood must be respected.

Institutionalism

THE word "illegitimate" is now pretty nearly banished, since we have discovered that God smiles upon the freeborn child as upon no other.

William the Conqueror, Erasmus, Leonardo da Vinci, the Empress Josephine, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, and dozens more of intellectual kings that might be named, have redeemed the "small and select class" from the unmanicured finger of shame.

The very fact that I am now writing of the subject, and that several hundred thousand gentle men and women—the very intellectual pick of the world—are discussing the subject, argues progress.

The world is changing. All things are being made new.

The crime of orthodoxy is its lack of faith. It believes too little.

What we want is not a belief in one "Immaculate Conception," but a fixed and firm faith in the fact that whenever and wherever a mother holds in her arms a babe, hugging it to her heart, crooning to it a lullaby, there is God. When this time comes the State will provide a pension for every mother who cares for her babe.

As an economic move this will be cheaper than maintaining orphan asylums. The child will be loved, not institutionalized.

It will be a better citizen.

But best of all we will wipe away the tears of the mother. We will rejoice with her that a man is born into the world. We will extend gladness and congratulations, not hypocritical sighs, snarling sneers and sour faces.

Froebel spoke of the "little souls fresh from God."

And so must we; and when we do we will cease regarding the mother, the vehicle of transport, as a being to be shunned. The miracle of motherhood will be revered; and this will be a great moral uplift to all fathers as well as to the mothers.

Thus will the whole race be purified, benefited, strengthened, and carried forward.

Our Public Schools



THE first public schools in America were instituted in Eighteen Hundred Twenty-nine. The credit for the idea must go to Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Jefferson founded the University of Virginia, which was to be a free college for the benefit of sons of Virginians. Benjamin Franklin founded the University of Pennsylvania on a like idea. Then the idea came to both of these men, about the same time, that there should be schools everywhere—free public schools. The first colleges founded in America, say William and Mary, and Harvard, were devised with the sole idea of educating men for the Church.

At that time the clergy were practically the only people who could read and write. The clergy kept the records. The word *clerque* comes to us from the word "clergy."

Only one man out of twelve in the Revolutionary War could read and write.

The Purpose of Public Schools

THOMAS JEFFERSON said, "The University of Virginia is founded with the desire, not only to fit young men for the Church, but to educate them for positions of honor and trust in various other occupations and employments."

Benjamin Franklin said, "An illiterate individual forms a menace to the State. Education should be universal and at the disposal of all citizens."

It is somewhat surprising that the first public schools, which were founded simultaneously in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, were violently opposed. Most of the newspapers and periodicals were of the opinion that when education became general it would not be prized, and therefore educated men would receive no honors.

Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were earnest advocates of a free public-school system.

The first public schools had in mind the segregation of the sexes. That is to say, there were schools for girls and schools for boys. But on account of the extra expense involved in maintaining these two systems of schools, the walls were broken down and the girls and

boys attended one school. Then, through carelessness or oversight or indifference, no one, after that, ever put up the fences.

The old colleges maintained the position that education was for men only, and that to read and write and figure and know history and geography were accomplishments that would add nothing to a woman's charm. These things would make her neither a better housekeeper nor a better mother, and, in fact, might unfit her for a home-maker, causing her to leave her household and go out into the world and usurp the occupations of men.

The Quakers, however, from the very first, held to the idea that the Voice spoke through women the same as through men. And, therefore, they opposed the idea of separate schools for girls and boys.

So hotly was the question of free education discussed in several cases that mobs, made up of students, raided the public schools, drove the teachers from their desks, broke up benches, and sent children scurrying for safety.

¶ The idea of education was that it was something exclusive, peculiar, complex, for the select few, and not for the many. The many were to be instructed by word of mouth, by those who had the ability to acquire knowledge; and no more education was to be given out to the common people than was consistent.

The old secret societies were possessed of this idea. Their ritual was never written. All of their "secrets" were memorized. The "Frat" is the rudimentary survival of a system that had its rise in Egypt and was once universal.

¶ It is interesting to note that the first agitation for a free public school grew out of the unrest of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six. The public school is the "Spirit of '76" in action.

Education means growth, evolution, bringing out, releasing, the pent-up powers of the mind.

¶ Until very recent times, education was regarded as one thing and work as another. Now it is understood that all good work is mental work, and that the more intelligence that can be brought to bear on a task, the better is the task performed.

Education and Employment

EDUCATION and employment must go hand in hand.

It is a very necessary thing that a man or woman should earn a living. Idle people,

always and forever, are a menace to society. Individuals are safe only when head, hand and heart are employed.

Any education which does not help a man to earn a living, and adapt him to his environment so he can improve his condition, is faulty in the extreme.

The modern high school is now equipped with many industrial features. Manual training, domestic science, business training, economics, efficiency in various forms, are now being taught, not only in the high schools, but in preparatory schools, in colleges and universities.

The idea of graduating a pupil who can not earn his bread and butter would be humorous were it not tragic.

That all life is education is a fact that is being accepted by the universal consciousness.

¶ Schoolhouses are being used as civic centers. In Wisconsin, there is a State law that any citizen can apply for the use of a schoolhouse for meeting purposes at any time when the school proper is not in session.

This means that the schoolhouses of Wisconsin belong to the people on Saturdays, Sundays and evenings for non-sectarian purposes, where no direct profit is involved.

This is certainly a great move to the front. It means that the public-school system will gradually become a university for all of the people, regardless of age, sect or sex, or of previous condition of mental servitude.

The next thing is to organize the people in civic centers to the utilization of this great opportunity which the public-school system supplies.

The schoolhouse should be a clubhouse, a meeting-place, for all of the people—sacred to social progress and the matter of education.

¶ Thus we find that music, stereopticon lectures, dances, concerts, are all being regarded as educational. When Lincoln said, "The public school is the bulwark of our civilization," he had in mind the full and free use of the schoolhouse for all of the social and educational activities.

That which brings people together to discuss and enjoy mutual themes and recreations is wise and excellent. It means a breaking down of caste, cutting out of exclusion, thus eliminating pride, arrogance and ignorance. For ignorance takes many forms and is not the monopoly of the illiterate.

National Social Center Association

THE National Social Center Association of New York City supplies some very valuable literature shedding light on this subject.

¶ The value of coupling up the actual work of the world with the public-school system and securing the co-operation of parents and grown-ups in the utilization and management of public schools, can not be overrated.

The criticism on our public-school system, so far, has been that school is regarded as one thing, and life, home and industrialism another.

¶ The amalgamation of all the beautiful influences of life is the one big thing desirable at the present time. It means a safeguarding of the best interests of the Nation.

If your life is to be a genuine consecration, you must be free. Only the free man is truthful; only the heart that is free is pure.

The High Cost of Living



OWN in the beautiful and peaceful Pecos Valley in Texas, some months ago, I saw tons of luscious strawberries rotting in the field, because the markets of the North were overstocked and the berries were not worth the freight, much less the cost of picking.

¶ Southwestern Texas is the country that General Sherman had in mind when he made a certain sarcastic remark that has gone clattering down the corridors of time, like a teakettle to a dog's tail.

The application, however, of water and intelligent labor to the desert land of Southwestern Texas has worked such miracles that William Tecumseh's far-flung phrase puts that gentleman's perspicacity in jeopardy.

On a single acre of irrigated land I have seen produced ten tons of onions, cabbages in proportion, and spinach enough to fill a silo.

¶ The sunshine, the fertility of the soil, and water produce crops which, if the truth were told about them, would qualify the narrator for the Ananias Club in any city of the North, and quickly.

The question, however, is to get these fruits and vegetables on the tables of the people who need them most. Transportation and the

tax of the middleman have left thousands of carloads of garden produce rotting on the ground in Texas this past season.

Tyro Statesmen

HERE is a question so big and important that it deserves the attention of the most able men in the United States today.

It is a somewhat curious fact that our law-making is largely the work of amateurs.

The men we send to Washington are not the men who have had experience in the matter of taking care of great and important propositions. They are simply men who have wormed themselves into office.

The business of government falls into the hands of the inexperienced and the unfit.

This thing of government by the selfish, the transient and the irresponsible is the most telling criticism to be made of our so-called democracy. The war upon big business is the work of amateurs assisted and egged on by individuals who have no business of their own, but who hope to thrive through playing the part of self-appointed messiahs or saviors of the people.

There should be a method devised by the Government whereby the services of highly trained men can be secured and utilized. And one of the crying needs of the trained man now is in this matter of getting the desirable food-products of the West into the hands of the people in the cities of the East who need them most.

With peaches rotting in the orchards in the Yakima Valley; millions of dollars' worth of apples ungathered in Washington; hundreds of carloads of onions, cabbages, spinach, berries, in Texas; and thousands of people in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and New York going without fresh vegetables and without fresh fruit—this is the condition that challenges our economic skill.

The Solution

THE solution of the high cost of living lies in getting vegetables and fruit direct from farm to family with least possible expense. And so here comes an invention successfully utilized and worked out whereby fruits and vegetables can be dehydrated.

Most fruits and vegetables contain from eighty to ninety-two per cent of water. To eliminate this water so the vegetables and fruits can be kept an indefinite length of time is a most desirable evolution to bring about.

Green peas, rhubarb, spinach, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, should be on our Christmas tables fresh in all of the cities of the North, and this at a very reasonable price. As it is, things have to be shipped in season in refrigerator-cars, rushed through and sold quickly. Otherwise they deteriorate and perish.

The expense of transportation of perishable goods is very much greater than that where the article is dehydrated and prepared so it will keep indefinitely.

By evaporating the water in his products the farmer can find a ready market for a vast quantity of fruits and vegetables which are now practically worthless.

The market where the thing has to be sold quickly places the shipper at a frightful disadvantage and gives the middleman his chance.

I expect to see the day when the United States Government will co-operate with big business to the end that the vast crops of the irrigated lands of the West and South shall be harvested and marketed to the people who need them most and this at a minimum of expense.

It is the stupidity of the many that allows one man to bstride the narrow world like a Colossus.

The New Thought



HE distinguishing feature of New Thought is its antiquity. The New Thought was expressed by Pythagoras six hundred years before Christ, when he said: "Hate and fear breed a poison in the blood, which if continued affect eyes, ears, nose and the organs of digestion. Therefore, it is not wise to hear and remember the unkind things that others may say of us."

This was a conclusion in the line of self-preservation—a plain, simple, obvious fact.

Pythagoras was a Greek. In his early manhood he had journeyed to Egypt to learn at the feet of the philosophers. He expected to imbibe the mysteries and know the innermost secrets of existence.

His experience with the initiates undeceived him. He found that their deep learning had

only one use—to keep the people in dread and awe. By making learning a monopoly, the few could control the many.

Pythagoras discovered that these priests who controlled the mysteries had two codes—one for themselves and one for the people. They gave the people what they thought was best for them to know and forbade all else.

Pythagoras went back home and founded a collection of people or “college” where he taught that truth was what was best for you, now and here, and that truth was simple, strange or peculiar; that it was not fixed in dead language nor strange formulas; that it was a part of our very existence; and if not intimidated, coerced, bought or bribed, we could all acquire all the truth we needed, for, as we could use more truth, more would come to us.

¶ This was essentially New Thought, natural thought, or obvious thought. It interfered with the work of professional priests.

And for it Pythagoras was killed, all of his colony assassinated, and his writings, records and buildings burned.

Socrates

SOCRATES, two hundred years later, taught a similar philosophy. His motto was, “Know thyself.” A charge was brought against him of speaking disrespectfully of the gods and polluting the minds of the youth of Athens. He was found guilty by a jury of five hundred. He was given an opportunity to recant, but refusing to either change or apologize was given the deadly hemlock.

Jesus

JESUS taught New Thought, or his own thought. He said that truth was known to babes and sucklings, and unless we became as little children we would never know this truth. He said, “I and my Father are one.” He believed in his own divinity. He prized his intuitions. He felt that he was close to the Source. ¶ For the formalized religion of the time he had no respect.

Very naturally he was destroyed.

Epictetus and Aurelius

EPICTETUS, the Roman slave, and Marcus Aurelius, the Roman Emperor, taught a similar gospel. “When you arise in the morning think on what a precious privilege it is to live—to breathe—to think—to enjoy—to love! God’s spirit is close to us when we love. Therefore it is better not to resent, not to hate, not to fear. Equanimity and modera-

tion are the secrets of power and peace.” ¶ Marcus Aurelius was safe by reason of his high position; Epictetus by his obscurity.

Hypatia

HYPATIA taught the wisdom of harmony in thought, so that bodily health and happiness would follow. “Express beauty in your lives, and beauty flows to you and through you. To love means to be loved, and to put hate behind is the sum of all loving that is of any avail.”

Hypatia was destroyed in a church where she had taken refuge, where the mob followed her and tore her limb from limb.

Fear

NATURALLY, every man thinks well of himself. If no one ever told us that we were worms of the dust, we would never come to the conclusion ourselves. If no one ever told us that we were “lost,” we would never have guessed it. We naturally carry our chins in and the crowns of our head high. Fear is fostered by those who would control us.

Left alone and uninstructed, no one would ever imagine he was conceived in sin and born in iniquity. Neither would he say that we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and that sickness was sent from God. Naturally we slough trouble, we shed sorrow, we sleep and awake refreshed. In six months the grass grows over all graves.

Much of our sickness is caused by fear, and fear is an importation. Our very existence turns on being happy. Misery affects the circulation, fear means congestion, congestion continued means disease, and disease continued means *rigor mortis*.

Diseases are symptoms. To cure a disease or cut out a diseased part is not to make the man well—it will catch him somewhere else. You have to reach the cause.

Bad collections and inability to meet a note will give you cold feet and then a cold in the head. A quarrel will cause tonsillitis. A threat will give granulated eyelids. Overeat, under-breathe, fill life full of fear, jealousy and hate, and Bright’s Disease follows, and Bright’s Disease is simply a contamination of the water-supply by the sewage.

Natural Thought

NEW Thought is natural thought—your own thought—and whatever else man may be, he is a thinking machine. We need all the thinking of all the people in order to

meet all the problems that face us. For a few to think and the many to memorize is to neutralize progress.

The brain is an organ, and to keep it healthy it must be exercised.

There is nothing so hygienic as thought. There is no joy equal to putting salt on the tail of an idea.

Yet the effort of the ages has been to restrain thought, not to encourage it.

Every great invention is a result of New Thought. These combined and collaborated give us progress. The modern locomotive is the condensed result of thousands of men thinking and acting.

The new theology is the result of New Thought, because theology accepts New Thought rather than be left in the race of life. It takes it on as a matter of self-preservation.

All denominations begin by accepting New Thought. They degenerate when they begin to place a penalty on New Thought and look backward for truth, not forward. A creed is a figure of speech suffering from ankylosis.

Kant and Spinoza both gave the world New Thought. But the great modern revival of New Thought comes in with Ralph Waldo Emerson. His three great essays, *Compensation*, *Self-Reliance*, and *Nature*, contain the germ of all that has been said or can be said.

¶ Prentice Mulford with his "White Cross Library" did a great work in teaching teachers of the New Thought. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has repeated again and again in a graceful and gracious way a great number of truths about right thinking that have now become a part of the current coin of the race. Then comes a whole army of preachers, teachers and "adepts," each expressing the gospel of individuality. No doubt there is much that is overstated, much that is ill digested in the new propaganda. But the main thing is to think—get free—realize your kinship to the divine. Man is not yet created—he is only in process. Let this be the apology for our crudity.

Things Secular and Sacred

¶ It was not so very long ago that the profession of teaching was entirely in the hands of theologians. All things secular and sacred, that were taught to young and old, were taught by priests. They decided what books should be printed, and what not. The priest decided as to what should be taught, and how

it should be taught, and beyond him there was no appeal.

Instead of refuting natural science by natural science, theology sought to silence it by citing Scripture.

Galileo, writing in Sixteen Hundred Ten, complains because the theologians would not so much as look through his telescope, but sat back and declared him an "infidel" and an "atheist."

The works of Galileo and Copernicus were on the *Index* for over two hundred fifty years, or until the year Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six.

¶ For teaching truths of natural science Bruno was burned alive, and his ashes scattered to the four winds.

The policy of every formal religion has always been to allow the fullest play possible to individuality and yet not risk the life of the institution—the institution being the important thing, the individual secondary. This is the idea of society in general, as well. Individuals, however, threaten at times the life of the institution or system, by an excess of strength, and these powerful individuals it has been thought necessary to subdue and suppress. So when one reads history he notes the fact that in days gone by nations have killed, banished or disgraced their men of genius.

This has always been done with the avowed purpose of protecting the State or the prevailing religious system. Pythagoras, Socrates, Pericles, Jesus, Anaxagoras, Aristotle, Savonarola, Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, Huss, Wyclif, are the types that society has destroyed. That those who have done the destroying did not know what they were doing is probably true. In one way they were surely self-deceived—they thought they were working for the good of the State or their religious system, when what they really feared was the curtailment of their own individual power. Men do the things they wish, and absolve their consciences at their convenience. And forever do they deceive themselves as to their motives.

Those who manage religious systems have small faith in a Supreme Being or Universal Order. Luther, left alone, would have soon settled down into a country parson, and his Protestantism would have resolved itself into the form of a healthful attenuation. All extremes tend to cure themselves. It has been said that

Luther retarded civilization a thousand years. It was the absurd and foolish rancor of priests and popes that by opposition lifted Luther into a world power, and made possible six hundred warring, jarring, quibbling sects, consuming one another and the time and substance of mankind in their vacuous and inept antics.

¶ Luther prolonged the life of theology by presenting it in a palatable capsule, just at a time when the intelligence of the world was making wry faces getting ready to spew it. Pope Leo the Thirteenth, the wisest man who ever sat in the Papal chair, once wrote: "The real enemies of the Church are those o'er-zealous churchmen who have sought to stamp out error by violence, forgetful that man is little and God is great, and that in His wisdom the Father of all has provided that evil left alone shall soon exhaust itself, and right, of itself, will surely prevail. Impatient defense of our holy religion springs from limitation and lack of faith. Against its avowed enemies the Church stands secure, but against those who are quick to draw the sword and strike off the ear of Malchus, we are often powerless. If the servants of the Church had ever taught by example through love and patience, even now the reign of our God would be universal, as the flowers of Spring carpet the gentle hill-side slopes."

These wise words of Pope Leo lose none of their quality, even when the obvious fact is pointed out that the man who struck off the ear of the high-priest's servant was the very man who founded the Church.

The reason there are now so few professors to teach theology is on account of the scarcity of scholars who will pay for being taught. The demand always keeps pace with the supply where salaries and honors are involved. If there were a vast number of people who wanted to be taught alchemy, astrology and palmistry, there would not be wanting teachers to teach them these things.

When augury was in vogue and men foretold the future by flight of birds, in the first-class colleges were endowed chairs held down by great men learned in the noble science of augury.

If there were emoluments and honors for teaching alchemy, astrology, palmistry and augury, there would be pedagogic preparatory schools for all these things, endowed by good men who did not understand them, but assumed that other people did.

The science of theology is the science of episcopopagy. It starts with an assumption and ends with a gog. Nobody ever understood it, but vast numbers have pretended to because they thought others did. Very slowly we have grown honest.

Gradually the consensus of intelligence is pushing theology into the dustbin of oblivion with alchemy, astrology and augury.

Theology is not meant to be understood—it is to be believed. A theologian is an inkfish.

A Leading Question

¶ WHEN a prominent member of Congress, of slightly convivial turn, went to sleep on the throne of the House of Representatives and suddenly awakening convulsed the assemblage by loudly demanding, "Where am I?" he propounded an inquiry that is classic. With the very first glimmering of intelligence and as far back as history goes, man has always asked that question and three others:

Where am I? Who am I? What am I here for? Where am I going?

A question implies an answer, and so, coeval with the questioner, we find a class of volunteers springing into being whose business it has been to answer.

And as payment for answering these questions the man who answered has exacted a living from the man who asked, also titles, gauds, jewels and obsequies. Further than this, the volunteer who answered has declared himself exempt from all manual labor.

Walt Whitman has said: "I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained. I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition. Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth."

But we should note this: Whitman merely wanted to live with animals, he did not desire to become one. He was not willing to forfeit knowledge; and a part of that knowledge was, that man has some things yet to learn from the brute.

Philosophers of the Far East have told us that man's deliverance from the evils of life must come through the killing of desire; we reach Nirvana—rest—through nothingness. But within a decade it has been borne in upon a vast number of thinking men of the world that deliverance from discontent and sorrow was to be had, not through ceasing to ask questions, but by asking one more. The

question is this, "What can I do?" And then doing it.

When man went to work, action removed the doubt that theory could not solve.

The rushing winds purify the air; only running water is pure; and the holy man, if there be such, is the one who loses himself in persistent, useful effort. The saint is the man who keeps his word and is on time. By working for all we secure the best results for self, and when we truly work for self, we work for all. The self-assumed superior class evolves naturally into being everywhere as man awakens and asks questions. Only the unknown is terrible, says Victor Hugo. We can cope with the known, and at the worst we can overcome the known by accepting it. Verestchagin, the great painter, who knew the psychology of war as few men have, and went down to his death gloriously, as he should, on a sinking battleship, once said: "In modern warfare, where man does not see his enemy, the poetry of battle is gone, and man is rendered by the unknown into a quaking coward. Enveloped in the fog of ignorance, every phenomenon of Nature causes man to quake and tremble—he wants to know. Wonder prompts him to ask, and greed for power, place and pelf replies."

The Growth of Freedom

SO first, man is in bondage to fear. Then he exchanges this for bondage to a priest. Soon the priest becomes a slave to the answers he has conjured forth. He grows to believe what he at first pretended to know. The punishment of every liar is that he eventually believes his lies. The mind of man becomes tainted and subdued to what he works on, like the dyer's hand.

So we have the formula:

Man in bondage to fear.

Man in bondage to a priest.

The priest in bondage to a creed.

Then the priest and his institution become an integral part and parcel of the State, mixed in all its affairs. The success of the State seems to lie in holding belief intact and stilling all further questions of the people, transferring all doubts to this volunteer class that answers for a consideration.

Naturally the man who does not accept the answers is regarded by the priest as the enemy of the State—that is, the enemy of mankind.

¶ To keep this questioner down has been

the chief concern of every religion. And the problem of progress has been to smuggle the newly discovered truth past Cerberus by preparing a sop that was to him palatable. From every branch of science the priest has been routed, save sociology alone. Here he has stubbornly made his last stand and is saving himself alive by accepting the situation and transforming himself into the promoter of a social club.

Metaphysics

METAPHYSICS reaches its highest state when it affirms, "All is One," or "All is Mind," just as theology reaches its highest conception when it becomes Monotheistic—having one God and curtailing the personality of the devil to a mere abstraction.

But this does not long satisfy, for we begin to ask, "What is this one?" or "What is Mind?"

Then positivity and pragmatism come and say that the highest wisdom lies in knowing that we do not know anything, and never can, concerning a First Cause, but we can know very much about how to accept life so as to live without misery, woe and want.

The theological and metaphysical stages seem unnecessary, but the sooner man can be graduated out of them the better. Hate, fear, revenge and doubt are all theological attributes, detrimental to man's best efforts. Moral ideas were an afterthought, and really form no part of the theology. All beautiful altruistic impulses thrive better when separated from theology.

And the sum of the argument is, that all progress in mind, body, and material things has come to man through New Thought, the study of cause and effect. And just in degree as he has abandoned the study of theology as futile and absurd, and centered on New Thought—that is, his own thought, here and now—has he prospered.

Man's only enemy is himself. His ignorance of this world and his superstitious belief in another have blocked his pathway.

Our troubles, like our diseases, come from ignorance and weakness, and through our weakness are we weak and unable to adjust ourselves to better conditions. The more we know of this world, the better we think of it, and the better we are able to use it for our advancement.

So far as we can judge, the unknown cause

that rules the world by natural law is a movement forward toward happiness, growth, justice, peace and right. Therefore, the scientist, who perceives that all is good when rightly received and rightly understood, is the priest and the holy man—the mediator and the explainer of the mysterious. As fast as we can understand things they cease to be supernatural. The supernatural is the natural not yet understood.

The man of faith is one who discards all thought of "how it first happened," and fixes his mind on the fact that he is here. The more he studies the conditions that surround him, the greater his faith in the truth that all is well. If men had turned their attention to humanity, using as much talent, time, money and effort in solving social problems, as they have in trying to wring from the skies the secrets of the unknowable, this world would now be a veritable paradise. It is theology that has barred the entrance to Eden, by diverting the attention of men from this world to another.

All religious denominations and colleges now perceive the trend of the times, and are omitting theology from their teachings and taking on ethics, sociology and economics instead. We are evolving theology out and sociology in. Theology has ever been the foe of progress, the enemy of wisdom. It has professed to know all, having a revelation direct from the Creator Himself, and has placed a penalty on investigation and advancement. ¶ The age of enlightenment will not be here until every church has evolved into a schoolhouse, and every preacher is a worker, a teacher and a pupil.

THIS kind of a helper is needed everywhere —the one who gives a willing hand, who puts soul into his service, who brings a glow of good-cheer into all his relations with men. Doing things with hearty enthusiasm is often what makes the doer a marked person and his deeds effective. The most ordinary service is dignified when it is performed in that spirit. Every employer wants those who work for him to put heart and mind into the toil. He soon picks out those whose souls are in their service, and gives them evidence of his appreciation. They do not need constant watching. He can trust them in his absence, and so the places of honor and profit naturally gravitate to them.

Nela Park



THE other day I visited a business office that is in a hundred-acre flower-garden. It was Nela Park, in the suburbs of Cleveland. Nela Park is the property of the National Lamp Works.

It lies three hundred feet above Lake Erie, overlooking the water and the city.

Here Nature has done so much that all the landscape-gardener has had to do is to adapt himself to this fairyland of trees, rocks, flowering vines, and hilltops.

The National Lamp Works is part of the General Electric Company. But it operates as a separate business, and has its own individuality. It builds its factories, establishes its business policies, and is itself a big concern. ¶ It has factories in thirty different cities throughout the United States.

Nela Park contains the General Offices of this great enterprise.

The problem was whether to build a skyscraper in the city, or to buy a farm and cover it with buildings convenient for the purposes required—that is, should the offices be erected horizontal or perpendicular.

The farm idea found favor, and the dream of F. S. Terry and B. G. Tremaine, the General Managers of the National Lamp Works, has come true.

Nela Park is not yet completed and probably never will be. But seven buildings have been constructed in a group plan, with a campus a quarter of a mile square in the center.

These buildings are Administration, Sales, Engineering, Research, Operating, Heating Plant, and a Working Laboratory.

Any intelligent visitor who knows the capitals of the world, if set down here blindfolded, would say that he was in one of the world's great universities. ¶ Nevertheless, it is simply a commercial proposition.

But commerce now is something more than commerce.

Commerce is enlightened self-interest, society serving the needs of humanity.

Life is a vast system of transfers. Every individual supplies that which he can supply best. He ministers to humanity, and in turn human-

ity ministers to him. We have discovered that the rewards of life are automatic. He who bestows great benefits receives great returns. Money comes incidentally to service rendered. We have traveled a vast distance since Charles Dickens pictured Scrooge as the typical money-maker. My private idea is that Scrooge never had much of a rating in R. G. Dun & Co.

Nevertheless, the sordid, the selfish, and the grasping marks the age of competition. But we have moved out of the age of competition into the realm of co-operation.

Nela Park is the last word in enlightened commercial self-interest.

The particular commodity that the National Lamp Works supplies is light, or more properly an appliance that makes light possible.

Its business is to carry light into the dark recesses of homes, shops, stores, mills, factories, and also it is carrying light into the dark caverns of the human mind.

It has inaugurated methods which not only are bringing a substantial return in a business way to stockholders, employees and consumers, but it is giving light on the path of human progress.

Professor Irving Fisher says that in the United States today there are constantly over three millions of people incapacitated from work by sickness.

The National Lamp Works have inaugurated bureaus that are investigating the health and efficiency problems from every possible point of view.

Vast masses of statistics have been gathered over a series of years, with intent if possible to supply conditions, psychic and material, where men and women will produce the best quality of work possible, and at the same time do it without sacrificing health and happiness.

This is just one of the features to which Nela Park is dedicated.

All of the factories under the direction of the National Lamp Works receive the benefit of the investigations and researches being carried on here. ¶ So see how far this little candle throws its beams!

An International Enterprise

NELA PARK is not a Cleveland institution. It is really not an American institution. It is international in its scope.

Here the words, "betterment," "uplift," and "welfare," are never used.

Nela Park is no experiment in slumming. It is not even a venture in altruism or ethics or morality.

It is simply commerce, and commerce in its best sense today includes altruism, science and every form of human betterment.

Business recognizes the brotherhood of man. That which pays is moral.

Righteousness is only a form of common-sense.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" The National Lamp Works says, "We do not know about the keeper part, but man should be his brother's helper." Only men of far-reaching imagination, with human sympathies, worldwide, could ever have inaugurated any such institution as Nela Park.

The credit for the initial germ of this beautiful dream goes to F. S. Terry—just a plain, every-day, Connecticut Yankee, now in his forties, educated in the public schools, brought up to do things, make things, go without things, help his mother, take care of the garden, feed the chickens, and make himself useful in a thousand ways.

Mr. Terry is a man who is always going to school.

His education is not finished.

He has climbed step by step from the lowest rungs of the labor ladder.

He has been errand-boy, clerk, secretary, superintendent, manager.

He has a firm grasp on the great simple virtues for which there are no substitutes.

He has health, good-cheer, hope, animation, courage. And with it all he is modest. You never hear him boast of what he has done, nor proudly tell of what he is going to do.

His work speaks for itself. If you are interested, he may refer you to his architect or to the heads of certain departments for detailed knowledge.

And Terry's partner in this enterprise, B. G. Tremaine, is just as fine as Terry.

These two men represent distinctly what some one has called "the modern Americanism"—out-of-door men, intelligent, kindly, sympathetic, all-around good sports, who make every moment count and overlook nothing, waste nothing, going through life jauntily, accepting everything and finding it good.

The solidity and satisfying strength of the architecture at Nela Park mirrors the minds of these men.

Frank E. Wallis is the designing architect of Nela Park. He has now spent three years on the job. The whole piece of work is immensely satisfying; and it is not to be wondered at that this new ideal in factory enterprise is attracting the attention of builders from all over the world.

No flood could ever reach Nela Park, nor could fire destroy these buildings.

They are constructed for the centuries, of concrete, steel, stone, bronze, brick and terra cotta. ¶ They are dedicated to time.

In the employ of the National Lamp Works, I found graduates from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and the Universities of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska and California.

¶ The National Lamp Works have in their employ a man whose business it is to secure bright young men from the various universities, and then to study each particular case and fit the person in where he will be able to do the best for the company and the best for himself ♣ ♣

Nela Park is not only a University, but it is also a search for talent.

The skilled-labor proposition in America is getting to be more and more of a problem ♣ Nela Park is facing the proposition by going out to the universities and colleges and picking the very best raw material obtainable and then evolving it.

At Nela Park every worker is going to school. He is surrounded by influences that make for health, strength, animation, ambition and evolution. The whole intent is at last centered on the one desire to give the world the greatest possible illumination at the lowest possible expense consistent with sound business management ♣ ♣

Nela Park is a university devoted to the subject of light.

The patron saint of Nela Park is Sir Isaac Newton. But think of the distance we have traveled since Isaac Newton cut holes in his mother's curtains, allowed the light to enter the room, and separated the rays into red, yellow and blue!

The Guild Idea

IN factory betterments Josiah Wedgwood seems to have been the first man to have had a dream of the ideal.

Etruria, the home of the famous Wedgwood ware, still exists, being managed by the fifth generation.

The daughter of Josiah Wedgwood was the mother of Charles Darwin.

So there we get one product of Etruria. And Charles Darwin has influenced the world more profoundly for good than any other man who has existed during the last three hundred years ♣ ♣

In many respects Nela Park seems to bear a close resemblance to Etruria.

Here are the same great, generous, open spaces, the gnarled trees, the winding avenues, the Roman arches, the rudimentary battlements from which force and violence have vanished, and where only industry, art, beauty and right intent have their home.

Universities are endowed by businessmen ♣ All wealth comes out of the soil through intelligent labor applied to land.

Business accumulates a surplus from which colleges and universities are formed.

Without business, no university could ever have existed, nor could the schools now be maintained without commerce.

Just why commerce and education should have gotten separated we can not say. In any event, there is nothing surprising in education and commerce joining hands under one roof.

¶ Every factory should be a school, and every great commercial enterprise should be a university. Nela Park is a return to the Guild Idea, lifted to the *n*th power.

An Industrial University

NELA PARK is devoted to the making of electric lamps, yet its finest product is men. Out of Nela Park will come some of our great industrial leaders.

Whether a scientist as great as Charles Darwin will be produced it is not possible to say, but surely no limit can be placed on the possibilities for good that Nela Park contains ♣ ♣

Industry, economy, art, health, happiness, human service, here find a home.

As the years go by, Nela Park will become a place of pilgrimage for thousands of educators.

¶ Josiah Wedgwood once said, "Etruria must become commonplace before England is a civilized nation."

What he meant was that Etruria should not be exceptional, unique or peculiar—that such factories should be everywhere.

I prophesy that Nela Park will serve as an example for a great number of industrial institutions all over America. We are passing

out of the pioneer stage. The cheap, the tawdry, the transient, will have to go.

We are laying hold on the age to come, building for the centuries, constructing for generations yet unborn, dedicating our work to time — —

Such is Nela Park—the place where beauty and business blend.

What is the good of eternally discussing the future? If God is or is not, we are bound to keep doing the best we can, one day at a time, just the same.

Publicity as a Panacea



AT Columbia University there is a School of Journalism, which certainly serves a purpose in supplying raw stock for jokes gotten off by newspaper men.

There is a difference between a journalist and a newspaper man. A newspaper man is one who helps make a newspaper. A journalist is a newspaper man out of a job.

Nevertheless, the School of Journalism at Columbia University is doing an excellent work. It is like the schools of salesmanship. It is easy to say that a school of salesmanship can never make a salesman. Nevertheless, if a man has the salesman's qualifications, a little scientific study of salesmanship will sandpaper him, buff out his inequalities and make him a better man — Doctor Talcott Williams, Director of the School of Journalism, has recently given an address on the subject, *Publicity as a Cure for Social Ills*.

Men who run newspapers are so busy and live in such a hot rush of doing things that they never stop to get a perspective on themselves or analyze their methods or tendencies.

Doctor Williams takes the newspaper business apart, and calmly dissects, analyzes, weighs and considers it.

"The newspaper," says Doctor Williams, "is a human agency."

We surely all agree with this. And that is a good way to start a newspaper article. Always start with something that can not be contradicted — —

The next remark of Doctor Williams is just as good as the first. It is this: "Like all human agencies, the newspaper has its limitations." Irrefutable!

Doctor Williams then goes on to consider what an endowed newspaper would be. He says it would stand apart from the life around, and be something distinct, and not a reflection of the daily life of the people.

What Doctor Williams says about a newspaper might also be applied to a university. But we will let that pass.

The Moral Equation

SAYS Doctor Williams: "The newspaper is the kind of newspaper it is because it is the kind the people who buy it like.

"Poetically speaking, every man creates his newspaper in his own image. Newspapers are published to fit the needs, the intellects and the tastes of their readers. As we grow better we will get better newspapers."

This is all good commonsense.

"As for publicity," says Doctor Williams; "it is the price of purity in government. While it seems atrocious that the newspapers should herald in brazen ballyhoo the faults and foibles of individuals, and never so much as mention their virtues, unless by accident, yet this very thing is founded on a great natural beneficent law. That fact is that the knowledge that wrongdoing will be featured in black face with the man's picture below and pictures of all his relatives, if they can be secured, keeps humanity, in degree, from many moral departures."

There is a certain degree of truth in all this. On the other hand, we might say if the newspapers devoted a little more space to proclaiming the virtues and the excellencies of people, they might encourage us in the line of virtue. If the newspapers deter through the threat of disgrace, why could we not be encouraged and led through the hope of approbation?

And Doctor Williams answers the question by saying that this is something which in time will certainly come about. "News," says Doctor Williams, "will not forever mean bad news."

The idea that you can become wise and "good" by the persistent perusal of a book—any book—is the monopoly of the ignorant: no matter how intelligent they may be.

Discrimination

By Alice Hubbard

That which man most wants he disparages when another man has it. Also, man hates the man who has what he wants, which he is not able to get.



HIS is a statement of a fact true as an axiom and as unnecessary of demonstration. Just a little observation will give all the proof needed.

The motto of Donnybrook Fair prevails everywhere: "Wherever you see a head hit it." Whenever a person's head is above the crowd, he is marked as an enemy of all below him. He is a target for their weapons, from gossip to guns.

If you live in a village, think it over. If you live in a city, read your papers.

It is said Saint Joseph will answer your prayer if you ask him seventy times a day for seventy consecutive days. The common people have been praying to the "Government" for more than seventy days. And the "Government" answers when the chant of the common people is prolonged enough and loud.

The common people make one grand chorus when they sing, because they have the same tune and the same words. And they sing all of the time in a sustained monotone, "We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord!"

The Government has to "investigate" to satisfy the people.

According to the figures of Socialists, all rich men are dishonest. At least, all are except those who have inherited an income. The cause of an income is far enough away to be impersonal, and therefore does not offend. If a man during his lifetime accumulates great wealth, there is no proof which can be brought that is proof that he is an honest man.

The Standard Oil Company has received its share of attention. It has been investigated, prosecuted, compelled to enlarge its office force and office equipment, and greatly increase the cost of doing business. It is said that the advance in the price of oil and gasoline has nothing to do with the enforced complexity of operating this system. But since the Government issued orders, the common people are not nearly so worried as they were about Standard Oil incomes.

Since Andrew Carnegie has been distributing his wealth over the world, tying it safely in good Scotch fashion, we have not bothered ourselves so much about the money which Carnegie has that "belongs to us."

Henry Ford

BUT here is Henry Ford! We have leveled our lorgnettes and field-glasses at him. We have recently found out that he has a great deal of "our money."

We have been buying his automobiles—a thousand a minute. We wanted them. We needed them. We could buy them of him to a greater advantage to ourselves than from any one else. And so we bought them.

But what did he do with the money that we paid him? There must be a tremendous amount of it, and what business has Henry Ford or any other one man with an immense amount of money?

We began slowly but surely to turn the searchlight on Henry Ford.

Rich men have their troubles if what an observer, with plenty of perspective, sees is true. The rich man's perplexities and anxieties are more numerous than the poor man's—perplexities being in proportion to responsibilities and the multiplicity of cares. ¶ Men of very great wealth have difficulty in making an intelligent and wise distribution of it.

The amount of money that a man can use is limited. The amount of enjoyment that a man can get out of the manipulation of power is also limited.

A man who has earned money should know its personnel, what good it can do, what harm, as a man who has not earned more than enough to supply his needs can possibly know. Yet men who do not know how to earn, and say so, are absolutely sure they are skilled spenders.

There are many cities in Europe where the lowest class of people depends for its exchequer on gratuities supplied by visitors. Visitors are warned before entering certain localities that they will be expected to throw many handfuls of small coins to the beggars. The beggars scramble for them, and he who has the most might, together with the most alertness and agility, will be the magnate of the crowd. ¶ But the pathetic part is that these beggars are always beggars. They develop no industrial skill. They are never citizens. They are always paupers.

Most rich men know that gratuities pauperize and harm the individual rather than benefit him. You can help other people only by helping them to help themselves. To teach an individual to be sufficient unto himself, to become able to take care of himself, is the only benefit. The exercise of earning and using is what develops a man.

The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is never there. It is only the journey which is of value, and unless a person makes his pot of gold before he reaches the end of the rainbow, he never has it.

But as to Henry Ford! Thousands of men are crowding around the huge Ford Motor Company plant at this writing. There are so many men that the Company dares not open the factory-doors, for fear that the place will be mobbed and people injured, scrambling and falling over one another.

Why the crowd?

Because Henry Ford has made up his mind what he is going to do with a few millions of that money which we gave him for honest Ford automobiles that were well worth to us the money we paid him.

"Well, I wish I had just one of those millions that Henry Ford has such an abundance of!"

What fool things would you do with it if you had it?

It is a little difficult to dispose of a million dollars! Try in your own mind to do it.

Dispose or dispense a million dollars so that you and the world shall be benefited by this million! Just what would you do with it? Buy a home? Certainly, and then take care of it. See that it is a home, that it ministers to those for whom homes should be made. This you will find is work.

You do not want to work for the rest of your life? Then you would better die and get out of the way of those who do.

To invest a million dollars so that it brings proper return, requires great skill, wisdom, poise, power—work.

Henry Ford knows that. He has been trying it for a long time.

He did not expect that his genius and skill would develop a system by which a useful article could be made at so reasonable a price that it would be within the reach of a million people. It was probably a great surprise to him.

And this money came pouring in upon him and he has been trying to dispose of it judi-

ciously ever since he had it to dispose of. He has paid some big salaries to worthy men, and he has, without doubt, invested a great many thousands of dollars more wisely than most men could.

And still this terrific surplus.

And so the announcement which has brought mobs of people to the Ford Motor Company plant.

And what was the announcement? This: that he has "a program of profit-sharing," and the newspapers add, "with an act of absolute justice."

In brief, the plan is this: that instead of nine-hour days at the Ford plant, there will be eight-hour days: three shifts of workmen, each working eight hours. This will give an opportunity for four thousand more men to work than are now working. That is one reason for the mob.

But the greater reason is that Mr. Ford has thought it wise to fix five dollars a day as the minimum wage for a male employee over twenty-two years of age. The newspapers state that this is "arbitrary benevolence." In all the newspapers that I have seen, Mr. Ford is commended, lauded and blessed.

I do not know that Mr. Ford had any idea that he would receive universal approbation, but he has. He is the hero today.

"Magnificently imperial," is the announcement, "that ten million dollars has been fixed upon as the sum that will be divided during the coming year among the Ford employees." It is imperial! It could not be democratic.

Such wages for such work are possible for Mr. Ford with the business which he now has and with the profits which he makes. This gives the Ford people the opportunity of making their choice of employees. They have no competition in wage-giving.

Workmen who elsewhere could get two dollars a day and three dollars a day, at the Ford Company can get five dollars or over. This will possibly give about twenty-six thousand men a benefit which other men of the same ability as workmen can not enjoy.

If another automobile company is able to standardize as Mr. Ford has, and puts on the market an automobile as serviceable and valuable as the Ford automobile is, the competition may make it impossible for Mr. Ford's generosity to continue. This may make discontent at some time and serious

trouble among the workmen, and trouble for all employers, including the Ford Motor Company.

Mr. Ford's "magnificently imperial" magnanimity does not extend to the employees of the factories from which Mr. Ford buys materials and parts of his automobiles. It begins and ends with the Ford Motor Company.

The Ingrate

IN the little village of Potsdam in Saint Lawrence County, New York, there lived a very wealthy Englishman. Annually from across the sea there came, without any effort on the part of this Englishman, a large sum of money.

The tastes of this man and his family were simple. After satisfying their desires and ambitions, there was quite a large surplus from the income. The Englishman said: "I will share my surplus with my workmen. It is hard for them to toil from seven until twelve, and from one until five."

"I need a hundred men to do the work on my estate. I can pay them a dollar a day more than I do now. I can also let them stop work at three o'clock in the afternoon."

And he did.

The result was that far more supervision was required than ever before. The Englishman had to quadruple his supervision and supervise his supervisors.

Farmers of Saint Lawrence County thoroughly despised the Englishman, of course, because they had to hire discontented men—men who wanted to work for an Imperial, but were obliged to accept a job from a Democrat.

Why Not?

JUST to illustrate the point: Where ten men are after the same political job, the result is one ingrate and nine "soreheads." Ford has the ingrate and the rest of Detroit has the "soreheads." Detroit has the best of it. I fear me Ford has been fooled with colicoquintida.

Something for nothing is a shoddy, man-made law which Nature does not recognize.

If the work in the Ford factories is worth more than the work in similar factories, it is not in competition with them; it outclasses them. In time, the people will become educated to know that it costs more to work for Henry Ford than it does for other manufactories where the work is ranked the same, but is n't.

However, if it is worth more, it is wise for Mr. Ford to pay these men what it is worth to work for him.

It is no concern of ours that Mr. Ford has not discovered it before. We should congratulate him that he has discovered it now.

¶ If it is not worth more to work for Mr. Ford than for other people, the Ford Motor Company has a problem on its hands.

Nature knows no privileged class. She pays the same rate for the same intelligent exercise of faculties. This is Her inexorable law.

Mr. Ford marks a difference between men of equal ability. He makes a privileged class. He has done that which it is impossible for the average employer to do.

And Mr. Ford has discriminated against some of his own employees. This minimum wage of five dollars is given to men only. Women of twenty-two, and more, although they may be doing work side by side with men and doing just as good work, are not to receive as a minimum wage five dollars a day.

Evidently Mr. Ford is not acquainted with the Feminist Movement. He should be, because he ministers to the class of people that belong to the Feminist Movement.

The Feminist Movement is a demand for justice, equality before the law.

When Mr. Ford was asked why he discriminated against women, he is reported as saying:

¶ "The average woman employee can not be regarded as a fixture in a business as a man can be. A woman will leave at almost any time, for almost any reason, and when she stays long enough to be a dependable worker she is apt to get married and have some one else support her.

"It is the men we aim to benefit. However, in connection with the profit-sharing, the women employees will not lose, for there will be substantial raises for them."

Perhaps he does not know that there are nearly nine million dependable women wage-earners in the United States. He does not realize that women are rebelling against being in the class of parasites, paupers, dependents.

¶ The integrity of the business world waits upon this stand which the women are taking. These women demand that they shall receive compensation for their work, whether it is in the home, the office, the factory, the shop, in business for themselves, or in assisting others in business.

This great awakening that is thrilling every country of the world is the response to this demand for justice for women, which Mr. Ford is ignoring. This act of Mr. Ford's belongs to the past, to a time when fortune followed the king and his followers. It is imperial ♣ ♣

Americans are looking towards democracy, when all men and all women shall have equal opportunity.

The spirit of the times tends from special privilege ♣ ♣

A fair race, a fair field—if necessary, a fair fight. ♣ Nature plays no arbitrary favorites; Nature provides for no privileged class.

Post Scriptum:

Everybody aspires to be just ♣ It is a noble aspiration.

I do not wish to be unjust even in espousing the cause of women, children and young girls. So I call attention to this statement made in a recent paper with regard to Henry Ford's generosity toward the women workers in his factory ♣ ♣

There are six hundred fifty girls and women employed at the plant of Henry Ford.

Heretofore, the hours of the women workers have been from 8.00 A. M. to 5.00 P. M. ♣

On January Nineteenth, they were informed that their hours would be from 8.15 A. M. to 5.15 P. M.

♣

Life is the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations.

♣

Emmeline Pankhurst

By Benjamin De Casseres



ALL new movements are deadly. They are elemental. They are born of some sublime moral, intellectual or physical transgression ♣ The renewers and renovators, the precursors of every renaissance, bring not peace, but a sword. War is as eternal as matter and motion and change. Christs, Luthers, Darwins, Hugos, Whitmans, Wagners, come to dynamite and destroy. They are in the intellectual sphere what earthquakes, lightning and thunder are in the physical world. Everything repeats the elemental laws of

physics. Everything that is great and mighty and cleansing is attained with blood. Everything that is sublime is a form of wickedness raised to the highest power.

Great prophets, newcomers, heralds, hurl tiles from the housetops and plant in secret places giant time-bombs that may not do their religiously murderous work for fifty years after they are planted; but they work automatically and irreparably. Christ planted a time-machine that blew to fragments the ancient world. So did Luther, Rousseau, Voltaire and William Lloyd Garrison.

The Stamp of the Absolute

THERE are no moral values; there are only esthetic altitudes. From the fourth dimension of the imagination, great criminals are the equal of great saints. So that they both be sublime, every Napoleon will top every Spinoza, and a Miltonic Lucifer will rank with a Mary Magdalen. Emmeline Pankhurst belongs to the Elect.

She bears the stamp of the absolute. That is, she has the winged prophetic soul, the destroying passion of great humanitarian geniuses, and she uses the flaming speech of an avatar. The old regime is gone and that barbaric Jehovah with it. The modern mind rises out of the ruins, a vision of flame and thunder, chanting the glory of life, the divinity of impact, sex for sex's sake, and the greatness of Woman.

Pankhurst is, whatever you say, the flower of that great reaction against other-worldiness begun by Ingersoll, Bradlaugh, Stendhal and Nietzsche. Matter and force forever and forever are divine. The eternal bloodsucker, the Spiritual, must be crucified again. Away with the vampire "saviors" of the race! To the rack and the crucifix with those who blaspheme against matter! Stamp out forever the libelers of the sun, the stars, the lily! Only the innate pornography of the cowed and ascetic spiritualists have made of woman's body a reek and a pig-sty. This is a practical world, and the Practical is an epic. Every denier of the flesh and matter is led into his velvet heaven to the fanfare of a thousand pig-grunts, like Saint Anthony. Matter is the only mystery and the only reality. The future always belongs to the materialist. The spiritualist is a reversion, an atavism, a perversion of the time-instinct and the sex-instinct. Pankhurst has talked of Here and Now.

The Return From Nirvana

THE Feminist Movement, of which Emmeline Pankhurst is the soul, represents also a violent reaction against the intellectual. It is the return from Nirvana. From the ice-bound abstractions they come crashing into the jungles of the concrete. Come across with the ballot and our natural rights! They celebrate and immortalize every-day life.

¶ On the anvils of their lyricism they forge the beauty of the coming time with the raw material of the ugly world that surrounds us.

¶ They are *revenants* of sanity and health in a world of alcoholic poets, anemic doctrinaires and boudoir essayists like Cassiodorus. The Feminist manifestos, which are flung broadcast over the world in three or four languages, ring like a mountain call. A style veined with the red health of youth. It is, indeed, the Red Terror of Health which has flung itself into a tuberculous and shamle-footed world. An atavism? Yes. It is a reversion to Eternal Youth; a reversion from the Vampire-Ideal to a hot-blooded Reality. An atavism truly! From the peaceful catacombs of the state of Grace, the suffragists invite us to the hallucinating perspectives of perpetual transgression. They are very ancient are these Pankhursts—as ancient as the first pantheists who kissed the earth passionately and “hurled their lances at the sun.”

“Freakishness” is the word that Stupidity uses in the presence of the rare. Well, Pankhurst is freakish!

Where are there any standards for anything? Where are they to be found—in what brain, in what secret mountain of the moon, in what revelation? The rare and the normal are contradictions in terms. The beautiful and the popular are antithetical conceptions. Standards shift as the brain shifts. Values change with each new emotion. The thought or feeling that is not anarchic in its incipency will never be great. Everything great and luminous and immortal is born a Cain. Has Emmeline Pankhurst broken the law? Yes! And there are more that need smashing. Fear nothing. Scorn death. Live life ecstatically. Measure your grandeur by the number of things your Will has crushed. Open wide the nostrils of your consciousness and draw in the wild salt savor of your instincts. Sobriety of any kind is a curse. Battle and intoxication, pain and victory justify life. Rub acid in your

wounds so as to madden and stiffen your Will. Keep the pistol of purpose pressed against the temple of your weakness. Be cruel to no one but yourself. Each day carry a dead self on the pike of your Will. The soul is a monstrous gadfly that stings matter and mind to incessant action and transformation.

Emmeline Pankhurst is immortal before her death

The man who thinks out what he wants to do, and then works and works hard, will win, and no others do, or ever have, or can—God will not have it so.

Stop! Look!! Listen!!!

By Rev. G. L. Morrill



It is easier to beget children than to get them educated; so our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers taxed themselves to support public schools and teachers who should educate the youth in the facts of Nature, history, government and religion.

Monarchy educates a few, Democracy the many. Beyond any country has our soil produced a manhood of civic and patriotic character.

The public school as no other agency can touch, teach, equalize and harmonize all classes.

It offers the priceless liberty of body, mind and soul for us and our children.

It fuses our immigrants into a composite citizenship, fitting them for freedom and making them free.

American workingmen are superior to those of the Old World because of our public-school education, which is definite, practical and can fit for private life or presidential station

The Government has the right to preserve and perpetuate itself, and knowing that ignorance is danger, defends itself by the education of its youth in the public school, adapting them and making them equal to all occasions.

The Public School

THE Public is no more like a Private school than light is darkness. The one produces independence; the other submission; one a leader, the other a follower; one freedom and toleration, the other slavery and superstition.

¶ The public school makes good citizens, the private school makes good bigots.

The difference between North and South America is the difference between public and private schools.

The public school assimilates and Americanizes the rich and poor, of every race and religion; the private school not only robs its children but injures the Government.

Many denominational schools crouch like spiders in a web to spring out and seize everybody and everything, from the babe in the cradle with a rattle in its hand to the old man in the coffin with the gold ring on his finger. This counter-American system of private schools often misinforms its youth who are to vote, and are nurseries of treason.

We sue doctors for malpractice who wrongly set a broken bone. Jail sentences are none too good for teachers who misinform and deform children's minds.

The Church best teaches religion when separated from the State, and greatest temporal and spiritual blessings have always been found in civic and clerical separation.

The American idea is separation of Church and State, and any union of the two is un-American.

The greatest force which makes and holds our national unity is not language, press nor politics, but the public school.

The public schools of Minneapolis outweigh in moral value our libraries, art-galleries, orchestras, stores and mills.

We could sooner do without our private churches than our public schools. If there were nothing but a church, there would be no school. Give us the schools and we will have the churches.

Teacher and book are greater than army and navy. Wisdom is worth. Our schools measure the progress between the Old and the New World. It is for us to cherish and support them, not only as objects of the defense of our Government, but as institutions of love and approval by Him who declares that man without knowledge is not good.

The Common Weal

THE public school is neither atheistic nor sectarian, but represents what Webster called the great and necessary ideas of God, immortality and personal accountability.

There is more of moral as well as of physical and mental culture in the public school than

in any denominational school that ever has been or can be founded.

The man who will not support the public school with his money, prayers and patriotism is un-American, no matter what he says. He should go to ignorant, superstitious, lazy and licentious South America or Southern Europe, where the public school is not.

Paralyzed be the tongue and palsied be the hand that asks and takes State support for private schools.

He is a blind fool or cowardly traitor who fears to face and fight whoever and whatever would weaken and destroy the public-school system, the basis and bulwark which has made our country what it is, and has received the approval of Almighty God.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." In proportion to their numbers it is the private and not the public school whose graduates fill our jails, burn cities and murder Presidents.

¶ "Let us have peace," and say with its great apostle General Grant, "Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall be applied to the support of any sectarian school."

If you have not known poverty, heart-hunger and misunderstanding, God has overlooked you, and you are to be pitied.

Every-Day Problems

By E. W. Howe



WOMAN of the "mystic" kind recently wrote:

"Autometry is the physiological interpretation of language. The physiological interpretation of language is autometric breath. Autometric breath is the imaging force of light. Light is the all-eye gate of life. Life is the all-eye force of ease. Ease is all Soul sees and seizes. Soul opens and uses light." The stuff means nothing at all.

There is a certain kind of woman who wants to give the impression that she can understand jargon *you* can't understand. This same sort of person also tries to create the impression that while she is plain, and accused by many of being disagreeable, she has something in her *you* don't have, to-wit: Psychic Force.

Cheap people delight in this sort of thing, and, what is more, they bluff all of us, more or less.

¶ Poetry exists for the same reason: the more you say you can't understand poetry, the more others delight in saying *they* understand it perfectly, and love it.

Others talk about the All-Eye Gate of Life, and look at you pityingly if you say you do not understand them.

In politics there are terms as meaningless as Psychic Force, and the All-Eye Gate of Life, and the fools love them.

Priestly Platitudes

TWO years ago, a young girl went to church.

The priest was attracted by her youth and beauty, and ruined her, with the help of contributory negligence on the part of the girl. When her condition became such that exposure threatened, the priest murdered her, cut the body into pieces, and threw it into a river. ❧

It has been discovered since his arrest that the priest engaged in counterfeiting as a side-line. He says he did it to help the poor; so far as killing the girl is concerned, he explains that by saying his patron saint ordered him to do it.

Miss Huntmann, the priest's housekeeper, speaking after his arrest, said: "Father Schmidt was generous, eloquent, and as gentle as a woman. The news of human suffering, no matter how far removed from him, geographically, depressed him. An omnivorous reader of sociological and economic writings, he often delivered himself of views so broad as to startle his hearers."

Note that he was a great reader of "sociological and economic writings"; that he had "broad views," and that suffering, however far away it might be, always affected him. ❧

The housekeeper also relates that one night the priest met a policeman who had arrested a poor man for stealing bread with which to feed his starving wife and children. The priest asked the officer to place the man in his care, and the request was granted. The priest prayed with the man, called him "brother," and then let him go.

The Battening Brood

ALL over the world you will find dangerous men who are "omnivorous readers of sociological and economic writings"; men who have "views so broad as to startle their hearers." In a modest way I wish to ring an

alarm-bell about these men. They are becoming both numerous and powerful, and they are a bad lot. Among men, they are as useless as the women who profess to have Psychic Force; in addition they are dangerous.

There are few modest, worthy and useful men who have "views so broad as to startle their hearers." That term nearly always describes a mischief-maker—a man who has a scheme which will impose a tax on others, for his benefit. Good men are, almost without exception, conservative, and few of them are omnivorous readers of sociological and economic writings.

Our Vaunted Civilization

MANY people believe the present age is very strong intellectually; that "Psychic Force," the "All-Eye Gate of Life," and the expression of "views so broad as to be startling," is new talk. As a matter of fact, it is not. The Fifth Century before the Christian era produced more great men in Athens alone than the Eighteenth Century A. D. produced in all the world, Athens included. Our material greatness today is an accumulation, like the Rothschilds' fortune. But in thinking big, generous, sensible thoughts, we are far behind the men of two thousand five hundred years ago. Show me a good saying of a modern man, and I'll show you the old book in which he found it. In the arts, the men of today are halting, stumbling amateurs compared with men of the age of the Parthenon. The intellectual white giants of old Athens knew nothing of the religions of today; the soul talk of which some present-day white men are so proud came from the brown Arab. Peter and Paul were Arabs, and these people sprang from a blacker race who never founded a stone city, never built a ship, never produced a literature, and have never advanced out of savagery. ❧

But the old Athenians, while they founded no religious creed we accept, thoroughly investigated all Broad Views. They detected the dross in Sociological and Economic questions. The men who are honestly advocating Socialism surely do not know history. Every phase of it has been tried out practically many times in the past, and failed miserably, as it is failing in Mexico today. Stronger remedies than those proposed in Nineteen Hundred Fourteen A. D. were tried as far back as Five Hundred Ninety-three B. C., when all

debts were canceled, and free land given to the landless. But these measures did not bring peace or prosperity; only the iron hand of Order has been able to bring that in any age known to history.

Competition

ONE of the popular words in the big talk of today is Competition.

Nine-tenths of all the meanness and dishonesty in the world results from competition. No man tells the truth about his competitor, or is fair with him. The hanging of witches in Massachusetts was due to a quarrel between competitors. The Reverend Samuel Parris brought on the witchcraft agitation at Salem to punish the Reverend George Burroughs, who was a competitor for the pulpit in Parris' church. Between the Tenth of June and the Twenty-second of September, twenty victims of Parris were hanged, including Burroughs. Fifty-five others had been tortured, a hundred and fifty lay in prison, and two hundred others were accused or suspected. But not a single partisan of Parris was arrested; the craze for hanging people accused of witchcraft ended with the extermination of the supporters of Burroughs. — —

No one with an active, mean competitor can be a gentleman. The more gently you act toward a competitor, the more he abuses you, believing you to be a coward. I suppose the Reverend George Burroughs tried to be a gentleman in his controversy with the Reverend Samuel Parris. When Parris charged Burroughs with having murdered two wives, and with being possessed of a devil, Burroughs thought "the fairness of the people would assert itself," and that they would vindicate him of these untruthful and foolish charges. Burroughs thought if he gave Parris enough rope, he would hang himself; *but Burroughs was the man who was actually hanged.*

When the present mania for abusing the corporations began, the captains of industry said, "It will soon die out." But it did n't die out; on the contrary, it is growing worse, for the reason that the captains of industry do not fight back.

When you are attacked, fight. Don't imagine that your competitor will see his error, and apologize. A surprising feature of the present dangerous situation in this country is the timidity of those who are in the right, and the boldness of those who are in the wrong.

Liberty and License

SOME people tremble when they think of the evil day when Anarchy arrives. It has arrived. The recent strike at Johannesburg was declared because the superintendent of a mine asked five men to change their hours of work. No question of hours or wages was involved. The five men sent for an agitator to represent them, and from this beginning, every miner in the district quit work, incendiary speeches were made, police officers and soldiers beaten, and fires set out. The men seemed to want a reign of terror as an amusement. Some of the miners who made incendiary speeches about "the starving poor" received pay amounting to three or four hundred dollars a month, and spent enough on whisky to support a family.

This is organized anarchy, and it wins in seven cases out of ten, for the reason that anarchy has been taught so steadily by politicians and newspapers that it has become a popular doctrine. Every man worth five thousand dollars is half-willing to see the man worth ten thousand dollars burned out; the man worth ten thousand dollars is suspicious of the man worth fifty thousand dollars; and the man worth fifty thousand is clamoring for punishment for everybody worth above a hundred thousand.

All of which is lack of honesty, and lack of sense: you may say it is the Modern Spirit of Investigation, but it is plain meanness which will finally result in ruin. We have reformed nearly everything in this country except the people. In the history of mankind there has been nothing so unfair and foolish as some recent events. Politicians and labor-leaders are as ready as wild Indians to declare war, and as ready to burn and destroy: they seem to forget that they owe any duty to their country as citizens. And in all their lawlessness and folly, they seem to have the active encouragement of The People.

In Saint Louis, recently, there was a strike of waiters and barkeepers, and for days the police were pelted and insulted by the strikers, who were guilty of all sorts of violations of law. — —

Then, with unexampled impudence, the strikers called on the Governor to order out the militia, to protect them from "the brutality of the police!"

The request was the greatest joke of modern

times, but no one laughed: indeed, probably half the fool people still believe that the brutality of the Saint Louis police toward the inoffensive strikers was something terrible. The spirit of Anarchy is not only boldly showing itself in the labor-unions, but in the newspapers. There was once a disastrous tail-end collision on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The cause of the wreck every one knew within a few hours: the engineer of a second section went by a signal, and the brakeman of the train ahead, which had stopped for some reason, failed to go back and flag the approaching train. It was a clear case of criminal carelessness on the part of two train crews. The railroad company paid big wages for short hours, and the operating officials did everything they could to urge the employees to be careful. An engineer receiving in excess of two hundred dollars a month for less than six hours' work in twenty-four went by a perfectly plain signal to stop. The flagman on the forward train neglected his duty to go back and flag a train he knew was following. The coroner who investigated the case found that the wreck was caused by the criminal carelessness of the engineer, the conductor and the flagman.

"The accident would not have occurred," said the coroner in his report, "had the company's rules been obeyed."

The coroner further said in his report that the "number of violations of rules by employees makes a sorry record," and that the signal which the engineer ran by was in perfect order. ¶ Stock-jobbing had nothing whatever to do with the accident; wooden coaches had not the remotest connection with it.

Notwithstanding all this, certain New York papers devoted pages to charging the officials with responsibility for the wreck, when it was positively known that the officials could not by any possibility have had anything to do with it. Cruel cartoons were used to put the blame on the company's officials. Practically every paper in the United States blamed the officials of the road for the accident, yet the fact was as apparent as the noonday sun that the officials were as innocent of responsibility for the accident as children unborn.

¶ Why should not a guilty engine-man be held to account as strictly as a guilty superintendent? Is there any other explanation than that word Anarchy?

"The number of violations of rules by employees makes a sorry record," says the coroner, who made an official investigation. Do we propose to make the operation of railroads unsafe because of careless employees, rather than reprimand or punish them for unnecessary carelessness?

Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the employees of the New York, New Haven and Hartford company know the wreck was caused by the carelessness of two train crews, and probably would say so if you should ask them the question; yet ninety-nine out of every hundred newspapers say the railroad officials should be punished for it. Can't you realize that there is dangerous significance in this fact?

The Common Sense

¶ ANY profess to believe that "the commonsense of the people will finally assert itself," and that there will be a change. Nothing in it: the people have no commonsense—it has been educated out of them in the past ten years by false teachers.

What is known as "the people" is today composed of politicians and their active friends. Every successful politician has anywhere from a dozen to a million men who do his bidding; and a large majority of them are candidates for public positions paying more than private positions pay: they are apprentices learning the trade of the politician, and of course all of them favor public extravagance. Few appreciate the great number of these active friends of the big politicians.

Public ownership, a recent fad, would make politicians out of two-thirds of the people, and greatly cripple economy and industry. In my State, the penitentiary used thirty-one thousand tons of coal during the last fiscal year to supply electric lights and water to an institution housing eight hundred convicts. The city of Topeka used twenty-five thousand tons of coal during the same time to supply electric power, street-railway service, and water, for a population of fifty thousand. Public ownership is an entering wedge for a national Brook Farm experiment.

Our misdirected efforts at Reform cost more than the robbery we complain of. It is probable that physical valuation of the railroads of the United States will be ordered. The work will require seven years' time, and cost fifteen million dollars. An army of men will be

employed in the work, at higher pay than the average taxpayer receives. And physical valuation of the railroads will not lower rates or improve the service.

The question has often been asked, "Why are the prices of necessities so high?"

Because so many workers have quit the fields and shop to engage in politics. The man who cries, "Back to the farm!" is usually a politician living in town. Many a man who would be worth about eighteen dollars a month and board on a farm is making ten times as much in politics.

The Power of the Press

YOU hear of the power of Capital. It is a puny infant compared with the big prize-fighter known as the Press. The newspapers not only do not fear Capital, but find profit in misrepresenting it. The newspapers fear nothing except the labor-unions and the Catholics. Capital is as respectable and as important as a big crop of corn or wheat, but we have outlawed it, and the fate of Mexico will seriously threaten us in ten years unless we realize the danger of our Sociological and Economic experiments, and let up on some of our Broad Views.

We have always had ambitious politicians to deal with. Now we have, in addition, powerful newspapers vitally interested in excitement; and excitement is always dangerous and expensive. Peter's Pence is an insignificant tax compared with the pennies we pay for sensational newspapers, which educate us in folly and unfairness. The Pope, with all his power, is a weakling compared with the Press.

Freedom

THERE is so much freedom in Mexico that we may be compelled to send soldiers there to suppress it. That will mean an expense of millions of dollars, and thousands of our young men shot down like dogs.

Why not sell the Mexicans arms and ammunition in the hope that they will exterminate themselves? You may say this would be brutal. Not so brutal as sending our soldiers there to be shot. If United States troops are ordered to cross the Mexican border, they would be warranted in refusing to go; if prisoners in a penitentiary can revolt, as was recently done at Sing Sing, soldiers with arms in their hands might successfully defy authority.

The people are discovering the truth about

war. In France, one hundred eighty-five thousand copies of a soldiers' manual have been distributed among conscripts. (The word *conscript* means a man who is compelled to quit his home and his work, and serve as a soldier on the order of a politician.) The manual says the army is a school of crime, vice, brutality and laziness; that the uniform of a soldier is a livery of shame; that "every cruelty and infamy has bad patriotism as its motto," and that a young conscript's highest duty is to desert at the first opportunity. If the French can see the truth about war, why not Americans? Think of the enormity of the offense of the quarrelsome brute who orders out thousands of soldiers to engage in a useless war; who does not himself participate in the danger, but who remains safely at home to collect taxes to pay war expenses, and who retains a liberal per cent for his own salary. Did a great industrial leader ever show as little consideration of the people as the great politician who engages in war which can result only in death and poverty?

Speaking of one of his campaigns, Frederick the Great said, "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day, and I decided on war."

To oblige this man's ambition to become noted, seven nations went to war, and for seven years the men of seven nations neglected commerce and agriculture for the pastime of shooting at one another. Seven nations became almost as poverty-stricken as Mexico is today because of unnecessary war. Not one citizen out of fifty favored it; in almost every other house there was mourning because of relatives killed or wounded, and in every house was felt the pinch of poverty. All this to help a politician to worldwide fame.

Pure Democracy

IN Mexico, where Pure Democracy has been given a chance, there have been no trains on some of the railroads for five months. Not a mine or manufacturing concern is running, except in a restricted section of the country. The Government is bankrupt. The railways are bankrupt, and twenty million dollars will be required to put them where they were before the revolution began. Most of the banks are insolvent, and thousands of citizens supposed to be wealthy are pawning their jewelry. In the towns, business is at a standstill; the merchants have no stocks, and every-

where disorder reigns supreme. Bandits send word to railroad managers that unless certain sums are paid, their bridges will be burned. Towns are captured by bandit chiefs, and looted. As soon as one revolutionary chief wins, another leader begins an opposition movement, and assassinates him. Murders of the greatest cruelty are common, and men who should be employed as agricultural laborers are prowling over the country looking for property to destroy.

Yet before the revolution began, the country was having its greatest prosperity. The people rebelled not because times were hard, but because times were better than they had ever been before; because their country was more civilized than it had ever been before.

The experience of Mexico is a terrible object-lesson, yet not one man in fifty seems able to realize it. Our papers still give the impression that the Mexicans are making "a brave fight for liberty."

When Mexico had a good government, a little encouragement from the United States would have been easier than the pains we are now taking to patrol the border. There was plenty to complain of when Mexico, under Diaz, was doing better than it had ever done before, but there was not half so much to complain of then as there is after the revolution.

•••

ACCORDING to Ray Stannard Baker, Colonel George W. Goethals believes that the only way to do public work satisfactorily is to place full power in the hands of one man. He does not believe in commissions; for if there is no man in the commission strong enough to dominate it, then it is dominated by the doubters; and where there is doubt, nothing can be done. And if there is a strong man, then why the commission? There may be such a thing as a democracy somewhere in the world. But just where it is I do not know. Personally I believe with the wise men of old who held that the ideal government was the one with an autocrat-philosopher at its head—a man with absolute power who ruled with justice. Where the strong man sits will always be the head of the table. Let politicians in their campaign speeches hoodwink the people by arguing otherwise. Equality of power, like consistency, is a hobgoblin of little minds.—*Thomas Dreier.*

Billy Sunday as an Entertainer

By Charles M. Bregg



It is impossible to escape the influence of Mr. Sunday's style of preaching, but it is not so easy to analyze one's impression after hearing him. Partisanship in his behalf interferes on one side, and criticism by his enemies obtrudes on the other. To dodge these and run a middle course is a difficult proposition. There are so many things that enter into his services to confuse and divide the attention that one's impressions are never in a straight line, but mix and diffuse themselves over a wide area. A habit of some twenty years' standing led me to secure, if possible, some sort of definite impression of the man's hold on the public. Of the superhuman and divine agencies that may be at work upon the hearts and consciousness of Mr. Sunday's audiences I shall not be so impertinent as to judge, either one way or the other, nor shall I attempt any invasion of the domain of religious opinion or criticism. It was Billy Sunday as an entertainer that I saw; a man who by some peculiar personal equipment can arrest attention and hold it in a monologue of an hour and fifteen minutes, swaying an audience of many thousands, sobering the people into silence, or arousing a mirth that is quick, spontaneous and unrestrained. I have seen vast crowds of people moved by oratory; but Mr. Sunday is not primarily an orator. Indeed, his equipment in this particular is somewhat meager. He has a vast vocabulary that he uses skilfully, but it is not, strictly speaking, an emotional vocabulary. Mr. Sunday is not impressive in appearance. His violent gesticulations are neither apt nor graceful. The word-matter of his sermons does not follow any direct or logical form. The tangent is a favorite method with him, so that his hold upon his audience is not that of overpowering, orderly logic. One must look in some other direction for Mr. Sunday's secret of popular approval than in those ordinary explanations of a speaker's power. People compare Mr. Sunday with Sam Jones. There is no comparison between the two men,

except in a certain wild and inelegant use of epithet and denunciation. Sam Jones was an orator and could hold an audience spellbound by the sheer beauty of his imagery and his vocabulary. — —

Sunday's Sense of Humor

MR. SUNDAY'S power (of course, I mean on the human side only) lies in his supreme sense of humor. He is the finest comedian by instinct I have ever seen, and I have seen them all during the past twenty years, from Stuart Robson to Eddie Foy. You could never convince me in a thousand years that Mr. Sunday has not deliberately and carefully studied the psychology of laughter, and that he has built his methods of delivery upon the sound theory that of all human emotions, the readiest and the most delightful is the sense of humor. We find that the Sunday meetings constitute a "show" that is richer in humor, the most spontaneous in laughter, and the surest in its results of emotional fervors, of any entertainment devised for that purpose only. I take it that the larger half of Mr. Sunday's audiences are people who, because of formal religious decorum, never laugh in church, and, because of the same religious restraint, never go to places where laughs are manufactured at so much per seat. Another large element of his congregations is either hostile or indifferent. No human being is better qualified to seize the attention and open up the pathway to moral consciousness than a comedian who has the power to grant the privilege of unrestrained laughter. I saw hundreds of people in the audience Friday night who had perhaps not laughed heartily for ten years. They caught the infection and laughed loudly and then, surprised at this unexpected and delightful emotional experience, they were ready for any sort of religious exaltation. Then moral and religious instinct in men and women must be reached through the emotions. Mr. Sunday has chosen comedy as his metier, because he is a natural comedian. His long service as an athlete brought about the flexible use of his body as an instrument in his present work, so he added acrobatics to his comedy, and as a result we have the greatest acrobatic comedian in this country today in the pulpit instead of on the stage.

Add the music, the singing, the free and easy companionship of the crowd and the all-

powerful element of human curiosity, and you have the human explanation of Mr. Sunday's success. And it is success. It is the best entertainment I have witnessed in years, and if the average collection per capita is, as they say, only three cents, then the Sunday organization is not appreciated at its worth, for it surpasses in mixed emotional delights any two-dollar entertainment that ever came to town. — —

Genius is the ability to act wisely without precedent—the power to do the right thing for the first time. — —

City Building Notes

By L. M. Ward



O-OPERATION is the law of city building.

Health, harmony and happiness breed content.

A town knocker is the product of the devil's industry.

A pessimist is a bane to the community in which he lives.

¶ A successful commercial organization must be telescopic in its vision.

Perpetual plodding pays profitably. Cities are not built in a day. You can not dream your town into a city: you must build and boost it into one. — — If you can't say a good word for the town in which you live, it's time for you to move.

The raising of more and better stock by the farmers is as much a factor in community development as are manufacturing industries.

¶ If every man in your community was doing as much for his community as you are, how long would it take to build the city in which you live?

The three-thirty juvenile parade from the schoolhouse means more to the future development of your community than does the noon-day dinner-bucket brigade.

Some cities are spending millions to widen streets today that could have been widened a few years ago at comparatively no cost. Are you building your city for today or for the years to come? — —

Whatsoever God has joined together, no man can put asunder.

Daniel Gray Reid, a Gentleman From Indiana

By Elbert Hubbard



THE State of Indiana is the hub of the literary zone. The Hoosier State produces poets, playwrights, and writers of "best sellers," but the soil has never been especially favorable to millionaires.

Daniel Gray Reid is a noteworthy exception to this rule. Reid claims Richmond, Indiana, as the place of his nativity, and Richmond does not repudiate him.

His parents were poor and hardworking—a *sine qua non* with millionaires, it would appear.

¶ Dan Reid was four years old when the guns of Fort Sumter roared out the proclamation of emancipation.

He went to school to a Hoosier Schoolmaster until he was eleven years old, but was essentially of the type that "creeps like a snail unwillingly to school."

Boys like Dan Reid can not endure the irksome drudgery of the schoolroom, with its petty round of irritating concerns and duties. There is that within them which rebels. They long to be up and doing, to "play the man"—and are not content to idle away valuable time over dryasdust textbooks. The confinement and restraint of the classroom are as gall and wormwood to their active, energetic natures.

Tom Sawyer

DAN REID and Tom Sawyer would surely have been sworn chums or hated rivals, had they chanced to know each other. Each was keen for a "swap."

Mark Twain tells how Tom Sawyer was delegated by his maiden aunt to whitewash a certain fence of unnecessarily generous dimensions.

Most boys would have sulked, and craved the sympathy of their cronies, but Tom Sawyer never whined. He turned everything to account, and habitually raked victory out of the embers.

He set to work on that fence, and managed to clothe the detestable job with such a first coat of charm and attraction, that in less time than it takes to tell it, every boy in the

neighborhood was begging Tom to let him take a turn at whitewashing.

At length Tom yielded reluctantly to the pressure of the steam-roller, but not until he had amassed a bushel of the precious junk so dear to a boy's honest homespun heart. In early youth, Dan Reid coveted a bull's-eye watch that was for sale at the general store. It was priced at three dollars and fifty cents, but might just as well have cost ten times that amount, so far as young Reid was concerned.

He did not have a red cent to his name. By diligent work, however, he managed in time to scrape together the required sum, and thus became the proud owner of the watch. A friend contributed a horsehair chain, and for a week Dan and the bull's-eye chummed it up and down Richmond's principal thoroughfare.

Subsequently, the watch figured in a trade for three little pigs; then one of the pigs was bartered for a gun. This gun Mr. Reid still has in his possession—it formed the nucleus of his present magnificent collection of firearms.

Two of the little pigs, grown to corpulence through much pigweed pulled by the industrious Dan, with slop supplied by the neighbors, were sold for thirty-three dollars and seventy-five cents.

The sight of so bewildering a sum of money completely turned the youngster's head. Thereafter, school was unthinkable. Straightway, he was seized with a mighty thirst for gold. The lure of real, tangible wherewithal was too strong.

Our knight of the itching palm accepted a position, or in other words got a job, as messenger in the Second National Bank of Richmond.

During the next eighteen years he was connected with this institution. He served in every capacity from janitor to president.

The Tinsplate Industry

HE was now thirty-four years old, and had built up a respectable fortune; but he had got the habit. The boom of trade put the everlasting kibosh on luxurious ease and inactivity.

It is not surprising, then, that at this juncture the tinsplate industry should have made a special appeal to Mr. Reid. He had been so busy raking in the "tin" and piling up

ingots in his private coffers that now, as if by instinct, he turned to the tinplate industry as a field worthy of his enterprise and energy.

¶ With William B. Leeds he bought and rebuilt a mill at Elwood, Indiana; but their blissful ignorance spelled temporary failure.

¶ Up to that time tin plate had been almost exclusively a foreign product, and had never been made in America with any degree of success.

Tin is found in Cornwall, England; on the Island of Banca, in the Dutch East Indies; and in some parts of Australia.

Cornwall has long been famous for its tin-mines. In remote antiquity the Phenicians sailed thither in their venturesome galleys, and helped themselves to goodly stores of this serviceable metal.

So Dan Reid displayed commendable wisdom when he sent to Pittsburgh for a Cornishman who knew all there was to know about tin—and then some.

The Elwood factory was rebuilt, and this time the business was launched successfully on a money-making basis. The new tariff helped greatly.

Reid and his partner began to branch out and buy up other tin-mills scattered up and down the length and breadth of the land. It was not very long before they had acquired control of practically all the tin-mills in the United States, some two hundred seventy in number. Thus was brought about the organization of the American Tinplate Company.

¶ The formation of the Steel Trust, at about the same time, made imperative the Trust's acquisition of the tin-mills owned and operated by the American Tinplate Company.

J. Pierpont Morgan made Reid an offer. Reid named his own figure, and told Pierp to like it or lump it.

Pierp "liked" the way the man talked.

Reid stepped into a directorship of the Steel Trust, and became a member of its Executive Committee as well.

The Rock Island

MEANWHILE, with the Moore brothers, Reid had acquired a controlling interest in Rock Island stock.

This road was a nearly extinct proposition, but Reid and his Gold-Dust Twins went quietly to work and added feeders until they built up a railway system boasting seventeen thousand miles of steel track.

Reid became Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Rock Island Company, and awoke straightway to find himself famous, like Lord Byron, in a night.

Thenceforth he was a power in the financial world.

Reid came to Manhattan in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, and has been identified with the metropolis ever since.

He is a man of tremendous energy, wonderful business acumen, iron nerves and an ostrich digestion. But he knows enough not to over-eat, to walk long miles, and to go to bed early.

¶ He possesses a remarkable faculty for skilful manipulation, and it was altogether natural that he should succeed such men as John W. Gates and John R. Keene as manipulators of the stock market. The present bull market is said to be largely of his making. Physically, Reid is in the heavyweight class, tall, powerful and rugged.

His fortune is estimated at forty millions. As Reid started work at fourteen, and is now fifty-four, he has achieved a cool million of dollars for every year of the forty that he has been engaged in the University of Give and Take.

Modern American Business is a great game. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world. It is men like Daniel Gray Reid that have brought it to its present state of universality and efficiency. American businessmen are world-makers.

REAL Religion is Practical Idealism, not apart from, but a part of the every-day life and the actual interests of a people.

In America that means Democracy Applied, the organization of society on the basis of respect for the individual—all for each and each for all. We believe that our homes must harbor mutually-respecting equals; that education must help to call forth and harmonize all the powers of the individual; that science and art must prove their use to man; that law must serve the ends of absolute justice; that politics must express the will of the people; that the press must be the honest agent of publicity; that business must be made moral and human; in short, that every social institution and undertaking must further the democratic purpose of America—to make strong, creative men and women, and to give larger and fuller life.—*Charles Fleischer.*



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

That Embarrassing Moment

When Tom and his best girl come to tell mother about it and ask her blessing. After the first happy round of tears and congratulations and kisses, mother proudly displays Tom's first Baby jacket to her new daughter-to-be.

"Yes," mother is saying, "Tom was the cutest baby you ever set eyes on, if I do say it myself. And the best baby, too—he never gave me a minute's trouble—or if he did, I've forgotten it. This jacket," she continues in reminiscent vein, "came from Montgomery Ward's. Your father and I were living on the old farm, and we had the big catalog—not as big as it is now, of course. We got *all* of Tom's baby-clothes there. That was twenty-five years ago, and we are still ordering from Chicago, just as we did then, only more.

When you children are married and go to house-keeping, it will pay you to trade there.

"You want things that are good and will last. You want to make every dollar go as far as possible. Your father and I have saved hundreds of dollars by ordering from this book, and we have never been disappointed in anything we bought. That is a big statement, but it is literally true." "Mother's" experience is only the experience of millions of people in this country and abroad, who have tested Montgomery Ward & Company's Mail-Order Service and found it exactly as represented. The new thousand-page *Catalog No. 82* is the One Best Seller, yet it costs you nothing. Fill out the attached coupon.

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Charles Henry Fox

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Virginia Hams,"

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¶ Virginia Hams are extra flavorful and delectable, because of the care and attention given the various processes of preparation. They are nicely trimmed and smoked with hickory-wood.

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¶ Eight to sixteen or eighteen pound Hams, each Thirty Cents per pound, F. O. B., Rural Retreat, remittance with order.

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HOOKEE, Terese, you can't smoke cigarettes in this office! Lips that touch tobacco shall never touch mine. Of course, I appreciate the fact that smoking is just an innocent little diversion that you can stop any old time, only you can't. Don't talk to me—I tell you, I know!

Also, it gives you a breath that not even Sen Sen Chiclets can cure. ¶ Did you ever notice that habitual smokers are much given to hypnosis?

"Sure I smoke," says Hamfatto, as he lights up a big fat black cigarro, "not to excess, however. Probably not over ten cigars a day. Moreover, I can stop any time I want to." ¶ This is the guff we get from the man with tobacco heart, and a breath that tokens Havana filler two blocks away. And the best of it is, he believes it. ¶ Yet swearing off, like everything else, is easy when you know how. To those who have not acquired the technique, we would say, in the words of the late Julius Caesar, *Nil desperandum*, which in latter-day lingo means, "No Smoking Here!"

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Apollo is permitted to play by touching down on the keys. This is the correct way. It's the way the piano is built to be played. You know that.

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be subordinated to collective action ♣ We do not believe that a house divided against itself shall stand: we believe that it shall fall ♣ We know that a State divided by internal feuds and torn by faction fighting can not hold its own against a united people ♣ We know that in a cricket or football team, a regiment, a ship's crew, a school, the "antagonism of the atoms" would mean defeat and failure. We know that a society composed of antagonistic atoms would not be a society at all, and could not exist as a society. We know that if men are to found and govern cities, to build bridges and make roads, to establish universities, to sail ships and sink

WE are taught, many of us, from our youth onwards, that competition is essential to the health and progress of the race ♣ Or, as Herbert Spencer puts it, "Society flourishes by the antagonism of its atoms."

But the obvious golden truth is that co-operation is good and competition bad, and that society flourishes by the mutual aid of human beings. I say that is obvious, and so it is. And it is so well known that in all great military or commercial enterprises individualism has to

mines, and create educational systems, and policies and religions, they must work together and not against one another ♣ Surely these things are as obvious as the fact that there could be no hive unless the bees worked as a colony and on the lines of mutual aid.

—Robert Blatchford.

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.—Samuel Johnson.

THE cause of peace is not the cause of cowardice. If peace is sought to be defended or preserved for the safety of the luxurious and the timid, it is a sham, and the peace will be base. War is better, and the peace will be broken. If peace is to be maintained, it must be by brave men, who have come up to the same height as the hero, namely, the will to carry their life in their hand, and stake it at any instant for their principle, but who have gone one step beyond the hero, and will not seek another man's life; men who have, by their intellectual insight, or else by their moral elevation, attained such a perception of their own intrinsic worth, that they do not think property or their own body a sufficient good to be saved by such dereliction of principle as treating a man like a sheep. If the rising generation can be provoked to think it unworthy to nestle into every abomination of the past, and shall feel the generous darings of austerity and virtue, then war has a short day. Whenever we see the doctrine of peace embraced by a nation, we may be assured it will not be one that invites injury; but one, on the contrary, which has a friend in the bot-

Arboriculture and Horticulture

¶ Our trees are becoming beautifully less. Some day we, as a nation, will wake up to the fact and pass unavailing laws with a free hand.

¶ Let us get busy in the here and now, and take measures to protect the trees we have.

¶ Arboriculture means, simply, the scientific care and treatment of trees. It is a profession in which there is just as much room for real genius as in any other line of business.

¶ In Rochester, the Tree City, lives my friend, Leon C. Allyn, whose business is to prescribe for sick and ailing trees, and nurse them back to health and beauty. *Tree-Surgery* is only a small part of Allyn's business.

¶ The reclaiming of worn-out orchards is a special hobby with Allyn. His experience covers ten years and is of a very practical kind. Withal, he is thoroughgoing, scientific, and, I am glad to say, dead in love with his work. If you are interested in orchard-planting, you need this man's advice.

¶ He can give you invaluable information about apple, cherry and pear trees, all standard and desert varieties—two years old, budded from fruiting trees on imported French seedlings. All settings are guaranteed absolutely true to name and description. Address inquiries to

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THIS is the title conferred on W. H. Cousins, of Wichita Falls, Texas, by the unanimous consent and approval of his friends and associates of the which there are many in every State in the Union.

¶ Cousins is thirty-five and married—and glad of it, so he says. For years he has contributed regularly to the Pharmaceutical Press of this country, besides writing a deal of copy for big manufacturers and small retailers in the drug business.

¶ By reason of his piquant style of writing, he has been called "the George Ade of American Pharmacy." He is "known wherever drug journals are read," and uses all the words found in *The Philistine*.

¶ Cousins' ambition is to cater to the wants of drug-manufacturers, and other manufacturers whose products are sold in retail drugstores. He has the goods and can "deliver." He is the original "Apothecary Pop" of the Apothecary Shop.

¶ If you deal in drugs and write prescriptions in the lingua Latina, you had better correspond with Cousins, and have him tell you direct, just what he proposes to do about it. His address is WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.



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The only concern in the United States which confines its entire time, talents and energy to planning Sewage Disposal Plants along Scientific Lines.

When multimillionaires buy things, they always get the best; and that is why Ashley Sewage Disposal Plants are used by Colonel Knox, the Hatter; Henry Ford, the Automobile King; Kingsford, the Starch Man; Bruhn, the San Antonio Master; Judge Sears, the noted lawyer and jurist; Chase, the Theater Magnate; the Pratts of the Standard Oil; Sohmer, the Piano Man; Hodioppy, the Broker of Wall Street; Johnson of the New York Tribune; Hoyt, the Perfumery Man; Patterson of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Kelley of the Saint Paul Railroad; Calvert of the C. B. & Q. Railroad; Hull House (Jane Addams), Chicago; and fifty others of the same class.

Ashley never did things by halves. He goes to the bottom and gets things right, or he won't do anything, and that is the way he designs and builds Sewage Disposal Plants. Nine years of doing nothing else as Send for Manual on Sewage Disposal—FREE—and when you get it, read the Good Stuff.

Ashley House-Sewage Disposal Company
100 Morgan Park, Chicago



Fifteen Men on the Hallroom Chest, Yoho Ho! And a Bottle of Mumm!

You can talk "home" until the cows come home, but give me a bungalow. The bungalow idea hails from India's coral strand, where this form of dwelling originated, because it fitted into the landscape. Now we know that the bungalow is suited and adapted to any climate. And the discovery is a welcome one. Thanks to the bungalow, every one can now own a home that is something more than a place to go to change your clothes so you can go somewhere.

¶ The bungalow is a pleasing variant from the conventional type, and is recognized as a most comfortable and convenient all-year-round home. Also, it satisfies the artistic instinct.

¶ The *Craftsman Bungalow Book* should be in the hands of every prospective builder. Nearly a hundred interesting photographs are shown, representing exterior and interior views, together with floor plans, size of rooms, descriptions and estimated costs—in fact, all the data you need. The price is One Dollar.

¶ A smaller book is sent on receipt of 60 cents, check, money-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfied.

¶ Special plans and designs are furnished gladly on request for a consideration, by

JUD YOHU, The Bungalow Craftsman
650 Bungalow Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

tom of the heart of every man, even of the violent and the base; one against which no weapon can prosper; one which is looked upon as the asylum of the human race and has the blessings of mankind.—Emerson.

FOR, indeed, belief and unbelief are mere empty words; not so the loyalty, the greatness, and the profoundness, of the reasons wherefore we believe, or do not believe.

—Maeterlinck.

Copper Wrought in Artistic Designs

*A New Roycroft
Shaft Vase*



Price, \$7.00
Height, 15 inches

*A Copper Shaft
for Flowers*



Price, \$5.00
Height, 10 1/2 inches

Copper-Jardiniere



Price, \$8.00
Diameter of top, 13 inches
Height, 10 inches

The Roycroft Copper Bowl



Price, \$5.00
Diameter, 10 1/4 inches
Depth, 5 1/2 inches

*Egyptian Flower-
Holder*



Price, \$5.00
Height, 8 inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Gift Vases for Easter

Violet-Bowl



Price, \$2.00
Diameter, 4 inches
Depth, 2½ inches

Japanese Flower-Holder



Price, \$2.00
Height, 8 inches
This copper vase is fitted with a crystal glass tube

Japanese Flower-Holder



This vase is made of copper fitted with a tube of crystal glass

Price, \$2.00
Height, 8 inches

An American Beauty Vase of Hand-Wrought Copper



Price, \$10.00
Diameter of bowl, 8 inches
Diameter of base, 7½ inches
Height, 22 inches

Modeled-Copper Fernery



Price, \$5.00
Diameter, 7 inches
Height, 3 inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Modeled-Leather Card-Cases and Bill-Pockets

TWO-FOLD BILL-POCKET



Price, \$5.00

Size, open, $4\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches
One long bill-pocket and two
flat pockets, also mica-
covered slip for
name-card or pass

CARD-CASE

(Not Illustrated)

Conventional design 3 by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Two gusset pockets and two flat pockets
Price, \$3.00

CARD-CASE



Price, \$1.00

Size, $2\frac{3}{4}$ by 4 inches
Two pockets

CARD-CASE
Wheat Design

Price, \$2.00

$2\frac{3}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches
Two gusset pockets

VEST-POCKET
CARD-CASE

Price, \$2.00

3 by 4 inches

BILL-FOLD



Price, \$2.50

Closed, $2\frac{3}{4}$ by $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches
Carries bills flat and safely

GENTLEMAN'S WALLET



Price, \$12.00

Two gusset pockets, three flat pockets
Closed, 5 by 11 inches

The Roycrofters



East Aurora, N. Y.

CHIROPRACTIC

OR THE PRACTISE OF COMMONSENSE

By Elbert Hubbard

CHIROPRACTIC believes in a "thrust." Chiropractic is not a trust, but wants to be trusted.

Chiropractic is the new science of adjustment—Nature heals. It is based on the assumption that all diseases have their *cause* in the subluxation of vertebrae.

The body is a complex network of nerves, thru which we feel, think, and thru them we act. All nerves center and join in the spinal cord or "central cable," and thus reach the brain or "Central Plant."

Subluxation means the partial misalignment, or the imperfect adjustment of one portion of the spine on another. This out-of-place segment produces a pressure of bone on spinal nerves, and as a result the electricity of the telephone system of the body is thrown more or less out of commission. This short-circuiting continued results in disease of some particular portion of the body reached by the nerves that are interfered with at their base.

One primal cause of maladjustment of the spine is that walking upright was an afterthought. Nature intended man to walk on all fours.

When you stand upright you throw a weight on the spinal column that Nature never really intended.

Man just stood up as an accident. And then he got the habit. He wanted to see, and run and thus escape, or catch, his enemies.

Sitting on a chair instead of squatting is another cause of disease.

Of course, we can't go back to the squat and to all fours, and the next best thing is to keep your spine strong, serviceable and in right condition. And this the good Chiropractor helps you to do.

¶ At long intervals we find a curvature of the spine which is noticeable to every one. But in all cases of disease there is a partial (single or multiple) impingement of the bony structure on the nerves. This may be so slight as to go unnoticed by the uninitiated.



Dr. D. D. Palmer was the Discoverer of Chiropractic. Then came the second generation who developed the crude theory and method to a philosophy, science and art—B. J. Palmer, who is now at the head of this school.

The Chiropractor is a man skilled in right adjustment. In fact, Chiropractic is the science of the spinal column.

This new science is now being taught by several colleges, all of them good and worthy institutions; but there is one school of Chiropractic that came first that is rightfully known as The Fountain-Head School; this is the Palmer School of Chiropractic at Davenport, Iowa.

Doctor Palmer was the inventor of the "adjustment" or move of the hands by which the subluxation can be corrected, and the vertebra restored to its normal condition where mental connection and circulation is natural and tissue vibration is what it should be.

Dr. B. J. Palmer is a great teacher. His business is to fit men and women for the practise of Chiropractic, to make of them good Chiropractors.

To be a skilled anatomist is one thing, and a correct philosopher is another, but to teach others is something else. Dr. Palmer is all.

There is a demand for skilled Chiropractors all over the United States.

Drugless adjustment is here to stay.

No one school knows all about it. And Chiropractic does not claim to be a complete science. If so, it would have ankylosis and be ready to shuffle. It is an expanding, evolving, growing science.

The Chiropractor is not so much interested in the post-mortem, as in health. He is a man who believes in sunshine, good-cheer, efficiency. His are the helpful hands. He thinks health, talks health, laughs health. He adds to the health, happiness and welfare of the world. In all cases he benefits, and in many, it co-operates with Nature so that wonderful cures are effected.

Men and women of all ages are taking up this work with profit to themselves and benefit to the community. As a life-work, Chiropractic offers great advantages. Perhaps you had better send for literature. Address

THE PALMER SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC
"Chiropractic Fountain-Head" DAVENPORT, IOWA

Mental and Physical Ease and Supremacy

Here are the two qualifications to which every man and woman is rightfully entitled—the two qualifications that are inseparably associated with human accomplishment—qualifications that are most conspicuous by their absence in the majority of us, because we lack a working and living knowledge of the vital laws of life—laws which were made to serve us, but which we have lost sight of by indifference and neglect.

YOU Can Make Yourself a Stronger, Easier-Controlled and More Efficient Human Being If You Exercise Your Power of Will.

Let me show you how easily and how quickly you can accomplish this result. Let me explain to you the innumerable causes and conditions that unfit you in mind and body to enjoy life and make the very most of your time, your talents and your opportunities. Let me show you how to put yourself in order and what a simple thing it is to be in order—always Leavitt Science is a miraculous force for lifting the enervated ones out of the depths of distress and discouragement—for dispelling and destroying the influences that conspire to rob you of peace, poise and power. I will send you a special copy of my new book for twelve two-cent stamps, and with it the privilege of a complete diagnosis of your condition. Write to me now—today.

C. Franklin Leavitt

14 West Washington Street
Suite 731 — Chicago

C. Franklin Leavitt M.D.

A Sweeping Statement

The poet who wrote, "O woman, in thy hours of ease," surely had a vision of the Hoover Suction Sweeper in action. But the Hoover is no fiction of a fertile fancy.

The Hoover Suction Sweeper makes home-keeping a delight. It is an economic necessity. Here is a portable cleaner that actually cleans, and makes no fuss about it. It removes not only dust and dirt, but also, sand and grit, embedded and ingrained; clinging hair, thread, lint and litter.

By attaching special nozzle tools, the Hoover is made to clean wood-work, curtains, tapestries, bedding, wall-coverings and automobile upholstery.

The Hoover sweeps, shakes and sucks the dirt and dust loose from its moorings, sweeping into the dustbin of Father Time, the trials and troubles of the harried house-keeper.

The Hoover is used in The Rye-oft Inn, where it is setting a pace that cleans rugs and kills competition.



The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co.
New Berlin Ohio.



COW COMFORT

ELBERT HUBBARD SAYS:

Look at these cows, gentle Reader! Frankly, did you ever see a happier, more comfortable looking bunch of bovines? I reckon not!

It pays to cater to the comfort of your cows! Cows earn their board—every cent of it—paying in advance, with milk, cream, butter and cottage-cheese.

The cows in this picture look healthy, happy, serene, satisfied and smiling. They are chewing the cud of utter—also udder—cow contentment. Why should n't they? Life is good when you are a cow and occupy de-luxe apartments in a barn equipped with the James Apparatus. Clean, healthy cows produce a high grade of milk.

Scientific Dairying is the Big Idea these days, and I have observed that the biggest and best dairy barns and farms in this country are subscribing to the theory and practise of the James Apparatus. This is as it should be.

Some mighty interesting and instructive literature is issued by these same James people.

This will be forwarded to you gratis if you ask for it, stating how many cows you own, and whether you intend to build a new barn or remodel.

JAMES MFG. CO., 103 School St., Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Hundred Per Cent Efficiency

Is the demand of today in **EVERY** man and woman. To gain 100 per cent efficiency the mind must be at rest—free from Worry—the germ that destroys all Mental Power. **INCENTIVE THOUGHT** will, if followed closely, teach you how to overthrow worry and turn the whole current of your life into the channel of Success thru mental efficiency. Application to self of this inspirational volume will separate you from the "Followers." It is the course used by myself which took me out of the mental rut in which Worry had kept me for years. **INCENTIVE THOUGHT** is a masterpiece and sells \$2.00 the volume, postpaid.

ROBERT STEVENS, Author

1354 East 48th., Chicago, Ill.

Railroad Number

The Fra for April will be the Railroad Number. It will be of interest to Railroadmen the country over, especially at this time when railroads have been set up as targets for the mudslinging ignorami and the malefact vote-snatcher.

In this number, Elbert Hubbard gives, in a forceful way, various reasons why a slight raise in freight-rates is not only desirable, but necessary to the prosperity of the entire country. **The Fra** is read by people who buy.

Each issue guaranteed to be in excess of Fifty Thousand Copies.

A personal affidavit as to circulation accompanies each bill for space. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Craftsman Rag-Style Poster Rugs



NURSERY

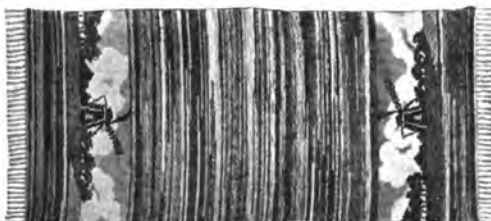
Woven at
the Sign
of the
Hand-Loom



HAYSTACKS

"Hit-or-Miss" Grounds

30" x 60"	\$ 2.00
36" x 72"	2.75
4' x 7'	5.50
6' x 9'	9.00
7' 6" x 10' 6"	12.50
9' x 12'	15.50
12' x 15'	34.50



LOG CABIN

HOLLAND SCENE

"Hit-or-Miss"
Ground



LIGHTHOUSE



Plain Color Grounds

30" x 60"	\$ 2.50
36" x 72"	3.50
4' x 7'	6.50
6' x 9'	10.50
7' 6" x 10' 6"	14.50
9' x 12'	18.00
12' x 15'	37.50

For the Den, Library, Living-Room, Hall, Bedroom, or Nursery. These Rugs go perfectly with modern Furnishings—Craftsman and Mission, or the Colonial. They are woven-to-order either in "Hit-or-Miss" Grounds, or in any color of plain ground—Blue, Green or Brown, etc.—you select. All warps are White Cotton Yarn. The "Hit-or-Miss" Grounds produce ye olde-time craftie style o' weave. The materials used—all new Print Goods—are torn and sewed by hand by our weavers' wives with much care and cheerfulness in the Winter nights while by their firesides. The borders are all set by hand and are quaint and charming. The green grass, the woods and hills, the blue sea, the brown fields, and the little red roofs of the cottages are worked out perfectly in their natural colorings. The rugs are seamless and reversible. The Windmill Border, while woven in natural colors, can also be supplied in Delft tones. You can select any border on either the "Hit-or-Miss" ground, or on any plain ground. These Rugs are sent anywhere in the U. S. or Canada prepaid upon receipt of price as listed. We also weave "Hit-or-Miss" ground rugs with simple bar borders which are quite inexpensive.

Address Dept. A. D., The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

PLASTERGON
TREATED
WOOD FIBRE
WALL-BOARD

A pleasing and artistic interior is achieved at moderate expense thru the use of **PLASTERGON WALL-BOARD** put on in panels that are easily removed at any time, in the event of plumbing repairs or installation of pipe or wire. Impervious to moisture; strong, durable, sound-proof; will not crack, crumble, shrink or expand. Infinitely better than lath and plaster, and lasts longer. A commonsense investment paying daily dividends of honest satisfaction. Facts and figures on request.

THE PLASTERGON WALL-BOARD CO., Tonawanda, N. Y., Dept. F

Ever Hear of Typewriter Insurance?

Typewriter insurance is the difference between the cost of an L. C. Smith & Bros. typewriter and a cheaper machine. It's inexpensive insurance, no matter what the amount.

When the L. C. Smith & Bros. typewriter is installed in your office, the typewriter problem is settled once and for all. You may be certain that your correspondence will be a credit to you, that you will not be annoyed by breakdowns and delays.

It's the machine of most perfect mechanical construction and therefore highest efficiency. Ball bearing type-bars, ball bearing carriage and ball bearing capital shift—this is the explanation.

Write for free book.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.

Home Office and Factory
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



No. 088
Width, 13½ inches
Depth, 19 inches
Seat, 10 inches high
Back, 15 inches

THESE two chairs are made especially for the Kideens. They are "creep-up-close chairs," for when daddy tells the "sandman story."

¶ All the characteristics that go to make Roycroft Furniture distinctive are embodied in them.

They are strong, well finished, well balanced, durable and artistic.

Made of quartered oak; leather seats.

¶ They will be sent to you, securely crated, F. O. B. East Aurora, for Twelve Dollars. Yes—BOTH OF THEM.



No. 020
Width, 16¼ inches
Depth, 15 inches
Back, 18½ inches

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The Great-Soled Acheeles and His Fatal Tendency



ACHILLES was the first ward-heeler. His story is tender, touching and true. Achilles himself, we are told, was rather prone to self-pity, and would weep big tears when he reflected how Destiny, with a stuffed club, lurked just around the corner. When he was but a puling, prattling infant, his goddess mother, the white-armed Thetis, had dipped him in Buffalo Creek—as a token that he should sit atop the water-wagon. She held him by the heel, and where her fingers gripped, the waters did not wet.

Achilles, before he was ultimately hit in the heel at Troy, N. Y., performed great feats of valor on the plain of Troy, full feateously. But, gangrene setting in, the doctors gave him up, promising themselves the pleasure of a post-mortem.

The point of the story seems to be that man, like a machine, is no stronger than his weakest part. If Achilles had worn Coward Shoes, along with his greaves and cuirass, he would be alive today.

With many people, the feet are the weak part in the anatomy. They "give out" regularly, and cause untold weariness and fatigue. The thing to do is to notify Fra Coward and get his advice. Coward is a specialist in shoe-fitting. He has been in business fifty years, and I can vouch for his product.

THE COWARD SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - (for weak arches)

Made in our custom dep't for over 30 years

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - (made especially for tender feet)

The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - - - The Coward Arch-Support Shoe

The Coward Combination Shoe - - - The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK
(MAIL ORDERS FILLED) (SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)

The Roycroft Fraternity

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta

From *The Fra Magazine* for March, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen



1. (a) Who was Aristotle? (b) How is his name linked with modern science?
2. Why is all education comparative?
3. Who was John Wesley, and what is meant by the "Great Awakening"?
4. Why is Josiah Wedgwood remembered?
5. From what ancient country did Wedgwood derive his art ideas?
6. Who was (a) Robert Owen? (b) Thomas Huxley? (c) Alfred Russel Wallace? (d) Charles Darwin?
7. (a) What epoch-making book did Darwin write (b) How has it affected modern scientific methods?
8. What is meant by the phrase, "solidarity of the race"?
9. What do you understand by the German word "Zeitgeist"?
10. Is the idea of a pension for mothers feasible?
11. What is the "Biologic Imperative"?
12. Explain the statement that "spinsterhood is an achievement, not a disgrace." Defend your point of view.
13. Prove that Thomas Jefferson was the founder of the Public-School System in this country.
14. Where did the idea of School "Frats" and Secret Societies originate?
15. Are you for or against the use of school-houses as Civic Social Centers? Why?
16. What is that "far-flung phrase" of General Sherman's, mentioned on Page 168?
17. What is an "Ananias Club"?
18. Who was Ananias, and where do we find him spoken of?
19. Is "New Thought" really "new"?
20. Who was (a) Pythagoras? (b) Socrates? (c) Epicletus? (d) Marcus Aurelius? (e) Hypatia?
21. Give in brief the Theory of Malchus?
22. Define Nirvana.
23. Who was Cerberus, and in what famous epic poem is he mentioned?
24. What do you understand by the terms: Metaphysics; Monotheism; Pragmatism; Positivity; First Cause?
25. Where is Nela Park?
26. Who was Scrooge? Give the name of his partner, and briefly outline the story as related by Dickens.
27. What is the Guild Idea and how did it operate in the Middle Ages?
28. Give the meaning of the term "Moral Equation."
29. What is a Donnybrook Fair?
30. Discuss Henry Ford's great profit-sharing plan as one form of the socialistic movement now afoot. Do you think the idea will work out? Is it likely to be generally adopted by other manufacturers? Argue the case pro and con.
31. Who were: (a) Luther? (b) Rousseau? (c) Voltaire? (d) William Lloyd Garrison?
32. What is (a) Atavism? (b) Pantheism?
33. (a) What was the Brook-Farm Experiment? (b) What American author wrote a novel, taking the Brook-Farm Movement for his theme?
34. Who is Billy Sunday?
35. Relate the incident of Tom Sawyer and the whitewashed fence.
36. Meaning of the terms Bull, Bear and Lamb in stock-market lingo.
37. How would you define "Practical Idealism"?

on camping trips. It will be a great step in advance when a camper, before he departs for his day's fishing, can set a little literature to soak and find it ready for consumption when he returns tired and hungry. There must also be discovered a preservative or a cold-storage process by which the crop of Summer literature may be distributed more evenly over the four seasons. Literature spoils very readily. This is well known, but chemists still disagree as to whether this is caused by the presence of too many words or too few ideas. When we get to the point where we can open a can of literature, dilute with words, and serve, we shall

SPECULATIONS for the future of our present literature present a pleasant prospect. For any one who has observed the evolutionary tendencies in other directions, it goes without saying that letters can not go on as they are.

They are too compendious and bulky for our busy times. There is, consequently, a crying need for a process by which they may be evaporated, so that they may be exported, not only to foreign climes, but taken conveniently

have reached a literary Utopia. Is it too much to expect?—*Ellis O. Jones.*

OUR attorneys can help by setting an example of decency in the conduct of their cases, of self-respect in the selection of their clients, and of honesty in the making of their charges, and the doctor who makes two calls in place of three when two are all that are needed is doing his trifle to make the world a better place in which to live.—*Roger Babson.*

THE dissolution of the Standard Oil Company was based on two fallacies:

First, that competition is the life of trade, and a good thing. *Second*, that you can compel competition by judicial decree and legislative enactment.

The dissolution worked positive wrong and one disadvantage.

The wrong it worked was an increased cost of production, through a complex, instead of a simple, system of management. The disadvantage it brought about lies in the fact that breaking up the organization into a large number of small concerns puts government control just that much further back on the horizon.

It was easy to deal with one

set of officers, but to deal with thirty-three or a hundred is a difficult responsibility and can not be fixed, and nobody knows nothing about anything. The power to declare the Standard Oil Company a monopoly and wisely control it was once within the grasp of the Government. But now the legal status of these thirty-three corporations has been fixed. They are not a monopoly.

Prosperity lets go the bridle.—*Herbert*.

Fill Out This Blank

It's your first Step toward Getting More Money, Fun, and Rest.

It is your first step toward *Efficiency*—the science that has brought dollars to corporations and leisure to individuals. Fill out this blank: it costs you nothing and puts you under no obligation. Send it to-day and learn how you can profit through

How I Spent My Time Yesterday
Day of the Week _____
Fill in No. of hours _____

Exercise _____
Recreation _____
Study _____
Reading _____
Meals _____
Work _____
Miscellaneous _____

Name _____

Address _____

Mail This Blank To
INSTITUTE OF EFFICIENCY
30 IRVING PLACE
It will bring full information about the new mail course in Efficiency

Mail This Today

THE INSTITUTE OF EFFICIENCY

Do less work and get more for it.

That is the idea behind the world-wide sweep of the Efficiency Movement. Not records, nor systems, nor red tape—but the best way to get the most done with the least effort—that is Efficiency.

And now that great idea which has worked wonders for industrial corporations, for railroads, for our national government—that idea has been worked out to apply to you yourself—you personally. For, after all, Efficiency is not the manipulation of materials—but the better handling of men and women—of their brains and their bodies.

And this applied to your brain and your body you learn through the Institute of Efficiency.

You will learn it by mail in your own time and your own place from Harrington Emerson—who for forty years has been living the Efficiency Movement—who taught it to so many personally and who at last has worked out the way to teach it to you at long distance.

The cost of the course—small anyway—will be repaid even before you have finished it by your extra earning power.

It isn't easy—nothing worth while is—and this is the most worthwhile thing you ever did. The course is difficult, but with persistence and courage it will make your life over, and make it bigger—richer—happier.

Wake Up!

Your powers are lying, half-awake, within you. Your will to do is lying dormant. William James says we are all half-awake—that most days a cloud hangs over us. Now you have the chance to dispel the cloud. You have the chance to bring all your latent ability to the top. You have the chance to apply every bit of your energy and power toward success. This application blank here is your big step forward. Take it to-day.

A few of the Lessons in the Course

How to study and remember and apply what you know.

How to size yourself up.

How to blueprint your own career.

The management of yourself as though you were a factory or a corporation.

How the United States Navy increased its efficiency 1200%.

The secret of cutting cost in factories.

How an individual can apply this to himself.

How to handle yourself to the best advantage.

How to weigh and judge people and propositions.

How to get help from others.

Rules for selecting advisers.

How to strengthen your own power of will.

The art of making friends.

New and original methods for developing the memory.

Efficient Home Management.

Social Qualities, Demeanor, Manners, Courtesy, Etiquette, Personal Finances.

How to buy to best advantage.

How to spend on rent, clothing, etc.

Self Education. With the instruction that is given in this one lesson any man or woman can become a well educated person.

Salesmanship.

How to persuade people. To display goods.

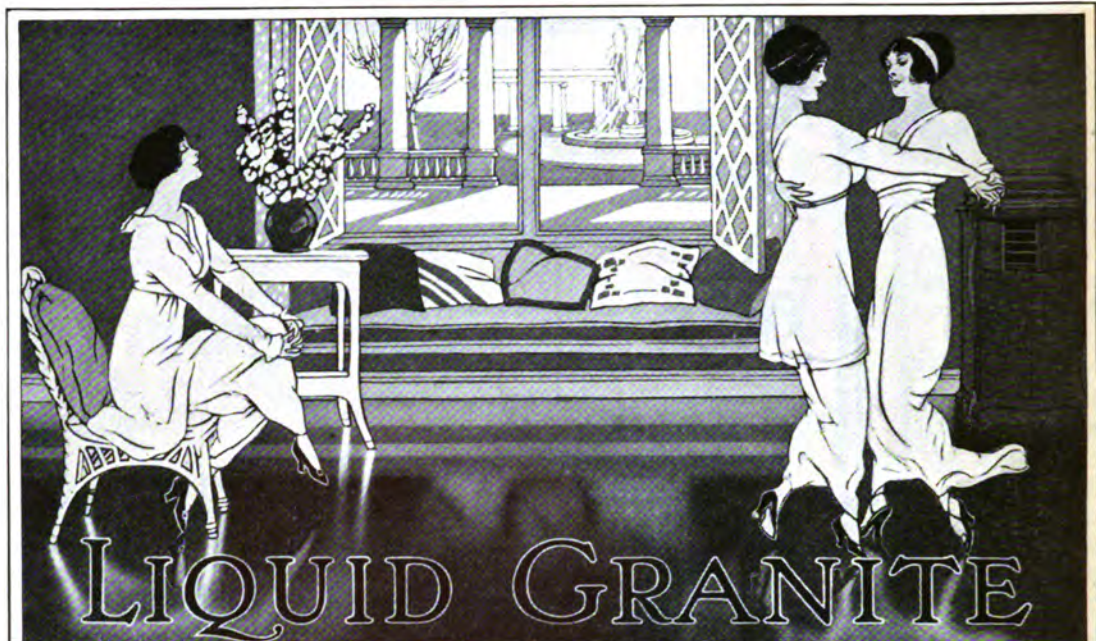
To present a business proposition.

Errors by which corporations succeed, and mistakes by which they fail.

Foundations for future study, work, and development in your personal efficiency.

THE INSTITUTE OF EFFICIENCY • • • 30 Irving Place, New York

TO know every detail, to gain an insight into each secret, to learn every method, to secure every kind of skill, are the prime necessities of success in any art, craft or trade. No time is too long, no study too hard, no discipline too severe, for the attainment of complete familiarity with one's work and complete ease and skill in the doing of it. As a man values his working life, he must be willing to pay the highest price of success in it—the price which severe training exacts.—*H. W. Mabie.*



No Matter How Hard the Wear

**BERRY
BROTHERS'
VARNISHES**

Stand the Test

The tripping of merry, dancing feet, the joyful romp of young folks, the constant tread of grown-ups, reveal the quality of any varnish.

Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite has stood the test for over half a century. It gives natural wood floors a tough, elastic surface, unsurpassed in lustre and beauty. Liquid Granite floors are mar-proof and waterproof. They give year-in and year-out satisfaction.

LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL

For stairs, bathrooms, bedrooms, hallways and furniture where a deep, rich, snowy white finish is desired, nothing is so thoroughly satisfactory as Luxeberry White Enamel. It gives a surface of exceptional beauty and durability. It is a white enamel that stays white.

Ask your dealer about these products, or write us direct.

BERRY BROTHERS
(INCORPORATED)
World's Largest Varnish Makers

Factories:—Detroit, Mich.
Walkerville, Ont.
San Francisco, Cal.



Established 1858
Branches in Principal Cities
of the World

The Prince of Siam

runs a CORONA Typewriter, which he bought and paid for with good Siamese salangs.

¶ I have not the honor of an acquaintance with the Prince, and I know very little about him, personally. But his action in this matter boosts him not a little in my estimation.

In truth, the **CORONA** is very popular among Yankee Princes and Princesses everywhere. Like a Ford Motor Car, the CORONA is small, but strong and well built. It will stand wear and tear and render loving service for just as long as you require it. ¶ Folks who travel and folks who stay at home are unanimous in their endorsement of the CORONA. It is light and compact, easy to operate, attractive in appearance—Go to! What more would you? The CORONA is supreme in its class. Write for facts and figures, furnished by

THE STANDARD TYPEWRITER COMPANY
140 Main Street, Groton, N. Y., U. S. A.



Why Pay \$17.50?

The material and workmanship of this chair—Genuine, Select, Quarter Sawn White Oak of rare quality—costs less than half of \$17.50 at the factory. Yet that is the price you would pay for it at a store.

We Ship It Direct From Our Factory In Sections

You Set It Up and Save \$8.55

You pay only for materials, workmanship, and the usual small profit to manufacturer. We save you all other unnecessary expenses—dealer's profit, jobber's profit, traveling men's salaries, high packing expenses—and freight rates, etc.—almost 80%. And back of each piece is our guarantee: if you are not satisfied at any time within a full year you may ship it back and we immediately refund your money, including freight.

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Only \$8.95 In Four Sections

Select Quartered WHITE Oak. Built with the care and skill of the old master cabinet makers—possessing an individuality and artistic charm befitting the home of quality. Eight different shades of finish. Imperial leather cushions. Packed in compact crate—shipped at knock-out rates.

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Shows over 400 other beautiful examples of Come-Packt craftsmanship in living, dining and bedroom furniture—in sections—at 30% to 60% price savings. Sent free—postpaid. Mail postal today.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 253 Dorr St., Toledo, O.



Mail Postal For This Catalog

Investment vs. Speculation

SOME folks confuse these terms. Far from being synonymous, they are diametrically opposed. To speculate is to "take a chance." To invest is to put your money where it will do the most good—to you and yours. It is poor policy to do business "on spec."

Invest your hard-earned cash safely and wisely, buying \$100 Bonds, paying 4 to 6 per cent.

Our *Small Payment Plan* makes this possible. Five Dollars down—balance within one year. For your own peace of mind, you had better investigate.

¶ Our Booklet entitled, *Be a Bondholder*, will interest you. Write today for List 204.

BEYER AND COMPANY

"The Hundred Dollar Bond House"

55 Wall St., New York

WONDERS of HEALING and HEALTH IN NATURAL OLIVE OIL

Callahan's Special Olive Oil

A very different article from the ordinary kind—and far more effective as a remedy. This oil is guaranteed free from adulteration and chemical refining. It is the highest grade of Italian olive oil—canned in Italy, and made only from the ripe purple olives. It is the true Natural oil preferred by epicures and invalids.

Sufferers from CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, GALL STONES, LIVER and INTESTINAL troubles—WEAKNESS, WASTING, NERVOUSNESS should know the marvelous healing powers of olive oil—even the commonest grade (if pure) will astonish the user, but the effect of the delicate tasting and much more powerful NATURAL OIL should be known.

FREE BOOKLET

tells about all kinds of olive oil—how made—difficult to find the delicate pure medicinal kind—how to avoid deception—how adulterated—some are refined by chemicals—how to take the pure NATURAL OIL to GET WELL—to take it properly—little or no effect with olive oil in teaspoon doses. Also how to use in cooking—some rare and healthful recipes—salad dressings, delicious and digestible flaky pie crust—Welsh rabbit that will not get stringy—how to stop hair falling with olive oil—how to make complexion beautiful—how to save weak babies with olive oil. Lots of valuable information all free.

Send us order for trial quart of the true natural medicinal oil.

CALLAHAN'S SPECIAL OLIVE OIL

Free Delivery by Parcel Post right to your home. Pint, 60c. Quart, \$1.00. Gallon, \$3.50. Put up and sealed in Italy in full measure cans only. ¶ The HIGHEST and most perfect grade ever brought to this country. ¶ This oil is an honest and genuine article offered by an old established concern 27 years in business.

GEO. CALLAHAN & CO.

215 FRONT STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.



IMPORTANT to Those Who Expect to Build

WHEN PLANNING TO BUILD, get the ideas of leading architects, regarding best design, proper interior arrangement and most appropriate furnishings. This will aid in deciding about *your own* plans, when you consult your architect, and can be obtained from the *several hundred* designs beautifully illustrated in six numbers of the

Architectural Record

The National Magazine for Architects,
Owners and Builders, with
the largest professional circulation in the field.

In the advertising pages of these six numbers are also illustrated and described numerous building specialties that add much to the comfort, convenience and value of the modern home, without materially increasing initial cost; *this information may mean saving of many dollars to you.*

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We have a limited supply of these sets of six numbers, invaluable to those who expect to build or make alterations. Although *regular* price is \$1.50, we make *you* a *special offer* of \$1.00 for the six, while the sets last, if you mention **THE FRA**. They will soon be sold. Order today, tomorrow may be too late.

This \$1.00 Should Save You Hundreds

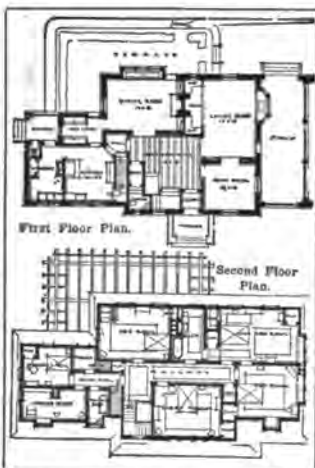
THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD

307 Lewisohn Building, New York

Enclosed is \$1.00, for which mail six numbers (including the October **COUNTRY HOUSE NUMBER**), according to special offer in **THE FRA**.

Name

Address



their pain by sound or motion, remains; their treatment after the experiment, by careless attendants, brutalized by custom, remains; the argument of the uselessness of a large proportion of the experiments, repeated again and again on scores and hundreds of animals who confirm or refute the work of other vivisectors, remains; and finally, the iniquity of its use to demonstrate already established facts to physiological students in hundreds of colleges and schools all over the world remains.—
A. R. Wallace.

ALL of you may live useful lives; many of you might live noble lives; some of you might leave your mark be-

THE moral argument against vivisection remains, whether the animals suffer as much as we do or only half as much. The bad effect on the operator and on the student and spectator remains; the undoubted fact that the practise tends to produce a callousness and a passion for experiment, which leads to unauthorized experiments in hospitals on unprotected patients, remains; the horrible callousness of binding the sufferers in the operating-trough, so that they can not express

hind you, and live a second life in the grateful memories of men. Remember there may be true goodness, and even true greatness, in the discharge of the humblest duties, in the most obscure station, as well as in playing a grand part with the eyes of the world fixed upon you.—**John Cunningham.**

The legal profession has suffered more from the actions of certain lawyers, than from any accusation or criticism of outsiders.—**Lincoln.**

THE world is short of capital. That is what the tightness in money all over Europe and the United States means. The demand upon capital for works that are necessary is tremendous. The world has not a dollar to throw away in building a new plant to do work that can be well done by plants already built.

The *Railway Age Gazette* reports that fewer miles of new railroad-tracks were laid in this country in Nineteen Hundred Twelve than in any year since Eighteen Hundred Ninety-seven. On the other hand, more rolling-stock was ordered than in any year since Nineteen Hundred Six.

This is an admirable showing. Forty-five hundred new locomotives and two hundred forty thousand new cars mean that the existing plant of railroad-tracks and terminals is to be utilized to a much higher degree; its out-turn of public utility will be decidedly larger than before. Spending money to get a greater out-turn from old plants is much better than tying up capital in new plants, while leaving the out-turn no higher than before. There is enough capital for necessary work—none to waste in useless plant duplications.



*If it
isn't an
Eastman,
it isn't
a Kodak.*

The Kodak Story

The story of the Kodak album—it's a continued and never concluded story that grips you stronger with every chapter—a story that fascinates every member of the family from grandmother to the kiddies because it's a personal story full of human interest. Let Kodak keep that story for you.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for "At Home with the Kodak," a delightfully illustrated little book that tells about home pictures—flashlights, groups, home portraits and the like—and how to make them. It's mailed without charge.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GR^EAT occasions do not make heroes or cowards: they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—*Canon Westcott.*

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

THE FRA MAGAZINE



A Journal of Affirmation. Monthly. Printed on toned book-paper, bold type, two colors. Special initials and ornaments. **C** *The Fra* has on its subscription-list more men of money and brains than any other publication issued in America. **C** *The Fra* stands for organization and co-operation, and places no limit on progress. It represents the American Spirit. With *The Fra* we give, gratis, as premium, a volume of

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF GREAT LOVERS

C If you know the lives of a hundred of the best and greatest men who have lived you are an educated person. Some people say that *Great Lovers* is the best of all the *Little Journeys*, and reveals Mr. Hubbard's writing ability and insight into character at their best.

■■■■■■■■■■ FILL IN THE COUPON ■■■■■■■■■■

To THE ROYCROFTERS,
East Aurora, New York State

I enclose Two Dollars for THE FRA Magazine for one year, and the gratis premium, *Great Lovers*.

Name

Address

Foreign Postage, Canada excepted, Seventy-five Cents



Ground-Gainer and Business-Getter— THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR TRUCK

THE word "Service" by any other name would sound as sweet. But would it mean as much? That is the question. ¶ Undoubtedly "Service" is one of the most abused words of the day. ¶ It means everything, and it means nothing at all. All according to the point of view. ¶ From the viewpoint of I H C customers, it means a good deal. ¶ The businessman of today realizes the necessity of covering ground and covering it in a hurry. To get there ahead of the other party—this is the prime requisite. ¶ The International Motor Truck is a business-getter, and is recognized as such. Also, it is a ground-gainer. It bucks the line of opposition, and crosses the goal by means of a dash through center, or a run around end, as the case may be. ¶ From the standpoint of business, the International Motor Truck is going to be 1914's grandest ground-gainer. It is built for speed and endurance, and stripped of trimmings. A woman's hat would n't sell without trimmings, but a businessman prefers to take his "straight." In this case, however, the "trimmings" are reserved for short-sighted business rivals. ¶ The International Motor Truck is an appropriate symbol of the "get-there" spirit that is part and parcel-post of the Twentieth Century. ¶ Business was never better than right now. There's plenty of it—enough to go around. The only question is, are you getting your share? Ask yourself that question and then try to answer it. ¶ The International Motor Truck will help you to an answer. Copious and satisfactory data will be mailed to you, if you will register a request. There's no time like today. Address

**INTERNATIONAL
HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA**

(Incorporated)

160 Harvester Building, Chicago

Easter Candy

For your Easter gifts to friends and family send a box of Roycroft Pecan-Patties. ¶ Maples of mighty growth drip their life and love into these Patties. Made from the first run of sap after the long Winter's end, with a rich mingling of Pecan-Nuts, these Patties are a most delectable sweet. Packed in a special Box with a special Easter card enclosed, these Candies make your gift just a little different from the ordinary.

Send us your orders early, and we will make delivery at the proper time.

The price of the Special Easter Box postpaid to any address is One Dollar.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.



BOOK-REBINDING

On your bookshelves are some old favorites which deserve new coverings. As you come upon these in your Spring clearing-out, send them to us. Let us give them new life. The Roycrofters have a special department for this work—a Book Hospital.

Send us your books, stating the style of binding you wish, or the price you want to pay, and you may be sure of our meeting your desires satisfactorily.

Below are the bindings and prices.

You will find plain boards or boards with ooze, or plain calf back and corners, best suited for books of reference, old schoolbooks, or books of law. For books of poetry, or any not kept on bookshelves, the ooze-sheep or ooze-calf cover is suitable.

For favorites in daily use, or for pocket editions, the semi-flexible binding is most satisfactory.

For your choicest fine books we would suggest Full Levant, Antique Pigskin, or Modeled Calf.

BOOKS IN SIZES UP TO OCTAVO

Semi-flexible	\$2.00-\$3.50
Ooze-sheep, silk-lined	2.00
Ooze-calf, silk-lined, turned edge	3.50
Plain Boards, leather backs	2.00
Boards, ooze or plain calf back and corners	3.50
Three-fourths Levant or antique pigskin	5.00 up.
Full Levant, antique pigskin or modeled calf	15.00 up.

Mending, cleaning, plate-inserting and jobs requiring more work than usual, extra charge.

When desired, we submit special estimates and suggestions for individual books.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Easter Suggestions

To meet the Spring desire for new things The Roycrofters offer these individual bits in Modeled Leather

JEWEL-BOX



Price, \$6.00
Size, $1\frac{3}{4} \times 4 \times 4$ inches
Modeled in Oak Design

BOUDOIR-SLIPPERS



Price, \$1.50 a pair
Made in five sizes:
 $4\frac{1}{2}$, $5\frac{1}{2}$, $6\frac{1}{2}$, $7\frac{1}{2}$, $8\frac{1}{2}$

The Modeled-Leather Articles shown on this page have both value and beauty to recommend them to you. To purchase any one of them compliments your discernment and taste.



Price, \$10.00
Size, $7 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches
Leather-lined. Has inside pocket and small coin-purse. Modeled in Empire Design

The Roycroft Artists and workers have, in the manufacture of any article, the standard set by the years of quality producing which makes possible the present product

SMALL
CARD-CASE



Price, \$1.00
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches
Suitable for Stamp-Case

MEMORANDUM-PAD



Price, \$1.50
Fitted with two pads
Size, 3 by $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

HUDSON Six-40

The Reign of Sixes

The Hudson Six-40 brings a new realm under rule of Sixes. This \$1,750 price, this lightness, this low operative cost give to this Six resistless attractions found in no other type of car.

FIFTY-FOUR out of 79 exhibitors at New York's 14th annual automobile show displayed six-cylinder cars as their best offerings.

Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively. That emphasizes the swing to Sixes. In 1905 there were 196 exhibitors, of which 68 were single or two cylinder cars. The same thing was said then against the development of the Four as some are today predicting for the Six. Yet two years later the two-cylinder exhibits dropped out completely. That, as a bit of history, to set the mind at ease as to the future.

The appeal of the Six is resistless. It is so smooth-running, so flexible, so free from vibration, so economical of tires. It rides like constant coasting. At two miles an hour or sixty, in crowded streets or in climbing hills, one rarely needs to change from high gear.

Sixes have suffered handicaps. They have always been heavy and costly. Their fuel cost was excessive. But men paid the price for their comfort and luxury. And they forced the best makers—all save one—to supply their demand for Sixes.

Now the Hudson Six-40 Brings a New Day in Sixes

Now the HUDSON engineers, who always lead, bring out a new-type Six. A Six with a small-bore, long-stroke motor, such as Europe is using to minimize weight and fuel cost.

They have built a Six-40, with extra tonneau seats, which weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's four-cylinder—the HUDSON "37"—with shorter wheelbase and lesser power. And this new-type Six, which shows 47 horsepower, consumes one-fourth less fuel than the HUDSON "37."

The price is \$1,750. Not a comparable car, whatever the type, has ever been sold so low.

Note what this means. A much lighter car than the best we could do in Fours. A much lower fuel cost. And a price attained by no other makers in a car of this size, class and power.

So everything now—in this HUDSON Six-40—is in favor of the Six. Men who want light weight, low fuel consumption, and the lowest price in a quality car, must come to this Six to get them.

Legions of men, to whom cost has barred Sixes, will now find this Six-40 the only affordable car.

A Distinguished Body New-Style Equipment

This car also brings out new ideals in beauty, new conveniences, new equipment features. The Streamline body—now the vogue in Europe—is shown here in perfection.

Flowing lines from tip to tip, without the awkward dash angle.

You will find, we think, no other car so handsome and impressive. Then note the new features which we list below. Some of these attractions have never before appeared in any American car.

Our Larger Six-54

We build on the same lines the new HUDSON Six-54. In design, in finish and equipment these two cars are almost identical. But the Six-54 has a 135-inch wheelbase. It has more power. And the price is \$2,250.

Go to your local Hudson dealer and see these new-type Sixes. Go early, because we are now—in mid winter—weeks behind on orders. Even for spring delivery you should make decision now. Howard E. Coffin's 55-page "Critical Analysis of 1914 Motor Cars" will be mailed to you on request.

HUDSON Six-40 \$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top made of Pantasote.
Quick-adjusting curtains.

Dimming searchlights.
Concealed hinges.
Concealed speedometer gear.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.

Price, \$1,750 F. O. B. Detroit. Wire wheels, with extra wheel, \$75 extra.

Standard roadster, same price.

Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, \$1,950.

307

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7812 Jefferson Avenue

Detroit, Michigan



Brunswick "Baby Grand" Pocket-Billiard Table

STYLE "B" Size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 feet

Handsome Figured Mahogany—Fancy Wood Inlaid Design—Vermont Slate Bed—Baby Monarch Cushions—Ball and Cue Racks, the latter concealed—Accessory Drawer for playing equipment

"Knock! Knock! Knock!"

cried the pickled porter in Macbeth. And our kind friends have been acting on the suggestion ever since.

KNOCKING is the popular indoor sport, wherever two or three are gathered together. ¶ It is indulged chiefly by inefficient employees, who are agreed that the boss is a dub, and his staff a bunch of radishes holding office by reason of a pull.

I have no quarrel with the knockers. But I do say this: if you must knock, knock to a purpose. When you find yourself in knocking mood, take the "cue," and forget it.

Billiards give mental relaxation and physical exercise in precise and proper proportions. The wise physician prescribes Billiards for patients whose nerves are getting on the outside of their clothes. This on the theory that a person

engaged in a game of billiards can not possibly concentrate on anything else. Trouble, anxiety, worry, are for the time being eliminated. Your mind is on the game—the game's the thing! Billiards is tonic, refreshing, stimulating, zesty. It is more than a cure—it is a preventive.

A billiard-table in the home is a source of sensible and scientific entertainment. The

Brunswick "Baby Grand"

is pictured above. This table is absolutely as represented, and is heartily approved and endorsed by all billiard experts and enthusiasts. Safe delivery guaranteed anywhere. Fill in the coupon and mail today.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.,

Dept. V. T. 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Gentlemen:

Please send the beautiful color-illustrated catalog *BILLIARDS—THE HOME MAGNET* and details of Easy Purchase Plan to

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

DESK-LAMP *of* HAND- WROUGHT COPPER



THIS lamp is one of the new creations of The Roycroft Metal-Shop. Its lines are good, and the coloring of the copper is exquisite. The shade is aluminum-lined. The openings are fitted with amber-toned mica. The lamp stands 14 inches high. Price, \$15.00.

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST
AURORA, NEW YORK STATE**

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THE FRA



A JOURNAL OF
AFFIRMATION



Vol. XIII

APRIL, 1914

fr 3-6

No. 1



WILLIAM T. NOONAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR





At a conference at Roycroft on the subject of whose are the best shoes for cross-country hiking, the universal verdict was *Coward's*.

THE COWARD SHOE FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

¶ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - (for weak arches)
Made in our custom dep't for over 30 years

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - (made especially for tender feet)

The Coward Bunion Shoe - - - - - *The Coward Arch-Support Shoe*

The Coward Combination Shoe - - - *The Coward Orthopedic Shoe*

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK

(MAIL ORDERS FILLED)

(SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)



INLAID WITH HONOR

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

IT is perhaps trite and bromidial to observe that most furniture is made to sell. § Sometimes it takes a connoisseur to differentiate between a cheap article and the real thing. So possibly it is not so surprising, after all, that the furniture in most of our homes is cheap and inferior, ill-constructed and a sham at bottom, rendering a service not at all commensurate with the purchase price.

Scoff as we may, Europe shows us the way in this matter of artistic appreciation.

We are a nation of money-makers. We make money freely, and we spend it freely. And wisely? Well, that is the question. Usually it is neither wisely nor too well.

This matter of furniture touches our lives very closely. We must have furniture that we can live with and chum up to, as it were. That, I believe, is the first essential—friendly furniture. Get out your Longfellow and read over the poem about the Old Clock on the Stairs. You will then understand what I mean by "friendly furniture."

Next, our furniture must be well made. It must be of good material—solid, sturdy, strong, substantial, built for service.

Lastly, it should be the embodiment of a thought, the material expression of an idea or an ideal.

So much of our furniture is nondescript, uninspired, meaningless, without character. It is not the expression of anything.

Now, Berkey and Gay, who have been in business in Grand Rapids since the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, favor character in furniture, and that is why they make Period Furniture for the bedroom, living-room, dining-room, library and hall.

The Period Styles are very livable ones, especially the beautiful Colonial pieces, which have attained tremendous popularity in this country. If you can not furnish your home complete throughout at one swell foop, get one piece at a time, as you can afford it. You will be surprised to see how soon you will have a whole set.

Berkey and Gay set the pace in Period Furniture. There is nothing else "just as good." There is real, downright, honest value in every single piece of Berkey and Gay Furniture.

If you have money to throw at the sparrows, by all means get cheap "furniture," so called. But if you love genuineness, and all that the word implies, I exhort you to consider this Period Furniture made by Berkey and Gay, before parting with your hard-earned.

Money invested in good things is money saved, and time, temper and vocabulary to boot!

Send for the Berkey and Gay booklet, *Character in Furniture*, an authoritative manual on furniture, containing various interesting and worth-while facts appertainin' to the same. It is illustrated throughout by Rene Vincent, the French artist, and can be had for thirty cents in United States stamps.

With it, if agreeable, you will receive a copy of a little skit by the late Eugene Field, in the which he speaks full worshipfully of Berkey and Gay, and the Furniture made by them in Grand Rapids, Michigan.



This shopmark on every piece of Berkey and Gay Furniture is a means of identification, and a protection to purchasers.

BERKEY AND GAY FURNITURE COMPANY

192 Monroe Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Send For Official Information and Satisfy Yourself About the Postal Life Insurance Company

Insurance-protection is not for a day or a year, but for a lifetime, and the best to buy is the **legal-reserve kind**, such as is issued by the standard, old-line companies.

The Postal Life is one of these: they are all subject to the same **strict supervision** and their policyholders are protected by the same **legal and governmental safeguards**.

The Postal differs from others chiefly because it **does not employ agents**: it does business **direct** and gives its policyholders the **benefit of the commissions** the other companies pay their agents.

Furthermore, as the Postal Life does not establish itself in the various States, it is **not subject to taxes, licenses, and other State exactions**, which means further economy. All these savings appear in **generous dividends** to policyholders.



If you want to find out fully about the Postal Life, **don't take the word of an agent of some other company**: he is naturally prejudiced, and besides that, he is bent on influencing you his way so as to earn a commission for himself.

And don't depend on what such an agent may show you in some insurance periodical which he carries about in his pocket: the article was probably printed for the special benefit of agents—and not for your benefit.

Write to the Company itself for **official information**, including its Financial Statement for 1914, with a facsimile **Certificate of Valuation of the Insurance Department of the State of New York**.

The Company may also be able to refer you to policyholders in your immediate vicinity. It considers **satisfied policyholders** its very best asset.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

At the close of business, December 31st, 1913, the Company had nearly \$50,000,000 of insurance in force; the policy and other liabilities were fully covered by statutory and departmental reserves amounting to \$9,543,218.25, with an excess or surplus to policyholders of \$230,043.93.

The Company's reserves and other assets are in approved securities, including State, municipal and railroad bonds; bonds and mortgages, real estate, policy-loans, accrued interest, deferred net-premiums, cash in bank and various other items, aggregating \$9,848,159.

Simply write to the Postal Life and you will receive, as stated, **official information** based on reports regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department under whose strict supervision the Company does business.

Just say:

"Mail insurance-particulars as per THE FRA for April"

And to find out how much you save, be sure to give:

1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

Address:

The Postal Life Insurance Company

WM. R. MALONE, President

35 Nassau Street

New York City



STRONG POSTAL POINTS

- First: Standard policy-reserve, now nearly \$10,000,000. Insurance in force nearly \$50,000,000.
- Second: *Old-line legal reserve*—not fractional or assessment.
- Third: Standard policy-provision, approved by the State Insurance Department.
- Fourth: Operation under strict State supervision and subject to the United States Postal Authorities.
- Fifth: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.
- Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

under them. It would result in public authorities ceasing to try to substitute themselves for the managers of the railways, and becoming content to perform their proper duty of holding the managers responsible for the effects of their management on the public interests. It would result in no diminution of the efforts, growing every day more successful, to suppress all forms of unfair discrimination by railways; but it would result in a diminution of the incessant and successful efforts to hold down railway profits—efforts which are repelling capital from the railway business, and by preventing adequate increases of facilities, imperiling the

FAIR and intelligent consideration would result in the concentration of authority over the railways in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the abolition or subordination to the Interstate Commission of the numerous State commissions, with their multitudinous, conflicting, vexatious and costly requirements. It would result in the appointment of well-paid experts and scientists, both to membership on the commissions, and to the various important and responsible positions

welfare of every manufacturer, every merchant, every farmer, every wage-earner, in the country. One thing is certain, and that is that we can not long continue to muddle along as we are doing now. W. M. Acworth, the eminent English authority on railway affairs, after a visit to this country, said:

"If I have an individual belief it is that the United States will get much nearer to the brink of nationalization than they have come at present, and will then start back on the

edge of the precipice, and escape by some road not yet discernible."

☞ The best road by which we may escape is a conservative, wise, just policy of regulation; and the most vital question of our time is whether the people of the United States will be just, wise and conservative enough to take that road.

—B. L. Winchell

THERE are forty-eight States in the Union. The last Territory on the continent, except Alaska, has been admitted into Statehood. Our population is one hundred million. This is one-sixteenth of the population of the world; but one-third of the wealth of the world belongs to the United States.

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the law of the land; Parliament enacted but three thousand eight hundred twenty-two new laws. The figures in both instances include both public and private bills, and it should be added that Parliament considers and acts upon many subjects which are considered by State and municipal bodies in the United States.

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that year was less than that of the City of New York, which is among the lowest, rural or urban, in civilization. During 1906-7 he had 1,273 deaths among 32,314 employees; during 1912-3 he had 483 deaths among 54,000 employees.

The French, with an average force of 10,000 men, lost during their construction period 22,000; the Americans, with an average force of 33,000 during about the same length of time, had 4,000 die.

death-rate was more than 30 per cent lower in 1907 than in 1906. In the region over which he has had jurisdiction (the Canal Zone and the cities of Panama and Colon—a territory of 448 square miles, extending five miles on either side the canal route), he has had in his keeping the health of many thousands of men from widely different parts of the earth, engaged in digging through the swamp-land of the erstwhile deadliest region in existence. In March, 1907, he had 36,000 employees under observation, with 122 deaths; in March of 1908 he supervised 43,000 men, with only 45 deaths. The mortality rate of the Canal Zone for March of

In modern warfare, by the way, it costs about \$15,000 to kill a man. In the Boer row this item came as high as \$40,000. The Balkan mix-up with Turkey was conducted more reasonably—\$10,000 burned up in making one man food for powder. Gorgas, in the Canal Zone, has been saving human life at the actual cost of \$2.43 the individual. Sanitation in the Isthmus under Gorgas has cost just five per cent of the total canal building expenditures.

When, then, the Panama Canal is open to the world's vessels let no one have to be reminded that this epic work could never have been accomplished had not devoted and zealous men, from Fin-

lay to Gorgas, so magnificently, and with so much altruism, suffering and martyrdom, led up to and applied the discoveries and resources of medical science to the colossal enterprise.—*John B. Huber.*

PLAIN speech is good, but it fails of the attention, impression, and influence, produced by agreeable address or eloquence. Legibility is not all there is to printing. Monotony of form is not admissible in all kinds

of advertising nor in general printing. Those elements which attract attention and create a favorable impression add distinctly to the efficiency of printing. Efficiency is no idle term. Whatever is printed is intended to serve a definite purpose, and the degree in which it does this determines its efficiency.

—*Henry Lewis Johnson.*

Keep cool and you command everybody.

—*Saint Just.*



"Niagara Maid"
PURE SILK GLOVES

The Silk Glove of Today

¶ The modern woman wants the modern glove. She wants the soft, exquisite material, the finish that is perfect in every detail, and the better wearing quality that the progress of the times has led her to expect.

¶ She gets them all in "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves. They are the gloves of today—the product of modern processes and improved standards.

The genuine have *"Niagara Maid"* in the hem.

¶ All colors and sizes. Double tips. Guarantee ticket bearing our trade-mark in every pair.

¶ Prices—Short Silk Gloves, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 up; Long Silk Gloves, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 up.

NIAGARA SILK MILLS, North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Makers of "Niagara Maid" Silk Products



TWO BAD?

NOT IF YOU ORDER FROM US

We do not specialize in lays of Ancient Rome. We deal in eggs "laid yesterday" and put up promptly for particular people.

We produce big brown eggs and large white ones.

Michigan Eggs

In each carton all are of a color, two ounce average weight and set in papers of harmonious tint.

"Crescent" eggs are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, for each one is tested over a Tungsten lamp. Check with order not required. Pay when next ordering or when monthly statement is received.

From March 1st to October 1st the price per carton does not exceed 40c for six dozen shipment, in neat box, express prepaid. October and February 50c, November, December and January 60c. Twelve carton orders at 2 1/2 c less.

CRESCENT EGG COMPANY
Masonic Temple Bldg., Allegan, Mich.

ON THE RECLAIMING OF OLD ORCHARDS

THE last time I saw Allyn, the Tree Expert, we fell to talking, and in the course of our confab, says he to me, "The reclaiming of old orchards by drainage, fertilization, pruning, spraying, thinning, picking, packing and marketing, can be done successfully only by a man of wide experience." "Just so," said I, and we changed the subject. But Allyn was right. People planting orchards commonly take too much for granted. Only a man of wide and extensive experience can cope successfully with the problem and overcome the various difficulties that present themselves.

There are many things to be considered. First, selecting a suitable location. Then, planning an efficient drainage system, selecting varieties of fruits best adapted to soil and location, etc. Allyn himself is the right man to supervise work of this kind in a practical and scientific manner. His experience covers ten years of successful operation, and his past record is a cheerful one.

Allyn's specialty is trees. He knows and loves 'em the way bureau did.

He is a member of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, and can furnish excellent reference as to his capability for creditable work. Address

—♦— **LEON C. ALLYN** —♦—
217 Chestnut St., Rochester, New York

are justified in believing that there is no end to his upward march to perfection. Even today many individuals justify Shakespeare's description: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God!"

Women who have reached the angelic stage are found in almost every family circle—heroines who having learned to "deaden love of self," serve their less fortunate sisters by precept and example. Milton's line, "He for God only, she for God in him," is generally reversed in our day. It is the

\$1 GARDEN COLLECTION



George Whiting, the Dakota Nurseryman, personally guarantees and vouches for all plants, shrubs and seed stock sold over his name.

The Dollar Garden Collection is a popular "leader," including, as it does,

- 10 Strawberries
- 6 Raspberries
- 1 Currants
- 2 Gooseberries
- 2 Grapes
- 3 Rhubarb

Good Roycrofters everywhere are invited to come in on this Trial Order. Just pin a Dollar Bill to the ad and mail today. Whiting's Nursery Catalog and book on Spraying are sent free for the asking.

Established 1884
Capital Stock, \$100,000.00

Whiting Nursery Co.
BOX F
Yankton - - South Dakota

DUNNING STEEL BOILERS FOR STEAM OR HOT WATER HEATING

Now in use in 30,000 buildings throughout the country; churches, schools, mills, apartments, residences. Over a thousand DUNNINGS in Army Posts of U. S. Government.



Made of wrought steel plate; cannot crack; last a lifetime. Safe; reliable; inexpensive; proven by 61 years of use.

Write for Illustrated Booklets.

NEW YORK CENTRAL IRON WORKS CO.

Box 222, Hagerstown, Md.

(Established 1853)

THE foulest blot remaining upon so-called civilized man, beyond question, is the killing of each other. That he has ceased to eat his fellows after killing them matters nothing to the slain and little to the survivors. It is the killing of each other that stamps man still the savage. That this practise is not soon to pass away from civilized man is unthinkable, since history proves that from age to age, by a law of his being, he has been slowly yet surely developing from the beast; hence we

woman who now leads man upward. When in China a leading Mandarin said to me, "The greatest work of your Christ is the elevation of woman."

As long as men can be found willing to become members of a profession which binds them to go forth and kill their fellows as ordered, making this butchery a mere matter of hire and salary, we must reconcile ourselves to the existence of armed forces, but there are influences at work which inspire the belief

that this must soon cease. Until recent times the only occupation thought worthy of the gentleman was the profession of arms. In our day he has many to choose from. The duel, once incumbent upon gentlemen, exists no longer wherever our English language is spoken. Even the German Reichstag has voted its abolition, and the Emperor has reduced the number of duels from twelve hundred to twelve per year. As private war (dueling) is being rapidly abolished, national war must soon follow; what is wrong for the individual can not be right for the nation.

—A. Carnegie.

POLITICS is made up in just about equal parts of comprehension and sympathy. No man ought to go into politics who doesn't comprehend the task he is going to attack. He may comprehend it so completely that it daunts him, that he doubts whether his own spirit is stout enough and his own mind able enough to attempt its great undertakings, but unless he comprehend it he ought not to enter it. After he has comprehended it there should come into his mind those profound impulses of sympathy which connect him with the rest

of mankind, for politics is a business of interpretation, and no men are fit for it who do not see and seek more than their own advantage and interest.—President Wilson.

THE manner in which one single ray of light, one single precious hint, will clarify and energize the whole mental life of him who receives it, is among the most wonderful and heavenly of intellectual phenomena.

Arnold Bennett.

CRESCA DAINTIES— For the Hostess Who Cares!



THE accomplished hostess knows that Cresca Dainties give sauce to appetite and add to the general joy of the whole table. ¶ Knowing this, she is careful to have Cresca Dainties on hand against the time of need. It pays to be provisioned. The "surprise party" is never properly appreciated by the woman who is really "surprised." Cresca viands safeguard the homekeeper, protecting her against surprise. ¶ All the famous garden-spots of the globe contribute Cresca delicacies. Each Cresca specialty is grown in the region where the highest state of cultivation has been achieved. The round Cresca mark is thus a symbol of the big round world. ¶ *Cresca Foreign Luncheons*, an appetizing color booklet, containing a plentiful and picturesque assortment of recipes and menus, is sent on receipt of two cents. A stamp will do. ¶ Ask your grocer for Cresca Dainties. He will be glad to get them for you—or we will supply you direct.

CRESCA COMPANY, Importers
366 GREENWICH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Classified Advertising

HEREFTER at least part of one page in each number of THE FRA will be consecrated to the cause of Classified Advertising. ¶ This page will be divided up into one-inch spaces, and a nominal charge of Five Dollars affixed. For some time past, the need of a classified column has been imperative. Large advertising display is not always advisable for all concerns. Small space, if used judiciously, will achieve very satisfactory results. ¶ Our profits from this page will be microscopic, but if we can further the interests of our friends and patrons in an advertising way, we will feel that we are well repaid. All Roycrofters in good standing are cordially invited to use this new FRA space in whatever way shall seem best. :: :: :: :: :: ::

—ADDRESS—

CLASSIFIED COLUMN : ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE other day a lady asked me this question: "What is your best book?" And I was going to say, *The Essay on Silence*, but the earnestness expressed in the lady's eyes indicated that persiflage was tabu, and so I answered truthfully, "The best piece of writing I ever produced is a little booklet entitled *How I Found My Brother*."

"Where and when did you write it?" continued the lady, who was evidently in search of literary statistics.

I thought a moment, and then the fact came to my mind that I wrote this article one evening after dinner on the Deluxe Minnesota Limited, that leaves Chicago at 6.30 P. M. via the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

On board the train on that particular evening was a baseball contingent, headed for Minneapolis.

In the buffet-car, baseball talk abounded, and naturally, my mind went back to the days when I was some twirler. I did not take part in the talk-fest. I just sat back, listened, and smiled. They were a fine healthy lot of boys, out after the pennant—and they got it.

But there came swirling into my mind a little cross-section of life, long left behind, and I just reached for my trusty pad and Faber and wrote out that story to the soft, smooth purring of the train.

If you are interested in the story, I will gladly mail you a copy gratis, if you care to waste a postcard by sending your name and address.

¶ I went over this same route a week ago, and the train is still finer and better equipped,

PEACE, POISE

By ELBER



Interior of solid steel, wreck-proof Diner on the Deluxe Minnesota Limited

if possible, than it was five years ago. This is a library, or club car, big and generous with a private compartment for ladies. Here is a brand-new proposition that symbolizes the growing tendency of the times—special consideration for women!

Did you hear that, Mr. Asquith?

When you go on the Deluxe Minnesota Limited, you are at home.

The porter smiles you a welcome.

The dining-car conductor is your old family friend.

When the conductor picks up your tickets, he thanks you, and you notice that he is a well-fed, well-paid, fairly well upholstered individual, on good terms with the world and with

AND POWER

IUBBARD



Interior of lounging-car on the DeLuxe Minnesota Limited. Sane, sanitary, sensible, simple, secure, ventilated. The last word in car construction.

himself. And so he is on good terms with everybody. He keys the situation to one of friendliness that makes for peace, poise and power. [The engineers are trained, tried and trusted men who know the temper of the air-brake, and try no rough-house experiments. So here is a train on which you can sleep, rest at all times, eat little or much, pay for what you get, receive your money's worth, and get no jolt or jar either for your feelings or for your physique.

There may be other roads running from Chicago to Saint Paul and Minneapolis—I really do not know. But as for me, there is only one route, and that is, the Burlington. Here there are no grades and no curves that

you are aware of. There is no "song of the rail"—just the gentle hum of the wheels and the sweet lullaby that rests your nerves and makes for peace, poise and power.

If I were going through to the Pacific Northwest, I would take the Oriental Limited, leaving Chicago at 10.15 P. M., and then by the Great Northern from Saint Paul.

If you want to go via the Northern Pacific, you take the Northern Pacific Express, which leaves Chicago every day in the year at 9.30 A. M.

Here is a direct route to the Twin Cities—the modern route, the sane, sensible and safe route.

Businesslike, kindly, generous, friendly, everything about the service makes you feel at home!

Perhaps that is how I managed to write the Good Stuff. Writing is a matter of inspiration. You get your inspiration from your

environment, but if the environment is not right, the little balance of brain upon which you do business is vapid. When you want peace, and poise, and power, choose the conditions that give the perfect environment. ♦ ♦

When you go from Chicago to Saint Paul and Minneapolis, go by the Burlington Route, and then thank me for calling your attention to the route that approximates the perfect, where peace, poise and power prevail, and the passenger is pleased.

If you want further information as to timetables, rates of fare, or any other data relating to travel, address P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, 547 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

A Man Who Starts Things and Finishes 'Em!

It sounds too good to be true, but I happen to know him. He would make an ideal right-hand man for some big manufacturer of machinery.

Twelve years of making good—planning and executing sales campaigns, both in the field and through the press.

He knows what *not* to do. And the man who knows that can fill any job acceptably. Born of English parents in the Island of Jamaica. Educated in the United States and Germany.

Now thirty-four and solid financially.

Intimately acquainted with trade relations in Central and South America and the West Indies, by reason of four years' traveling in Spanish-American countries.

Salary? Well, he wants all he can earn, naturally; but his earning power is an excellent working order. Suppose you ask him!

He is 18 karats fine—no dross. Address

CALIPH

Care THE FRA, East Aurora, N. Y.

A TIMELY GIFT



THE clock here pictured is a remarkably accurate timepiece. The colonial case of Southern Red Cedar is handmade. This clock is both dust-proof and insect-proof, the delicate aroma of Red Cedar being a sure preventive 'gainst the merry moth and others of his ilk. Eight-day works, manufactured by one of the oldest clockmakers in America. Curved dial for easy reading. The gong is sweet-toned and mellifluous. Size of the clock: 18 x 12½ x 5 inches. Sent by express, prepaid, for Ten Dollars, either on receipt of check or C. O. D. Suit yourself. With beautiful two-toned Normandy Chime, One Dollar extra. In ordering please state whether you prefer the natural wood or a varnish finish.

RED CEDAR CLOCK CO.

66th St. and Ellis Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

How things do leak out!

Especially when it comes to wastebaskets. The one shown below, though, is an aid to tidiness that is a joy. It is so solidly built that it is practically unupsettable. The two-inch rim around the bottom hobbles all waste, and corrals all the scraps, dust and dirt. It does n't soil like some wastebaskets nor burst its slats like others. It is an office or home accessory de-luxe.



Oak
\$8.00

Mahogany
\$10.00

12 inches square at top
13 inches high

Send 25 cents for complete catalog.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE engineers pulling the train between Paris and Cherbourg receive two dollars and seven cents, in contrast to ten dollars and twenty-five cents paid the engineers handling the trains between Cincinnati and Cleveland; and the conductors one dollar and thirty-one cents, in contrast to seven dollars and twenty-three cents paid on the run in Ohio.

In other words, while the passenger-fare in France is sixty-nine per cent greater, the wages paid here to engineers and conductors are four

hundred per cent greater than those paid in France.

Between London and Liverpool, a distance of two hundred miles, the first-class passenger-fare, including one hundred fifty pounds of baggage, is seven dollars and eight cents, while from Cincinnati to Toledo, a distance of two hundred eleven miles, the fare, including a parlor-car seat and one hundred fifty pounds of baggage, is only four dollars and seventy-five cents.

The engineers handling the train from London to Liverpool receive two dollars, in contrast to eight dollars and twenty cents paid engineers for the run between Cincinnati and Toledo, and the wages

of conductors and firemen bear approximately the same relation.—W. C. Brown.

WILL not stay up all of one night to make a hundred dollars; but I will stay up all of seven nights to keep from losing a hundred dollars.—Chauncey M. Depew.

Be sure to write about me honest; whatever you do do not prettify me; include all the hells and damns.—Walt Whitman to Horace Traubel.

CLEVAH--BAH JOVE!

A lighted cigarette actually vanishes from your hand. Borrow a "coffin-nail" or use your own, place it in the closed hand—open slowly—and zowie! It's gone! Done anywhere—any time. YOU can do it. This is just one of the many clever Magical Novelties I manufacture and offer to Roycrofters. There is nothing quite so entertaining and fascinating as Magic. Mine requires no skill, yet rivals the efforts of professionals. The "Cigarette Vanish," complete with easy directions, Fifty Cents. List of "Advanced Magic for Amateurs" comes with each order.

CHESTER J. WOODIN

"Entertainer to New York's Four Hundred"

First National Bank Building, New Haven, Conn.

SOCIETY can by no means afford to allow the use for private gain and without regulation of undertakings necessary to its own healthful and efficient operation, and yet of a sort to exclude equality in competition. Experience has proved that the self-interest of those who have controlled such undertakings for private gain is not coincident with the public interest; even enlightened self-interest may often discover means of illicit pecuniary advantage in unjust discriminations between individuals in the use of such instrumentalities. But the proposition that the Government should control such dominating organizations of capital may by

no means be wrested to mean by any necessary implication that the Government should itself administer those instrumentalities of economic action which can not be used as monopolies. In such cases, as Sir T. H. Farrar says, "there are two great alternatives: (1) ownership and management by private enterprise and capital under regulation by the State; (2) ownership and management by Government, central or local." Government regulation may in most cases suffice. Indeed, such are the diffi-

culties in the way of establishing and maintaining careful business management on the part of the Government that control ought to be preferred to direct administration in as many cases as possible—in every case in which control without administration can be made effectual.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

Looking at things upon a large scale, the religion of mankind is the effect of their improvement, not the cause of it.—*H. T. Buckle.*



S U N R I S E O N M O U N T R A I N I E R

Perfected Train Service

Simply Means

Northern Pacific Service

Through the Heart of the Scenic and Historic Northwest

CHICAGO Two trains daily via Saint Paul and Minneapolis
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY } One train daily via Billings
and OMAHA

To Puget Sound and North Pacific Coast Points

Equipment includes Dining, Observation, Pullman Tourist and Standard Sleeping Cars.

Great Big Baked Potatoes and a lot of other good things, served on dining cars.

Send for Literature

A. M. CLELAND
 General Pass'r Agent
 St. Paul, Minn.



See **YELLOWSTONE PARK** via **GARDINER GATEWAY**, Season June 15 to September 15





THE father in the American home today, instead of permitting his daughter to devote hours to the dreary monotony of practice on the piano, gives her an opportunity to broaden her musical knowledge by practicing the personal interpretation of real music on the player-piano.

¶ The individual interpretation which the Starr Player Piano makes possible has justified the preference accorded it in American homes.

¶ Those who wish a descriptive catalog will gladly be furnished with one upon request.

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY

FACTORY AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES:

ALABAMA—BIRMINGHAM, 1820 Third Avenue
MONTGOMERY, 108-112 Dexter Avenue
CALIFORNIA—LOS ANGELES, 628-632 S. Hill St.
SAN DIEGO, 1706 F St.
FLORIDA—PENSACOLA, 8 South Palafox St.
JACKSONVILLE, 307 Main St.
ILLINOIS—CHICAGO, 414-415 Mallers Bldg.
INDIANA—EVANSVILLE, 208 Main St.
INDIANAPOLIS, 138-140 N. Pennsylvania St.
MUNCIE, Delaware Hotel Bldg.
RICHMOND, 933-935 Main St.
MICHIGAN—DETROIT, 110 Broadway
MISSOURI—KANSAS CITY, Grand Ave. at Eleventh St.

RICHMOND, INDIANA

OHIO—AKRON, Mill and High Sts.
CINCINNATI, 139 Fourth Avenue W.
CLEVELAND, 1226-1224 Huron Road
DAYTON, 27 South Ludlow Street
ELYRIA, 245 Second St.
HAMILTON, 18 South 3rd St.
SPRINGFIELD, 169 E. High St.
TOLEDO, 318 Jefferson Ave.
TENNESSEE—CHATTANOOGA, 722 Market St.
KNOXVILLE, 517 Market St.
NASHVILLE, 240-242 Fifth Avenue N.
VIRGINIA—BRISTOL, 529 State St.

in its construction, the fact that it is obtainable direct from the factory, for about half the prices asked by retailers, has caused thousands of people everywhere to prefer it to all other makes of furniture now on the market.

¶ The big book that the Brooks Manufacturing Company of Saginaw, Michigan, will gladly send free upon request, shows over a hundred designs of home, office and club furniture which is supplied direct from the largest plant of its kind in the world.

The sectional method, of which the Brooks people are the originators, and by which the furniture is shipped in easily assembled sections, actually saves three-fourths of the

ALTHOUGH they were unable to obtain any lower prices than the man or woman who buys only one piece of Brooks "Master-Built" Furniture, the authorities in charge have furnished U. S. Army and Navy Quarters all over the world with this famous sectional furniture. This splendid furniture has earned a wonderful popularity during the last few years. In addition to the beauty of the designs in which it is fashioned and the honest, dependable character of the materials used

packing costs, two-thirds the usual freight charges, and also one-half the factory floor-space that would be required if the furniture was shipped all assembled. These facts, coupled with the further fact that, by selling direct, they save jobbers' and dealers' profits, make it an easy matter for this concern to quote prices about one-half those that the retailer must ask—or those that can be quoted by a mail-order house, a jobber or a wholesaler who does n't, naturally, manufacture furniture.

CAN the railroads meet this serious situation with which they are confronted? Yes, if allowed to charge a fair compensation for their services. The railroads now receive on an average per mile seven and one-half mills for hauling a ton of freight and less than two cents for carrying a passenger. If this average compensation could be increased even one mill, or the equivalent of the price of a postage-stamp for twenty miles' service, it would extricate them from all further trouble and anxiety. It is scarcely conceivable that such a slight advance would injuriously affect any trade, industry or person, yet it would be the means of conferring untold benefits upon the entire business of the country.

—Benjamin F. Bush.

IF it's near dinner-time, the foreman takes out his watch when the jury have retired and says: "Dear me, gentlemen, ten minutes to five, I declare! I dine at five, gentlemen." "So do I," says everybody else except two men who ought to have dined at three, and seem more than half-disposed to stand out in

Storm Signals—Traffic Signals—Travel
Tests of Many Kinds—None of Them
Worries the Car Owner Who Rides on

Firestone Non-Skid Tires

EVERY Firestone user is ready for the sudden stop and the quick start that the traffic demands.

He is ready for sharp curves or difficult grades.

The Firestone rubber letters, Non-Skid, built broad and massive, form right angles of tough resistance against skid in any direction. They afford the limit of protection and inspire a confidence that only Firestone users enjoy.

And Firestone Non-Skids are the ideal touring tires for all seasons. The toughness of the tread, with its extra depth of lively rubber, means surest riding and greatest comfort. It means—

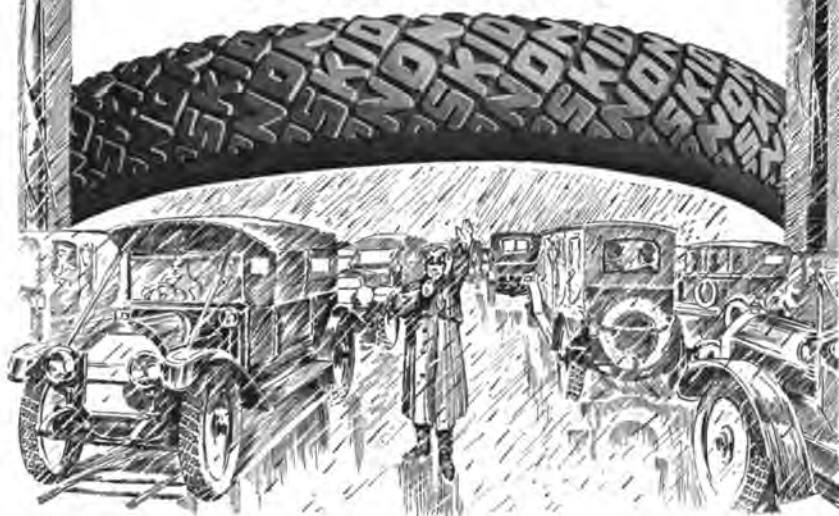
"Most Miles per Dollar"

Have your car Firestone-shod now by any leading dealer

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company

Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"



consequence. The foreman smiles and puts up his watch: "Well, gentlemen, what do we say? Plaintiff, defendant, gentlemen? I rather think, so far as I am concerned, gentlemen—I say I rather think—but don't let that influence you—I rather think the plaintiff's the man."

—Dickens.

A sense of duty is natural to man, and there can be no satisfaction in life, without attempting to fulfil it.—Disraeli.

A RARE PICTURE

SENT ON APPROVAL
AT YOUR REQUEST



The National Engagement Ring in Motor Life

Really good pictures are rare. Here is one that will radiate an atmosphere of smiles and good cheer in any home. Not an advertisement.

Especially reproduced in full process colors on plate-finished paper, suitable for framing.

Extra Heavy Plate Paper, 22 x 28 in. at \$1.00 ea.

Medium Plate Paper, 11 x 14 in. at .25 ea.

Parcel Post, Prepaid Anywhere

The edition is strictly limited and will not be reprinted. Orders will be filled as received until the supply is exhausted.

Address
Motor Life
New York, N. Y.

Motor Life Publishing Co.
Motor Life Building,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

I enclose herewith, 10 cents in extra postage charges for sending me on approval, one {Large, at \$1.00 each} {Small, at .25 each} full color print entitled "The National Engagement Ring in Motor Life." It is understood that I am privileged to return the picture within 10 days after receiving it, without further cost or obligation and no questions asked.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

FOR a number of years the railroads have been subjected to a great concerted attack. The skill of the employees, the character of the officers, and the honesty of the capitalization have alike been impugned. Back of all stands the sinister threat to segregate from all other forms of investment the investment in railroad securities, to assert over such investment a high-handed control, assuming no responsibilities for losses, but limiting any possible gains to a savings-bank rate of interest. Should

this effort be successful, it is certain to degrade the employees, to drive out the capable officers, and to lead to the refusal of investors to make new contributions to capital. If such an effect were brought about, the consequences to the community would be more far-reaching than one likes to contemplate.

—L. F. Loree.

IN the United States the central Government possesses under the Constitution a minimum of governmental functions. Yet even among us the public business is conducted with much less energy and efficiency than private business. Although some European States own and manage the railways—

never, however, with great success—we hesitate to invest our Government with this function because of its incompetency as a business agent and the inefficiency to which it is doomed by partisan politics.

—Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Edison, when a well-known Also-Ran was mentioned. "Oh, yes; he is the man who is always just going to do something!"

THE railroad is the expression of the vital force of the Nineteenth Century. For thousands of years the world had been plodding over beaten ways, climbing mountains, toiling through valleys, fording streams, when suddenly the thought and study and knowledge of many generations burst into life, and Mr. Stephenson's little *Rocket* astonished mankind. The locomotive threw open vast regions of country until then inaccessible, and gave such an impulse to civilization, commerce and education as had never before been known. Our own West long and patiently waited for its coming to bring life to her desolate places, to cultivate her fertile prairies, and send forth her produce to feed the millions.—*Gardiner G. Hubbard.*

WITH consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now and tomorrow again speak what tomorrow thinks, though it contradict everything you said today. "Ah, so you shall be misunderstood"—Is it so bad to

be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.—*Emerson.*

For the first time in the history of the world, machinery had made it possible for the world to get into the hands of the weak.

—*Gerald Stanley Lee,*

HOMER LAUGHLIN China

When Dreams Come True



There is a fascination about Homer-Laughlin China that is akin to hypnosis. It has a delicacy of finish, a distinctiveness and an elegance of design that are unique. To possess a set of this superb dinnerware is the dream of every woman. The realization of that dream is an exquisite pleasure.

The home beautiful—the husband appreciative—the table bountiful, and

HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA

to lend its added grace—this is the dream come true. The trade-name, *Homer Laughlin*, is on the under side of every piece of sufficient size—the warranty of honest value. Homer Laughlin China is made in the biggest china-factory in the world, and by the most skilful pottery experts in America. It has the gloss of glass, the wear of iron, and a refinement and beauty of color and contour that is unapproached. ¶ The *China Book*, telling the interesting story of China evolution, will be mailed to you free, on request.

HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA CO.
NEWELL, WEST VIRGINIA



Announcing the New Royal Master-Model 10

Price \$100
(\$125 in
Canada)



"The Typewriter of Perfect Presswork"

THE flawless presswork of the new Royal Master-Model 10 carries the high-grade business message in as fine form as your thoughts themselves! Royal presswork reinforces the result-getting power of your business letters—for it adds the forceful stamp of quality to every letter you sign. Heretofore, you have been obliged to accept a standard of typewriting inferior to high-class printing, yet you would not accept poor printing. But with the new standard of "typewriter presswork" created by the *New Royal "10,"* it is no longer necessary to accept inferior typing in your office.



"The Type That Tells"

Pick up the letters you have signed to-day. Examine them—then see a sample of the faultless presswork of the *Royal!*

On which kind of typing will you send your signature to represent YOURSELF?

Which one will you trust to convey unmistakably to the world the character of your house?

Get the Facts!

Send for the "Royal man" and ask for a DEMONSTRATION. Or write us direct for our new Brochure, "*Better Service*," and a beautiful Color Photograph of the new *ROYAL MODEL 10—"the MACHINE WITH A PERSONALITY"*—Read our advertisements in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *System*, *Everybody's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Heart's*, *Munsey's*, *Metro-politan*, *McClure's*, *Business* and many more! "Write now—right now!"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.

Royal Typewriter Building, 359 Broadway, New York.

Branches and Agencies the World over



IN the memoranda agreement between Chairman Elliott and United States Attorney-General McReynolds for a dividing up of the New Haven property, it was expressly stipulated that the road "does not desire this action to be construed as an assent to or dissent from the principles of law involved or the commercial wisdom of the proposed plan."

Some day the public will awaken to the fact that to have electric passenger transportation in the future between New York

and Boston on the New Haven road, the railroad company—and this means the public—must buy back all the power-houses on the line of the New Haven road which the Government is now forcing the railroad to part with.

Chicago is rejoicing over the prospect of millions of expenditures for power-houses that will economically handle the city's light, trolley and railroad transportation. The New Haven Railroad through its forty-million-dollar Connecticut Company paying four per cent has already secured, without cost, the power-houses which can be used most economically in the future for the transportation by electric-

ity of passengers between New York and Boston.

The State of Connecticut approves of this transportation economy. New England needs it, but Mr. Brandeis and Mr. McReynolds dissent and the credit of the New Haven Corporation is not now such that in the judgment of its directors it can afford a lawsuit with the United States Government.

Evidently, Mr. Elliott intends to make the best of the situation, and abide by the decision of

the Department of Justice.

It has been recorded in history that mistakes have sometimes been made at Washington. Mr. Elliott makes no complaint, but the people of Connecticut, we understand, are beginning to see that they are likely to be called upon to foot the bill for any mistake that Washington may make in dismembering their transportation system, under the advice of Mr. Brandeis.—
C. W. Barron.

IN the course of a fairly long and somewhat varied life it has been my fortune to be brought in contact with many men—men prominent politically, and in administrative and professional work; generals in command of armies in active warfare; executives in the direction of large enterprises; financiers; notables of the market-place. The one thing in these contracts which has always insensibly but most impressed me has been the presence or absence in individuals of that element known as character. Whether there or not there, the sense of its being there or not being there is instinctive. If there, in the man at the head, the thing permeates. You are conscious of it in every part.—Charles F. Adams.

THE HOUSE OF BURPEE

1876 1914

Consider with care
"THE CREED" of The House of Burpee

We Believe: that this is a just world, and that even the seller of seeds will receive due reward.

We Believe: that the selling of *Burpee's "Wabaco" Seeds* is an eminently honest business, and that the practice thereof is an art worthy of our best thought and efforts.

We Believe: in an open mind towards the wisdom of seasoned experience, in order that we may serve best the customers of *The House of Burpee*.

We Believe: in charity, good cheer, and the welfare of our customers, while practicing at all times the art of producing *"Seeds That Grow."*

We Believe: in the ideals of *The House of Burpee*, that we may strive to serve our customers as we would wish to be served.

Protect Us: from the desire (knowing what some seeds are) to criticise or condemn the methods of our competitors;—forever from acknowledging the necessity of Poor But Honest Seeds at low prices, rather than *Wabaco Seeds* at fair prices.

And To The End: may we be found always facing the front—protect us from the belief that we are better than other men, and from any departure from the Creed of *THE HOUSE OF BURPEE*.

To You: who reside in the suburbs or other places of "Great Opportunity"—knowing our Creed—heed this safe advice:

Write For: a copy of *BURPEE'S ANNUAL FOR 1914*. It is "The Plain Truth About Seeds That Grow."

Choose Therefrom: the seeds for your Garden of Beauty or the Garden of Plenty—we deliver them to your door.

If You Would Know: "The Food Value of Fresh Vegetables" ask for (it's free) our booklet of that title, written for us by Dr. HENRY LEFFMAN, A. M., who is an eminent authority on this subject.

OUR BUSINESS IS OUR PLEASURE

WRITE TO-DAY,—"**LEST YOU FORGET**"
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
 BURPEE BUILDINGS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

GOD be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—William Ellery Channing.

We are but a higher form of animal, and it takes but certain conditions to bring out the brute in us all.—L. T. Thomas.



The METROPOLITAN sent John Reed to Mexico for the truth. He is 26 years old and doesn't know fear. We knew we would get the truth from him, but frankly confess we did not expect the wonderful word pictures of a country torn and bleeding with civil war that we publish in our April number. We got the truth about Mexico, but greater than that we discovered an American Kipling.

JOHN REED IN MEXICO

*Word Pictures
of War by an
American Kipling*

Hot from the front has come John Reed's first "story" of Mexico. By holding our presses we just had time to catch the April number now on the news-stands. It's literature. What Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis did for the Spanish-American War in 1898, John Reed, 26 years old, has done for Mexico. You see that beautiful, blood-drenched country with freshly dug graves crowding the public roads. You see glorious, drunken nights of revelry where mirth is turned to tragedy by jealousy fired with too generous gulps of *sotol*—for even in war sparkling eyes and red lips sway the passions of men. You see General Urbina, surrounded by his gaily decked fighters, traveling with his mother and his mistress. And for the first time you will understand this monstrous, paradoxical struggle waging at our very doorstep. Yes, Reed's story is literature.

In the April

METROPOLITAN

"The Livest Magazine in America"

All News-stands

TO-DAY

15 cents



GET PAID IN FULL

PEOPLE who do not pay their debts are not necessarily criminal in their tendencies. They make kind friends, and sometimes good neighbors. But they are certainly dangerous people to transact business with.

Every concern at some time or other gets in Prussian by doing business with punk parties who have no notion of ever settling up.

I know of no harder job on earth than collecting money from a man who has n't got it. Squeezing water out of a stone is, by comparison, as easy as abstracting Spearmint from a baby.

And so it happens that we do business on faith, when we should look 'em up and see how they are rated. We are all honest, of course, but there are still a few who have not acquired the technique.

Even the oldest and shrewdest business houses carry on their books accounts that will never be paid in full, if at all. Enough of these bad accounts on the books, and you have foreclosure and the referee in bankruptcy.

Only the other day a Doctor told me that if he could collect all the money people owed him, he could retire independently rich and live happy ever after. To earn your money is not enough, it seems. The next thing is to *get* it. And this requires genius, the kind that Edison declares is ninety-eight parts perspiration.

You Doctors who are now worrying along

with a lot of old accounts that remind you of a Session of Congress, had better get in touch with the Beacon Adjustment Company, doing a national collection and credit reporting business, and making money for themselves and clients. They can help you cash in.

The collection of old and slow accounts is their long suit. This one thing they do. Their specialty is to protect patrons against "bad" business—the sort Teddy da Roose would call "undesirable."

The Beacon Adjustment Company has but one thing to sell, and that is Service. Service is of many kinds, sorts and varieties, but service involving the collection of bum accounts argues ability of a very unusual order. It means patience, pluck, persistence, bull-dog determination, and withal, tact. All, PLUS!

The Beacon Adjustment Company is doing business on a non-agent basis, and making it pay. This system of soliciting business has been in force since December of Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

New business is wanted, regardless of the location of client or debtor. This company has a delightful way of eliminating red tape and vexatious delays. Also, a healthy habit of forwarding remittances to clients, that is altogether their one best method of advertising. Their only charge is a modest commission based on actual results. If they fail to collect, you do not pay.

So, to sum up—if you have on your ledger accounts that have long eluded capture, you can get satisfaction by putting the case in the hands of the

BEACON ADJUSTMENT COMPANY

INCORPORATED

307 Main Street

Springfield, Mass.

*Members of the American Collection Service,
the National Collectors Association, and the
National Association of Mercantile Agencies*



LAYING THE DUST

"LIFE," says Billy Sunday, ex-ball-player and stirrer-up of emotions and emulsions, "is just one dad-blasted campmeeting after another."

To the woman who keeps house, life sometimes seems like one long futile attempt to relegate dust to its proper place in the cosmos. ¶ To put one over on the dust atoms and the jumping germs that therein breed,

blossom and incubate—this, in my opinion, is the acid test. ¶ The Dustless Duster is a potent weapon of defense, making easy the way of the wife. ¶ Clean, healthy homes do not "happen"—you can depend on it.

And he who thinks they do, is just a plain, ornery chumperino, like the rest of us. ¶ To lay the dust, it is necessary to go on the warpath with the one and only Dustless Duster,

made in Boston by Fra Howard. ¶ It is used not only in the home, but also in schools, churches, offices and factories.

Besides removing germ-laden dust and safeguarding the health of the family, it puts on the polish and gives to furniture that appearance of newness and freshness which ordinary dusting never can give. ¶ The basis of the Dustless Duster is a fabric rendered adhesive by scientific chemical treatment. Dust

clings to this chemically prepared cloth like a bull pup clinging to the seat of a tramp's trousers. You can't shake it off. ¶ The daily dusting should be done with a Dustless Duster, which is readily and quickly cleansed at any time by an application of soap and an immersion in boiling water.

HOWARD



¶ Twelve styles of Dusters are made, including Dust-Mops, Wall-Dusters, Bric-a-Brac and Handle Dusters

5000 best stores sell Howard Dustless Dusters.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. For small, Free Sample and Book on Dust, address as below:

HOWARD DUSTLESS DUSTER CO.

TWO HUNDRED SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



watched and questioned by hundreds of alert, aggressive associations in every city in the Union.

I do not dispute this right of the nation and the States to regulate the corporations they have created; I do not question the right and duty of these associations to most minutely scan and closely inquire into changes that may affect their interests; but I want to urge upon these commissions, both of the nation and the States, the all-important necessity of exercising the great powers that have been conferred upon them with conservatism and wisdom. Samson possessed power—the ruins of the temple attest the fact—but I fail to find in

any history, sacred or profane, a suggestion that that power was wisely exercised.

—William C. Brown.

THERE is a majesty and mystery in Nature, take her as you will. The essence of poetry comes breathing to a mind that feels from every province of her empire.—Carlyle.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.
—Emerson.

AGRICULTURE, manufacturing and merchandising, in the free and untrammelled rise and fall of prices to meet changing conditions, act promptly, almost automatically. The great business of transportation alone, vital to the prosperity, yea, the very life of all the others, is hedged about and restricted by legislative enactment and supervision of commissions, National and in almost every State. In addition to this, every act, every change in tariff, made or suggested by the railroads, is

THE newspapers view the railroads as wonderful proofs of the highest degree of efficiency and ability. The biggest work of an age always attracts to itself the biggest men of the age. When the great work of the world was painting, in the days of the Medicis, the greatest men in the world were painters. Michelangelo was the greatest engineer, the greatest architect, the greatest sculptor, of his day, and probably in every other way the greatest man. Leonardo da Vinci was the greatest military engineer, the greatest road and fort builder; with the power of two Jeffreys, he could take an iron bar and bend it in his hand. The great-

est minds go in the greatest direction. Railroad building, industrial building, is the great work of today. And the men who would have been naval heroes in the days of Elizabeth, and explorers in the days of La Salle, and painters in the days of Michelangelo, are railroadmen today. Such men as Cassatt and Harriman and Hill are all benefactors of their country, and those benefactors are the greatest and probably the ablest men of today.

—Arthur Brisbane.

Silence!



The Continental
Certainties:

* Silence
Power
Speed
Endurance
Economy
Flexibility

Symbols strength. The strong man is usually a silent man, though the converse does not always obtain.

Grant was a man of few words. His motor was in good working trim, and skipped no sparks. When he talked, he said something.

A few short years ago, the chugging, vibrating motor proclaimed the presence of private ownership and split the ears of the groundlings with a sound like the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Now our admiration is reserved for the swift, silent tread of the cars that glide by like gray ghosts in the gloaming. You may be quite sure they are equipped with

Continental Motors

After all, it's *motor* makes the car go. You may paint and upholster the car, if you will, but its value will be represented by *nil*—unless the motor means business.

A silent motor tokens non-friction. Non-friction means more miles for less money.

Eighty thousand cars now carry the "Continental" and half as many more are falling in line this Year of Grace, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen.

You had better join the growing army of "Continental" enthusiasts, and experience the unique sensation of rapid and noiseless locomotion.

**Continental Motor
Mfg. Co.**

Largest Exclusive Motor
Builders in the World
Detroit Michigan



WHEREVER a steel track can be made to pay, that steel track will be built; for that is the unending way of capital. In a world of politics, great and small, of laws wise and foolish, of lawsuits sane and crazy, of scandal aimed at stock exchange and magnate, it is well to remember this one fact, that capital, and capital alone, can open up the million fields yet unbroken in this country, and coax civilization into the great lands as yet untrod-den.—C. M. Keys.

?



Q:—What do you want most in a magazine devoted to outdoor recreation?

A:—Information.

ANALYSIS of the reason why you read an outdoor magazine brings you finally to asking yourself the above question, and answering it as it is answered. There is no other answer.

Therefore, the "reason why" efficiency of the outdoor magazine you subscribe for or buy from month to month is measured by (1), the amount of information there is in it that is of especial interest or actual use to you, and (2), the extent to which it *entertains and encourages* your examination of its pages to *possess yourself* of this information.

OUTDOOR WORLD & RECREATION contains more timely and valuable information on all phases of outdoor recreation than any other magazine. And it *delivers* to you every scrap of information in it, because it is the most entertaining, the most attractive, of all outdoor magazines and you read every line.

Get the April OUTDOOR WORLD & RECREATION from any newsstand, 25 cents. Especially if you hear the Red Gods calling you and feel you must "go, go, go"—Especially if you don't care a hoot for the Red Gods and are going so fast now you think nobody can see you for dust. You need it. Next to getting out in the open, kicking up your heels and letting everything go hang—and it will lead you into doing all of that—it is the best Spring tonic for you. And there is still the information—more, of the kind you can use right now, and presented better, than in any other outdoor magazine. Get a copy the first chance you get. If you don't get a chance pretty quick, make one.

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Send OUTDOOR WORLD AND RECREATION for six months for \$1.00 enclosed to:

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THE average critic of railroad management, be he legislative or journalistic, spends one day or two investigating transportation problems that three generations of shippers and railway employees and managers have struggled with. After a session of an hour with himself and a study of magazine and newspaper clippings, he formulates solutions that he hopes may be accepted by the public. He never had charge of a train in face of a mile washout in a storm, with an ax, a crowbar, and a

lantern, to make repairs. He knows nothing of the game of chess involved in keeping a dozen trains of constantly varying speed capacities moving on a single track over a mountain-top, against another dozen to be kept moving in the opposite direction. But in an hour's speech he can tell you that the railroad must be made to move its freight with unvarying expedition, or suffer. He does not consider that a railroad has not the slightest control over the destination of its own cars or the cars in its service. He does not realize that the shipper says where these cars shall go and gives them destinations all over the United States, and that the cars received by the road

are largely dependent upon the directions of shippers in other sections of the country, maybe thousands of miles away. Yet, it is from such authorities as these that the general public have formed their conceptions of the railroad business, its evils and its remedies. And, more unfortunate still, too many of those same ideas have crystallized themselves into legislative enactments that hinder instead of heal transportation hurts.—W. L. Ross.

THE business-man has still another interest in the prosperity of his railway partner. There are on the pay-rolls of the railways of the United States more than a million and a half of employees. The purchasing power of each member of this vast army is dependent upon the maintenance of the wage-paying power of the railways. The money received by railway employees finds its way through all the channels of trade, and is a factor of local business importance in practically every community in the United States. The railways are also large purchasers of the products of industries which in turn support another vast army of employ-

ees. Through these channels, the benefits of the maintenance of wage-paying and purchasing power are so widely distributed as to reach directly or indirectly practically every individual in the United States, whatever may be his business or occupation. This interest of the businessman in the railways was very well expressed in an address by one of the most prominent merchants of the United States, in which he said: "Let any merchant look over his records for years; let him note the fat

It Fills Itself

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen
NON-LEAKABLE



**That silences
all argument.**

Ever since fountain pens came into existence the biggest problem was to find an easy, clean, quick way to do the filling. *The Conklin found it.*

You dip your Conklin in *any* ink-well, anywhere, press the Crescent-Filler and—start writing! Takes four seconds—as simple as falling off a log. No dropper—no muss—no spilling.

It is Non-leakable

absolutely, no matter in what position it is carried.

It's the *original* and *recognized leader* of all self-fillers—proven by 16 years' use and over a million satisfied users.

Prices \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up, at best Stationers', Druggists', Jewelers'. Write for catalog showing hundreds of styles and sizes.

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700-728 E. & C Building 579 Market Street
WINNIPEG, CANADA
346 Donald Street

years and the lean years; let him then mark the years of railroad extension and railroad improvements—of railroad spending. Let him mark on the other side the years of railroad retrenchment, and he will find that the years when his prosperity has waned have been the years when the railroads were not progressing."—*William W. Finley.*

Next to acquiring good friends the best acquaintance is that of good books.—*C. C. Colton*



GET THE PERSONAL TOUCH



*I*f this particular advertisement can induce you to go to the nearest Mitchell dealer and take a ride in his demonstrator, then the object of the advertisement has been accomplished for we think the Personal Touch will sell the car. The only way to prove the car is by *Demonstration* and the only way to make a demonstration is to get you in the car and *let you run it yourself*.

Sitting at the wheel of the Mitchell you get the *feel of the car*. You will understand after you have run the car a mile or so just what we mean by superb mechanism, ease of control, prompt response and knowledge of power. You will understand without being told what we mean by sturdy build, engineering balance and proper distribution of strength and resistance to road strain. But no amount of advertising or printed matter can possibly make you understand or appreciate these features. You've got to *see and feel* to know.

Running the Mitchell yourself you will get the *personal touch*—you will *know* just what the action is whereas if you let someone else run it you will be accepting hearsay evidence. And we want you to know that it is a risky proceeding to invest a lot of money in an automobile on hearsay. Any automobile looks good when it

is running by you yet half of them will reveal coarse mechanism if you sit in the driver's seat and get the feel of the whole affair. We welcome the personal demonstration. It leaves nothing whatever to chance. It's the only way to buy an automobile and the only way to sell one.

Now then, if the personal demonstration pleases you—if the car performs to your satisfaction and you are sure of its action, don't buy until you ask yourself this most important question: "Will the maker of this car live up to the moral responsibility that every honest manufacturer should feel and observe? What is there behind him to prove that he will?"

The answer of the Mitchell makers is this: "Eighty years of faithful service to the American Public—eighty years of telling the truth—eighty years of building honest merchandise and selling it close to cost." And to confirm this we have the evidence of 30,000 Mitchell owners who love the car as we love it—who love it for what it has done and what it can do—who love it for its hourly, monthly and yearly efficiency, its lasting qualities and its economy of maintenance.

Go to your nearest Mitchell dealer today and borrow his demonstrator for half an hour. Sit at the wheel yourself. See how it feels to drive a car that has the real quality in it. If there isn't a Mitchell dealer in your neighborhood, write us direct at once and we will find a way to give you this *personal demonstration*.

Here is the Equipment for all the Mitchell Models Which is Included in the List Prices:

Electric Self-Starter and Generator—Electric Lights—Electric Horn—Electric Magnetic Exploring Lamp—Speedometer—Tungsten Valves—Mohair Top and Dust Cover—Jiffy-Quick-Action Side Curtains—Quick-Action Two-piece Rain Vision Wind-Shield—Demountable Rims With One Extra—Double Extra Tire Carriers—Bair Bow Holders—License Plate Bracket—Pump, Jack and complete set of first class tools.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

Eighty years of faithful service to the American public.
Unlimited financial stability. Ask your banker.



Jumped Over His Head!

WILL WARREN is the man who did it. Today he sits in a chair that means executive power and \$10,000 a year. There are 43,000 Will Warrens—men who jumped over the other fellows' heads—men who used their spare time developing themselves—fitting themselves for the big jobs, the thick pay envelopes. So can you. The reason for their success is no secret. They all admit—

Sheldon showed the Way!

He will do the same for you. He will show you how to develop and classify your business knowledge—how to convert it into bigger income. How to command the attention of the men higher up. You can master Sheldon's Science of Salesmanship and Business Building during your spare hours. If you are an employer Sheldon will show you how you can increase the productive powers of those under you.



The Sheldon Book Free

This useful book gives you the foundation principles of success-building through self-development. Shows how to measure your powers and possibilities—how to transform latent ability into real dollars—how to master men and business problems—how to create your future, your income, your happiness. This book is absolutely free to you. Fill out the coupon below.

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418 Gunther Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free the Sheldon Book as I want to learn how to "jump over the man ahead."

Name

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Save Work and Money



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Self-Control is Wisdom's Root



C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

Unquestionably this is the secret of health. To eat sparingly when you have the appetite; to eat none at all when you have no appetite; to breathe deeply, to laugh and play, work and sleep—these in right proportion—is to get on the path, the power path, of physical and mental poise and achievement.

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is a valuable and interesting treatise, by C. Franklin Leavitt, written right out of his heart. It tells in a plain, commonsense manner how you may attain this physical and mental supremacy. Leavitt Science has stamped the fear of failure for scores of people. It has re-created them, awakened them to their possibilities and made them strong and able.

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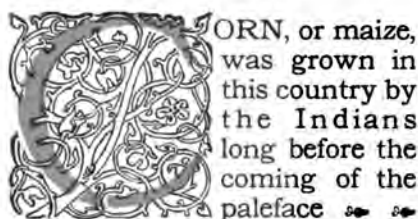
C. FRANKLIN LEAVITT

Suite 731

14 West Washington St.

Chicago, Ill.

The Feast of Mondamin



CORN, or maize,
was grown in
this country by
the Indians
long before the
coming of the
paleface

Because it grew native to the
soil, and was cultivated by the
Indians, it came to be called
"Indian" Corn.

The Indians cherished certain
traditions in connection with
their corn-plantings, and some of
these traditions are found in the
famous Indian Epic, *Hiawatha*.

We find maize personified and
given the name *Mondamin*. *Hiawatha*
wrestles with *Mondamin*,
slays and buries him, tending his
"grave" with diligent care. His
patience is at length rewarded.
Mondamin in the form of maize
pushes up into the sunshine.
Then *Hiawatha*

Showed them where his maize was
growing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this *new gift to the nations*,

Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to
yellow,

And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum, hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,

Stripped the withered husks from
off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

It would seem that the Thanks-
giving of the Pilgrims was only
an adaptation of this Feast of
Mondamin. The "new gift" is
Maize, or Corn, given the Indians
by their Great Spirit.

From the earliest times, corn has
been prized for its nourishing
and sustaining qualities. And of
all the ways in which corn is
prepared as a food for man, there
is none daintier or more palat-
able than



Your grocer sells 'em. Look for the name

W. K. Kellogg

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY:

Vol. 13

APRIL, 1914

No. 1

Travel is the great educator, and the
railroads are our supreme civilizers

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage, 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

A Little Journey Over a Modern Railroad



AM writing this on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway

Three years ago I made a trip over this same road. It was a day trip from Buffalo to Pittsburgh. I did n't have anything special to write about, and so I wrote about the folks I saw on that train.

The conductor did something that caught my attention—he thanked me when he took up my ticket. I watched him and I discovered he thanked everybody. He was a thankful sort of man. He was tall, strong, healthy, smiling. He was n't overworked. He must have been on good terms with himself, his family, the world. He was well dressed, but not too well dressed. Many times he came through the train, and always he sort of keyed the situation with a gladsome grin.

I held no conversation with the man. He did n't talk much with any one. He was

friendly without being fresh; courteous without being familiar.

"Mister, will you tell me what time it is?" an old lady asked the conductor.

And he told her.

Then she asked this question, "Say, Mister, are you sure your watch is right?"

And she was assured.

A man in the seat ahead of me asked one question four times: "How soon will we be at Ridgway?"

He was always respectfully answered.

The conductor went through, and when he came back the man asked a fifth question, "I say, Conductor, are you sure you have n't passed Ridgway?"

The man got to Ridgway all right, and did n't thank anybody—but he should, for Ridgway is a very beautiful town.

The trainmen helped the people who needed help—elderly folks, mothers with children and big baskets, lame people, foreigners.

And the suavity which that conductor started out with at nine-thirty he had with him at six o'clock.

And I thought of the Roman Emperor, Antonius Aurelius, the Stoic, foster-father of

Marcus Aurelius. He was ill, but no one knew how ill, for he never complained.

The captain of the watch came to him and asked for the password for the night. "Equanimity," answered the Emperor, and turning on his side, he ceased to breathe.

That conductor's name might have been Antonius Equanimity.

Courtesy

AND behold, all of the copies of that particular *Philistine*, containing my mention of this railroad, were picked up on the news-stands. Extra orders came, and on investigation I saw I had accidentally said something. The edition was gone—and orders were coming from all over the United States.

¶ So I said to my boys in The Roycroft Shop, "Better get that thing out in folder form."

¶ "What shall we call it?"

"Oh, why, call it *Courtesy as an Asset*."

¶ And it was so done. Upwards of twenty different railroads ordered several thousand each. The Grand Trunk took fifty thousand. And I have a personal letter from Charles Melville Hays, commending the article.

The Northern Pacific and the Baltimore and Ohio bought forty thousand each.

And one day I happened to meet James J. Hill, art-collector, book-lover and discoverer of Howard Elliott. It was at the Minnesota Club in Saint Paul, and Mr. Hill said to me with a quizzical smile, "Do you know why we ordered of you those booklets about the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh?"

"No; I've often wondered."

"Well, it was because the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh is run by a Minnesota boy!"

¶ "What is his name?"

A Remarkable Man

WILLIAM T. NOONAN was born on a farm near the little town of Waverly, Minnesota, and began railroading at Minneapolis. ¶ On this farm railroad-ties were cut and sold to James J. Hill, and the wood that was not used for ties was sold to the railroad company for fuel, because coal in that country at that time was a curiosity.

Mr. Noonan began his railroad career as errand-boy under W. H. Truesdale, now President of the Lackawanna Railroad.

And that was n't very long ago—just twenty-five years.

Lots of people can remember that far back, and some of us can go a deal further.

So in twenty-two years you find William T. Noonan traveling from the position of errand-boy to the presidency of one of the most prosperous railroads in the United States. ¶ What sort of man is William T. Noonan? Well, he is the youngest president of an important trunk-line in the United States. He is now thirty-nine years of age—and looks thirty.

Mr. Noonan is of medium size, with no excess baggage, and is n't especially handsome. He does n't attract attention on the street. Your first impression of the man is that he is physically "fit," to use the phrase that Kipling puts into the mouth of Mulvaney.

The second thing that impresses you in this man is his contagious smile.

No man can meet him without answering that smile with a grin of his own.

Mr. Noonan is at home in any society; he is not abashed by so-called big people; neither does he embarrass track-walkers, section-men, foremen, mechanics or trainmen when he meets them.

Mr. Noonan is at home with his men, he calls them by name, he respects them, and they respect him. They listen to every word he says, for he never talks at random. His words of encouragement add to their efficiency. He brings out the best in everybody, and he is just as much interested in every store, shop, bank or factory along his line as if he owned the place himself. He realizes that the prosperity of the people is his. He is in partnership with his customers.

The Secret of Success

GET right—do right. Noonan is right with his employees and with the patrons of his road. Also, Noonan is right with Noonan.

¶ If a man is not right with his family, he is not right with the world. Double-dealing, secrets, side-stepping and ducking, all these things put the skids under a man's prospects and get him ready for the chute.

President Noonan is the high-noon of frankness; he lives right out in the sunshine. He has two hobbies: one is health and the other is railroading. He carries a hundred and twenty pounds' pressure, but never uses more than thirty. The rest is reserve. ¶ No matter what the subject is, you can talk it over with this man without embarrassment, and that is exactly the way his people and patrons feel. ¶ So here we get the secret of the success of this wonderful property: It has a soul.

A Business General

IF you are a student of human nature and given to character analysis, you would say that President Noonan is, first, a human being, not a railroad official. He is the average man, endowed by his parents with a strong and vigorous body, and an active, hungry mind. He has evolved and grown with the years. Life to him is opportunity. At a guess I would say that his genius for details and concentration is a gift from mother to son.

He is doing things in a big and colossal way as his Mother did in the line of housekeeping, for business is only housekeeping extended and multiplied.

The good housekeeper is industrious, economical, orderly, systematic, sympathetic—her business is to serve.

The Mother gives her life for her family; she dedicates her life to her loved ones.

And when you get a man who has the genius of mother-love, and can apply this same divine endowment to business, you have a business general. ♦ ♦

President Noonan does not lie on the sunny slopes of Parnassus and dream of things.

He never boasts of what he is going to do, and it is only by cross-examination that you can get him to speak of what he has done. He looks to the future.

I would not say that his general policy of treatment of his men is a selfish one, yet at the same time it is the policy that pays. It is enlightened self-interest.

Mr. Noonan is the friend of his employees; he does not call himself an official—he, too, is an employee of the company.

Down at Bradford, Pennsylvania, I heard a story. I give it as it was given to me by a man who knows all the facts—just a little cross-section of life.

A certain conductor took a train out of Bradford every morning at seven o'clock for Buffalo. One morning, as he was taking up tickets he came across a seedy-looking individual who carried in his hands an adz and a big monkeywrench. This man told the conductor that he had no money, that he had been out of work for three months, but that he had just heard of a job that was open for him in Buffalo, and he gave the name of the man who was to give him the job.

Incidentally, this man was well known to the conductor. ♦ ♦

The conductor listened to the man's tale patiently, and then frankly said: "Look here, friend, you know perfectly well that I can not carry anybody without their paying fare. It would be a positive infringement of the rules."

¶ Said the man, "I have no money, and I have got to get to Buffalo."

"Well," said the conductor, "I will pay your fare out of my own pocket; you give me your address and you take mine, and when you get your first week's pay send me the money." ♦

"Well, really," answered the man, "that is more than I expected; but now that you have been so kind with me, I will tell you, I have just one dollar." And he reached in his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar. "Here, take that."

"No," said the conductor; "I will not take that money—it is n't enough to pay the fare. You pay me all or nothing."

"Take it," said the man; "I don't need any money right away when I get to Buffalo; the boss will put me up in a boarding-house, and I will get along some way. Keep this dollar for yourself."

To stop the argument the conductor put the dollar in his pocket.

It was a plain case of knocking down. The conductor was called in, admitted the facts, and was discharged from the employ of the company. ♦ ♦

Three months went by, and the papers in the case were sent to the office of William T. Noonan, president of the railroad, who looked the papers over and sent for the man. The ex-conductor came, but he was n't the same happy, self-efficient individual that Noonan had known.

The man had not only lost his job, but his nerve was gone, too. He was only a wreck of a man, a derelict floating on the sea of time. ♦ Noonan shook hands with him, took out the papers in the case, and said, "Well, I guess you took the dollar all right?"

"Sure, Mr. Noonan."

"And you did n't turn in the cash fare out of your own pocket?"

"No, Mr. Noonan."

"And you are out of a job. But I know you were not in the business of 'knocking down.'"

¶ "Mr. Noonan, I certainly was not. Here was a temptation, a peculiar one. It came to me unawares; it was pushed on to me."

"Well, we all make mistakes," said the rail-

road president; "I have made a few myself. The thing to do is not to make the same mistake a second time." And as Mr. Noonan talked to the man he began tearing up the papers and throwing them into the wastebasket.

"Look here, Mr. Noonan—what are you doing, tearing up those papers!"

"Because," said Noonan, "we do not need them any longer," and he threw the last handful of bits into the wastebasket, and said: "Go get measured for a new suit of clothes; you have lost about fifty pounds, and the old duds will no longer do. Go back to your run on Monday morning." And he led the man to the door and shook hands with the astonished, speechless individual.

The man stumbled his way down the stairs, managed to find the tailor-shop, got his new suit of clothes, and today is back on the job, a bomb-proof individual doing good work.

A "Human" Railroad

THE Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway is "the road that did the thing before it had to."

This railroad is Human, Scientific, Efficient and Artistic.

What I mean by "Human" is that its owners and its employees, from president to track-walker, are actuated by a desire to serve humanity.

We are told that things sometimes break down because the human agent fails.

Realizing this, the managers of this railroad are intent on having the human machine built up to a point where safety and efficiency prevail.

Sentiment plays a big part in successful business. Business is a game. Dollars are merely the counters.

He who has eliminated sentiment from his cosmos takes no joy in the game. And "No profit is where no pleasure's taken," said Bobby Burns, and Bobby knew!

Laughter, love, good-cheer, courtesy, friendship, are all very tangible assets in making the wheels go round. This railroad is scientific, because its operations are founded on the physical laws that have been tried and tested.

Science is the common knowledge of the common people, classified.

Science knows the things that will not work. Science knows the breaking strain of materials; how long wood will endure; knows that water

runs downhill; also, that water will destroy your roadbed if it is not drained properly. Science knows the secret of concrete, of pure water, of complete and rapid combustion. Science knows how to make steam and how to use it.

Efficiency

EFFICIENCY is the ability to do the thing thoroughly and well, to do it effectively, economically, and at the very time that it should be done.

Efficiency turns on the ability to utilize to the best account the passing moments.

"I know the value of time," said Napoleon, and as long as Napoleon knew the value of time, he was successful. But when he got lime in his bones and the saltiness of time went out of his system, Blucher got there first, and a new page in history was written.

The Artistic

THE Artistic relates to beauty, just as efficiency relates to use. Use and Beauty are twin sisters.

William Morris said, "Art is not a thing—Art is a way!"

Art is the gracious, kindly, generous, beautiful way of doing things.

Beauty is harmony, and harmony has a distinct influence over our lives.

Flowerbeds, lawns, shade-trees, graciously winding roadways, cleanliness, order, decency, are all essentially artistic.

The next time you ride over the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, just go into the observation-car and take a seat on the rear platform, and note the artistic quality of the scene that will meet your view.

Ballast is lined up in straight lines, not scattered all over the right-of-way.

All mileposts, you will observe, are of concrete, and are built as if for eternity.

You will find the grass cut, the weeds removed, and never will you find grass or verdure between the rails. Grass is beautiful, but not in the streets of a city, or on a railroad that is doing business. All rubbish, worn-out ties, litter of every kind and sort, is picked up religiously by the trackmen and burned.

The right-of-way tokens art and beauty.

In this matter of keeping railroad property in superb condition, England has set us a pace. I know of nothing in America, however, that is up to the English standard, except the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh.

The excuse has always been that we have no time to clean up. "We'll get around to this after a while. The first thing is to do the business." ❧ ❧

But you have heard me say that if you want things done, you will have to call on a busy man—the other kind has no time.

And here we get one of the busiest railroads in America, which is yet the most artistic ❧

A Paying Road

THAT habit of mind of a certain railroad conductor on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, which I noticed while taking a little journey, symbols the spirit which seems to animate this entire railway. But the thing that counts at last in a railroad is just one line of figures at the bottom of a balance-sheet at the end of a year.

These figures represent the difference between your expenditures and your receipts.

The B. R. & P. has paid its stockholders dividends; has also carried a goodly line of figures into the surplus account; and has shown a big and generous increase in physical valuation ❧ ❧

Also, it has increased the pay of its employees. And never a scandal has touched it.

It is a splendid property, and is one of the warmest streaks of rust in the United States. It gets the business, also it holds it. It prospers by spreading prosperity.

Once in a while you hear it said that corporations have no soul. That is a thing that "listens good," but when analyzed you will find only a large vacuum.

Anything that does not have a soul is dead ❧ Corporations are organizations of men—live men working together for a common purpose. The word "corporation" means a body—a body of people animated by one mind.

Successful corporations are those that have one spirit, and that the right spirit.

The Co-operative Spirit

WHEN you ride over the Great Northern out in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, all along that line of three thousand miles you will see great herds of white-faced cattle, droves of hogs, and shaggy-legged, big Clydesdale horses.

The white-faced cattle are referred to as "Jim Hill's cattle," for this is the Jim Hill country ❧ ❧

Jim Hill has supplied just one thing, and that is opportunity. And as the spirit of James J.

Hill animated that empire of the Northwest, so does the spirit of William T. Noonan animate the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway. This railroad supplies a spirit, and it gives opportunity.

Here is a line extending from Rochester to Pittsburgh, three hundred thirty-one miles, and from Buffalo to Pittsburgh, two hundred eighty-seven miles.

When you ride horseback three hundred thirty-one miles, it is quite a distance. But when you ride in a luxurious railway-train, leaving Rochester or Buffalo by daylight and reaching Pittsburgh before supper, it is only a little way.

That is n't much of a trip, is it?

And then with the telephone you talk from Rochester to Pittsburgh with your friend, also you talk with anybody and everybody along the line.

All of the trains on the B. R. & P. are despatched and controlled by telephone. Of course there is a telegraph, too; but the telephone is the thing.

There are telephone-booths every few miles along the right-of-way—beautiful concrete telephone-booths, where you can go in and talk with the despatcher.

And it was the foresight, the business genius, the tireless energy, and the right intent of William T. Noonan that has cemented this railroad and the people along its line into a whole ❧ ❧

Noonan himself does not admit any such influence on his part—he swears a halibi. He says: "We believe in co-operation, commendation, and intelligent criticism ❧ Always we are on the lookout for some man who is doing some task especially well, and then we reward him. You call it altruism; I don't, it is simply business."

Rarely any one is ever discharged from the employ of the B. R. & P. He is promoted. Always and forever Noonan is looking for opportunity to promote the worthy; the business is a search for talent.

History is mostly a record of fights. Business is a record of boosts.

Business builds, constructs, enlarges, bridges the rivers, tunnels the mountains. Business sets people to work and pays them what they are worth. The big railroadman takes out the seventy-pound steel and puts in one hundred; he creosotes the ties, paints the station,

replaces wooden platforms with brick pavements, tears down old structures and builds better, replaces wood with steel, and steel with concrete; replaces dirt with cinders, and cinders with stone ballast. He gives opportunity to the laborer, encourages genius, helps initiative, joins hands with the inventor, co-operates with farmers, works for better schools, for school-gardens, for playgrounds, good roads, concrete sidewalks; removes the rubbish, plants trees, shrubbery, flowers, waters the waste places, drains the swamps, knows what the factory-men and the businessmen are doing all along the line; gets in touch with them, clasps hands with them, eats with them, laughs with them, talks with them, advises with them, knows their wants, and sympathizes with them in their problems; settles contentions and settles them rightly. The B. R. & P. is a citizen of every town, city, village or township through which it passes. ¶ It is a taxpayer, and it is interested in everything that makes for human happiness and social betterment. Nothing that is human is alien to it.

A Unique Railroad

THERE are two ways for a traveling salesman to make money: One is to sell the goods, and the other is to work the expense-account.

There are two ways for a railroad to make money: One is to play the stock-market, and the other is to sell the only thing that a railroad has to sell, transportation.

The owners, officials and employees of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway are not financial jugglers. They have one object, and that is, to serve the patrons of their road in a way so that the railroad and its patrons will prosper.

I have said that the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway is peculiar, different, unique, individual, and unlike any other railroad in America, or, for that matter, in the round world.

The first item that differentiates the B. R. & P. is pronounced harmony among the stockholders, officers and employees.

Second, is the very fortunate situation of the railroad which links a trinity of growing, expanding, evolving cities—cities that are filled with an eternal discontent, where good buildings are being torn down in order to build better.

Buffalo is essentially a manufacturing city, and a city of homes.

It does not depend on any one particular line of manufactories.

If hard times hits one particular trade, it lets some other go free.

Buffalo is the greatest horse-market in the world. Its packing products run into many millions. It handles fifteen million pounds of fish yearly. Its lumber interests aggregate two hundred fifty million feet a year. Iron ore is handled to the extent of two million tons. The coal traffic is very great, for here coal is transferred to boats that feed the fires that make the copper country of Lake Superior possible.

Ten million tons of coal are handled in Buffalo between Maytime and Maytime.

Soap, steel, linseed-oil, flour, automobiles, carriages, freight and passenger cars, leather, and in all, two hundred different industries, are represented in Buffalo.

The population of the city in Eighteen Hundred Eighty was one hundred fifty-five thousand. In Nineteen Hundred Fourteen it was five hundred thousand. In Nineteen Hundred Twenty-five it will be a million.

Rochester

ROCHESTER is the most healthful, cleanly, sanitary, hygienic city in America.

Parks, flower-gardens, beautiful front yards and beautiful back yards here prevail. The nursery business first put Rochester on the map. Rochester roses are world-famous. The planting of trees, flowers, producing fruits and forestry in its various forms, has been carried on at Rochester for seventy-five years.

Once Rochester was called "The Flour City," Now it is called "The Flower City."

Nevertheless, the wheat-grinding industries are very important still.

Rochester makes more cameras than are made in all the cities in the rest of the world combined.

¶ Rochester makes thermometers, protectographs, electrical apparatus, exquisite machinery and valuable commodities of a thousand forms.

The death-rate of Rochester is very low, something like eleven per thousand, which is, say, one-half the death-rate of the City of London. ¶ Rochester is a building, growing, evolving municipality, where industry, harmony, beauty, order, enterprise and high intelligence prevail.

Pittsburgh

THE City of Pittsburgh is unique among the cities of America.

Pittsburgh makes more steel rails than any other place on the American continent.

It is also the home of the glass industry. Electric apparatus, air-brakes, locomotives, steam-engines, brassware, bronze, white lead, pottery, leather and paper, and food-products of five hundred and fifty-seven varieties, are here produced.

In England I once heard Pittsburgh spoken of as "the place where George Washington lives"; in Scotland, they call it "Andy Carnegie's Town"; also, it is the city that made Crosse and Blackwell jealous.

No city in the world has produced wealth as fast as Pittsburgh.

None has banking facilities according to population equal to Pittsburgh.

Coal is portable climate. The cold of Canada is mitigated by coal carried over the B. R. & P. to Rochester, and then transferred in the same cars across Lake Ontario.

The steamship *Ontario*, built of chilled steel, carries thirty cars of fifty tons each, and travels Winter and Summer. This sturdy boat is owned by the B. R. & P. The part of the boat that accommodates passengers is beautiful, luxurious and complete. Passengers here would not be aware of the fact that the boat is run primarily to carry freight, were the fact not called to their attention.

The B. R. & P. serves the business interests of these three great cities.

When men are building, the business of transportation prospers.

The B. R. & P. is happy indeed in its geographical relations. It goes through a country passing rich, where there is climate and weather, and these things make for unrest, noble discontent, and energy plus.

A Good Policy

SOME one has said that a committee is a body of men who take three weeks to do a thing that one man can do in an hour.

President Noonan is not hampered by orders. He knows the desire of the owners, and one purpose animates him, and that is, to carry out the wishes of the stockholders.

Too many cooks spoil the broth in railroading, just as in gastronomy.

Mr. Noonan knows that, in order to please the owners, he first must please the patrons.

Also, it is commonsense policy for a railroad to be on good terms with its neighboring lines.

Scrappy railroads that indulge in red-headed competition make both patrons and stockholders pay for the fun.

There is a rivalry as to service, but there is always a cheerful interchange of traffic and facilities.

This road is on good terms with its neighbors.

Mr. Noonan's attitude is that of a friendly, broad-gauged, good-hearted neighbor.

However, I imagine that if you wanted a short-arm jolt, Noonan might accommodate you. But the sense of justice and fair play is strong in the heart of this man.

The policy of the road is centered in his convolutions, yet at the same time there are understudies for every position.

Mr. Noonan is big enough to know that the institution that leans too heavily on an individual is not properly managed.

There is no office on this road, no position, and no job, that could not be quickly filled if the man who fills the place should drop out of the game.

Discipline

ON the B. R. & P. you will find the discipline similar to that which exists in the German army.

Emperor William has recently said, "Conscription will never be done away with in the Fatherland; but the quality of the work done by a soldier will change more and more towards industrialism; the things that make a good soldier also make a good citizen."

And it can be truthfully said that the things which go to make a good railroadman will also make this railroadman a good soldier.

Health is the first great requisite. President Noonan takes care to see that his men are not worn to a frazzle.

You will notice that the employees of the B. R. & P. are earnest, responsible, contented, and altogether a heroic type of man.

The cheerful, generous policy pays.

President Noonan says, with Marshall Field, "The patron is always right."

This is enlightened self-interest, because it makes for peace, and peace makes for prosperity.

Angry, tired, unreasonable men create just their own sort of an atmosphere.

If a patron wants information from the

B. R. & P. concerning a rate to Keokuk, Iowa, he gets that rate, and is told exactly how much it will cost to ship the commodity.

We can all remember the time when, if we asked the rate to a certain point, we were told that it was thirty-three and a half cents per hundred pounds to the Niagara frontier, to the Mississippi River gateway, or to the territory covered by some Freight Association.

¶ You will find that a B. R. & P. man does not pass out general, gaseous information. He will first find out from the patron what the man wants to ship, then the weight of it, and he will figure it all out on a pad and tell you what it will cost to lay the case of eggs down in the town where you want it to go.

This policy has made friends, so you will find, even in competing points, that the B. R. & P., nine times out of ten, has the preference.

Building for the Future

¶ IN the management of railroads it has been found that the best way to maintain boilers is to put good water in them.

Heat applied to water makes the wheels go round ♪ ♪

The B. R. & P. has bought many thousands of acres of land which are used as a watershed, and the water is collected in dams with concrete core walls, so that today the B. R. & P. has in reserve over seven hundred fifty million gallons of pure water for engine use.

¶ The B. R. & P. believes in H_2O , but not in their capital stock.

Water that comes from the clouds is soft water. It can only be contaminated by going through the air or through the soil and rock.

¶ Hard water is impure water that has taken up the qualities possessed by the geological strata through which it has passed.

The plan of catching rain-water over a vast acreage and holding it in reservoirs is much cheaper than to purify it and soften it by a chemical process, although this plan is also carried on to a certain extent by the B. R. & P.

¶ The dams built by the B. R. & P. have cost many hundred thousands of dollars.

It is a permanent investment. These dams are built to last a hundred years at least, and in fact, every building now being built by the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway is built to endure and be serviceable at a time when every man now employed on the road has turned to dust.

The B. R. & P. builds for the future.

This kind and method of building reacts on the employee. It spells permanency, and to every B. R. & P. employee means a lifelong job ♪ ♪

This permanent plan of building is mirrored by the steel and concrete signal-towers that I saw were being erected along the line of this railroad ♪ ♪

Not long ago, in Boston, a wooden signal-tower was burned, through the well-meant intention of a switchman to thaw out water-pipes with a torch. He thawed the pipes out all right, and the tower was reduced to ashes in twenty minutes' time.

The burning of that tower crippled the service of the railroad for a month, and practically two hundred trains a day were put out of commission for a week.

The new signal-towers now being built by the B. R. & P. have no wood in them. Even the doors and window-frames are steel. The floors are concrete and the roof is tile. The telephone-booths are of similar construction. Fence-posts of concrete are also being manufactured in a big way by this company. So that it is only a question of time before all wooden fences and wood for building purposes will disappear.

No wooden platforms are being erected. Steel and concrete and brick are the goods.

Also, it is well to know that the B. R. & P. gives preference when buying to the products of the brickmakers, the cement-makers, and the steel-makers who live along the line ♪ Mr. Noonan believes in reciprocity.

Tonnage

THE average tonnage per train on this railroad has doubled in ten years, with the trains on the road less time.

Grades have been reduced, curvatures eliminated, and electric signals and telephones are lessening the dependency upon the human agency ♪ ♪

Railroading is a twenty-four-hour-a-day proposition. Supervision at night is just as necessary as during the day, and a little more so ♪

There are many efficiency tests in line with education, and the training has been steadily and constantly going on on this road.

This high degree of efficiency, this preparedness, is a very tangible asset and is indicated on the balance-sheet at the end of the year ♪ As there is no advertisement equal to a well-pleased customer, so there is no method of

traffic solicitation equal to a service thoroughly well performed.

Representatives of the B. R. & P. who call upon the patrons do so for the purpose of co-operation, and they advise as to the best method of accommodating the public.

On the B. R. & P. red blood takes the place of red tape; friendship eliminates friction ♣

Economy

EVERY engine is given its proper rating, and no more is expected from an engine than it can do; any more than we expect a man to do the things for which he is not trained and fitted by natural endowment ♣ The B. R. & P. has the largest number of cars per mile of any road in the United States.

James J. Hill has a motto which runs thus: "Trust in the Lord and haul no empties."

¶ It costs about as much to pull a car that is half-filled as one that is loaded. Loaded cars on this road are the rule.

The equipment of this railroad is in use. Its aim is to keep the engines and cars in a high degree of repair, and to keep them busy.

The elimination of friction is politic, symbolic and actual on this road.

All engines have flanged lubrication, which means a lessening of wear and a reduced cost in the running.

This railroad goes through the center of the coalmining district of America, and yet the B. R. & P. was the pioneer in fuel economy ♣ Its employees are educated to the fact that the music of pop-valves and the making of a tremendous smoke token waste of materials.

¶ I hold in my hand a little book giving the cost-price of six hundred different pieces of material that are used in operation and maintenance ♣ ♣

These books have been distributed to every employee and every clerk on the B. R. & P., from section-hand and errand-boy up.

Prizes have been given from time to time to those who pass the best examination as to cost of materials.

How many educated men do you know who can tell you the cost of a railroad-tie, a fence-post, a magneto, a pump, a piece of hose, a shovel, a sledge-hammer, an ax, a hand-car, a dynamo, a spike, a locomotive, a Pullman car, a freight-car, a passenger-car, a pane of glass or a paper of pins?

When we know the value of a thing we are a little slow about chucking it in the waste-

basket or transferring it to the scrap-heap ♣ But even a scrap-heap is a valuable product to the B. R. & P., for here there is no standing in with the junk gentleman.

The Reclamation Plant among many roads is a brand-new thing. On the B. R. & P. it has been in operation for several years.

In some institutions there are rules "that are made to be broken," but on the B. R. & P. rules are followed up. Quizzes are held in cabooses, stations, offices, out in the open, every little while, to discover whether the employee has the rule at his finger-tips or tongue-tip.

Men who go on trains are "fit." And the engines that are sent out from the roundhouses of the B. R. & P. are also "fit." Stalled engines, leaky boilers, and tired, nervous men are not to be found on this road.

Neighborliness

THE town of East Aurora is six miles from Jewettville on the B. R. & P., and seven miles from Orchard Park on the same line ♣ I often ride over on horseback to these villages to catch a train. Sometimes I go in an automobile, and if I am in a hurry I walk.

¶ For several years, I have noticed the peculiar and individual spirit that animates the B. R. & P.

Not so long ago, I thought I would like to take a good look at the "Central Plant" himself—the President of the road. So I called President Noonan up from East Aurora by telephone, and I got him on the line. His answer was, "You are a neighbor of ours! Come over and see me any time."

The railroads of this country have been well hammered by the genus muckraker and his companion in arms, Calamity Jake.

Thomas Brackett Reed once said that when he had ten men apply for an office, and he, through necessity, gave the office to but one, he made nine soreheads and one ingrate ♣ Just why, when we bestow a benefit on an individual we get his ingratitude, I am not sure. Some day I will take the matter up with Ali Baba and we will analyze it.

In the meantime, it looks to me as if the ingratitude of so many people towards the railroads was on account of the benefits that the railroads have bestowed on the country. When we begin to pound, we keep it up and get the habit, for we never forgive the people we have injured.

Personally, my work for the past twenty-five years has put me in close relationship with a great number of railroad officials. As a class I believe railroadmen average quite as high in point of intelligence and right intent as do lawyers, doctors, preachers, schoolteachers, grocers and even editors.

Railway officials, however, are men, and men sometimes make mistakes.

But railroadmen have it bred into them that they can not afford to make the same mistake twice. And all railroadmen know that ex-parte, arbitrary methods are a poor policy.

The British Admiralty allow a captain to lose one ship and they never wink an eyebrow. But when he loses two, it is assumed that he is getting the habit, and they relieve him.

In spite of the busy muckraker, I think it is growing into the consciences of the people of America that the railroads have not received a fair deal.

But now there seems to be a return of the tide, and if I can help along this movement toward fair play just a little, I will be glad. The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh is a railroad that co-operates with its patrons, and that looks out for its employees. This railroad prospers, just as the people prosper who live along its line.

It is a railroad that has kept in advance of public opinion; kept in advance of statute law. Every betterment demanded by the Interstate Commerce Commission has been foreseen and discounted by this company. Steel equipment, electric headlights, dining-cars, even on local trains, parlor-cars, observation-platforms, stone ballast, telephone service, and one-hundred-pound steel—all are here.

Yes, and something else, and that something else is "Humanity"—call it the Golden Rule if you wish. And the best part is, it is a commonsense policy that pays!

RECIPROCITY, co-operation and mutuality are the important words now. Laws for the regulation of trade should be most carefully scanned. That which hampers, limits, cripples and retards must be done away with. That which gives freedom, security and peace must be encouraged. We are moving toward the sun-rising; and no man can guess the splendor and the riches and the beauty that will yet be ours. Let America lead the way!

The Common People



Who can make two grins grow where there was only a frown before is a benefactor of the race.

Nevertheless, I want to enter a demurrer against Brother Oppenheimer, the clever cartoonist of the *New York American*. It is this: He portrays the Common People as a half-fed, dead-serious, apologetic and unnecessarily innocent little shrimp with side-whiskers.

It's too bad to analyze a joke and put a pleasantry on the microscopic slide, but in the interest of truth it is well to say that the Common People of America do not belong to the shrimp variety.

The Common People are the people who are interested in common things.

If you want commonsense you will find it among the Common People, and not among the patricians or the peons.

The trouble with Mexico is that she has no Common People, and until she can evolve these there is no hope for her. Uncommon people belong to the leisure class, and the leisure class is made up of hoboos and remittance-men.

Ninety per cent of the population of Mexico is illiterate.

Less than ten per cent of the population of the United States is illiterate.

The Common People work, study, think, laugh—accomplish. There has never been a civilization in all history where the Common People did not hold the balance of power.

I am one of the Common People. I do not wear side-whiskers or a look of wild alarm. I am one of the Common People, because I can shoulder a trunk and carry it upstairs.

I can sift ashes, shovel coal, drive four horses or six. I can swing a pick, an ax, a baseball-club, feed a furnace, use a paint-brush, climb ladders, tend mason, juggle mail-sacks, run a motor-truck, follow a plow, pitch hay, dig post-holes, milk cows, slop pigs, curry horses, lead the bull to water, and do five hundred common, plain, simple, every-day things that people in moderate circumstances, in city, town or country, do, and which someone has to do—otherwise there would be no civilization.

The Diocletian Edicts

HAVE just been reading a most interesting book entitled, *The Common People of Ancient Rome*, by Frank Frost Abbott, Kennedy Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Princeton University.

As long as the Common People in Rome were in the ascendent, Rome ruled the world. When they became pauperized through paternalism, weakness, degeneration, disease and dissolution were at the door.

I recommend very few books—beside my own—but this book by Professor Abbott on the Common People of Rome should be read by all of the Common People of America. There is one chapter especially that is worth the price of admission, and that is the chapter on the Emperor Diocletian, who lived in the Fourth Century after Christ.

This man had a deal to do with ushering in the Dark Ages. His intent and desires were right, but he had a wonderful itch for butting in and taking charge of everything.

The people were not allowed either to choose their own religion or to do business in their own way.

Diocletian knew nothing about natural law, that is, spiritual law.

High prices then prevailed. Diocletian devised a scheme for keeping them down—this, in the interests of the Common People, for politicians, propagandists, reformers, rulers, who live off the Common People, have ever been anxious to show the Common People what to do.

So comes Diocletian, solicitous on account of high prices. He sends his secretaries through the market-places, makes a list of seven hundred commodities, and the secretaries fix maximum prices at which things should be sold.

The penalty for charging more than the established price was death.

In order that there could be no misunderstanding, Diocletian had the names of the articles and the prices above which they should not be sold, cut in stone and placed on the walls all around the markets.

What was the result? Simply this, that the Common People who had been busy producing all of the commodities that ministered to human life became panic-stricken. Animation flagged. Inspiration died. Laughter ceased. No such thing as joyous labor longer existed.

¶ The threat hanging over them of what the government proposed to do killed spontaneity, and creation, development, production, died.

¶ And behold, there came the Dark Ages, when for a thousand years night prevailed; when for a thousand years the world did not produce a poet, an orator, an inventor, an artist, a navigator, a mathematician; when fear was supreme, and hope stood far away in the shadow, shivering and cold, a finger to her lips.

Our friends in Washington should read this book on the Common People of Rome, and learn the lesson, which is: the less rulers mix in, dictate and try to regulate economic activities, the better it is for the Common People.

Well did Thomas Jefferson say, "That country is governed best that is governed least."

The road to success means: keep confidence with yourself; keep yourself thinking, acting, doing right—but above all keep honest.

No Enemy But Himself



IF any man should have our friendship, it is the man who has failed to be a friend to himself.

The victim of strong drink frequently has all the virtues—including high intelligence and a tender, sympathetic heart—and yet when the demon gets him, his will is paralyzed and Satan is in the saddle.

I hate drunkenness; but I do not hate the drunkard.

A few weeks ago I visited San Quentin Prison and talked with a man in the "Death Row," who has since been hanged.

"It was drink—just drink—I was crazed with drink. I was jealous and I shot her. Then I shot myself. She died quickly. I recovered to be sent here. Next week I die. She was a beautiful, honest, loving wife to me, but drink destroyed my reason."

I said nothing—what could I say! But I realized that the slow, lingering death of a drunkard's wife is no more tragic than the quick taking-off by knife or pistol.

The worst about strong drink has never been told—it escapes the lure of language.

A part of the drunkard's hallucination often is that he is not a drunkard. "I can quit any time," he says. But the man who says he can quit any time, seldom quits.

There is something in the excessive use of strong drink that brings about a dramatic situation.

The individual under its influence is in evidence. He talks loudly. He protests and threatens, sings, orates, shouts. He is, for the time being, in an exalted mental condition. He feels rich. His senses are unusually acute, his passions are inflamed, his emotions rampant. He sheds tears, and swears eternal fidelity and friendship without end.

When he walks he takes the whole sidewalk. When he enters a room he commands the attention of every one in it.

Not only does he see double, but everything in his mind is exaggerated. He at times sees slights where none are intended. He picks up innocent remarks and challenges them. A condition of paranoia takes him captive. He thinks his best friends are plotting against him. He wants to fight. He is jealous, unreasonable, insane.

The Awakening Public Conscience

BELIEVE the tendency of the times is away from the consumption of fiery liquids. Vodka in Russia, absinthe in France, whisky in Scotland, Ireland and England, brandy in America—each and all are coming under the ban. That is, their consumption and use is considered by many as absurd, unnecessary, uncalled for.

Wine and beer have been substituted in a great number of districts for the fiery liquors.

Prosperity reigns today in Germany to an extent that it does nowhere else in the round world. Next to Germany comes France. And France is loaning money to American railroads. Germany is supposed to be the land of beer. In Italy and France wine is supreme.

These countries lead the world in many ways in thought and invention, in philosophy, music, art—all of which things are the by-products of economics or business.

We find that men who breathe bad air, who are imperfectly fed, who are economically dependent, crave stimulants.

People who live in the open, who have ventilated houses, who are properly nourished, find inspiration without resort to artificial methods.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first

stone." And they say that in the crowd was a eunuch who immediately picked up a brickbat and hurled it with the exclamation "Take that!"

If I lived in the Whitechapel district in London I would certainly be a good patron of the nearest "Pub" to the extent of my exchequer. But living in the country as I do, blessed beyond the lot of most, with love and work, and the companionship of horses and cattle, with the sweep of waving grain-fields before my vision, or the silent white coverlet of snow in the Winter, and the woods upon woods in every direction, and the running streams singing their lullabies, hastening to the sea—with all these things and the exactions of daily duties, why should I look for something that would deaden my brain or limit my capacity for the manifold joys and blessings which await me on every hand!

Evolution is the law of life—not revolution.

When we give up one thing we have to have something else given to us just as good, or if possible, a little better.

The soda-fountain forty years ago was an experiment—now it seems to be a social necessity.

Drugstores then sold whisky and drugs. Now drugstores make their money out of caramels and ice-cream soda.

Slowly, surely, the world is changing. It is not, today, as necessary to forget the horrors of life as it is to waken our souls to the blessings that surround us.

The sane, the sober, the efficient, must and will prevail, not through legislative enactment, but through the gradual growing common-sense of the times.

The world is growing better.

And so the summing up might be this: Let every man study his own case. We are working for health, for happiness and for efficiency. Does strong drink add to your well-being? If not, is n't it better to omit it? And this certainly a large number of intelligent people are doing.

ECONOMICS changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music, will and do.

Great Inventions



N epoch is a pivotal point, something that changes old methods, cleans up the slate, and starts the game of life afresh.

In the lives of individuals there are pivotal points.

Loss, calamity, grief, may be pivotal points—time when an issue bravely met adds cubits to our stature.

Great successes are usually those where victory is snatched from the jaws of defeat.

And the old idea of the Indians, that when they killed an enemy they absorbed his strength into their own, is poetically true. The greatest invention of modern centuries is the steam-engine.

The principle of the expansive power of water under heat was known to Pythagoras, who lived six hundred years before Christ.

However, the value of steam as a producer of power was of no avail until we had a receptacle that would contain it.

The rolling of iron plates was the thing that made the steam-engine practicable. It was the steam-boiler and not the steam-engine that ushered in the Age of Steam. Robert Fulton said his job was to make a boiler to hold the steam—the engine was easy.

Then from making things in the home, we began to make them in factories, and the modern manufacturing system was built. The factory is the thing that made England mistress of the seas.

Birmingham and Sheffield made Liverpool possible.

Stephenson rigged up an engine and boiler on a wagon, ran a chain over the hub, and this chain ran around the flywheel of his engine. With this steam-wagon he could travel on a good roadway at the rate of four miles an hour. Four miles an hour is the speed of a traction-engine.

Stephenson found that when he increased the speed of his wagon, it jarred his engine so that it was impossible to manipulate it. The wheels of a wagon hit the ground and every inequality caused a shock.

Driving horses on a stone pavement faster than five miles an hour is not practical.

I once rode to a fire with Chief Hale in Kansas City at the rate of ten miles an hour. We certainly did make the sparks fly. We swung from curb to curb, and the racket, the friction, the pounding was terrific. I vowed that if I ever got out of that red wagon, I would never climb into such a vehicle again.

The Rubber Tire

EMERSON says that the first man who made a pair of shoes carpeted the earth with leather.

The invention of the rubber tire made the automobile possible.

And if rubber tires had been invented before iron wheels were utilized, the railroads would never have existed.

When Stephenson discovered that it was impossible to make speed on a roadway with an iron-wheeled vehicle, he laid wooden rails and covered them with strips of iron, thus getting a comparatively smooth surface.

When I used to jog horses with my neighbor, Ed Geers, the Silent Man, I realized, in driving a single block over a macadam pavement from the barn to the track, how impossible speed was on any road except one specially prepared.

The racetrack was made of loam and tan-bark.

Here was a soft footing for the iron-shod feet of the horses, and a yielding pavement for the iron tires of our sulkies.

One fine day someone sent to Ed Geers a present of a little low-wheeled sulky. The wheels were evidently those taken from a bicycle.

At that time I had never heard of ball bearings. But I soon understood that the ball bearings shift the friction from one place to a great many.

The little low-wheeled sulky was laughed at, then admired. Finally Ed Geers hitched a horse to it. Two turns around the half-mile track, and his horse was used to the contrivance.

It ran as silently as Ed Geers himself and with so little friction that it seemed to be chasing the horse and pushing him along. And I saw that the horse was drawing the sulky by the reins, and not by the traces.

And so we came down the homestretch, neck and neck. And then Ed Geers drew out in front of me very easily, and went under the wire three lengths ahead. We tried it again, and the Silent Man delivered himself thus:

"It means about ten seconds on the mile." Then he dived into silence and pulled the silence in after him.

A few days later Ed Geers drove a race with this little low-wheeled, ball-bearing sulky in a race at Buffalo. When he drove out to warm up he got the laugh from the grandstand. But he walked away with the race, just the same. He had just ten seconds leeway over the bunch.

The next year on the Grand Circuit not a single high-wheeled sulky was seen. The bicycle-tire and the ball-bearing axles were here to stay.

As Emerson's shoemaker carpeted the earth with leather, so has the pneumatic tire paved the roadway with rubber.

Fifteen years ago the principal use for rubber was in making gum-shoes for politicians.

The gum-shoe is not now so much in demand as it was then.

Doctor B. F. Goodrich was a practising physician at Tarrytown, New York, when the high bicycle came in. It had a solid rubber tire. One day Doctor Goodrich just took a piece of garden-hose and fastened it on his high wheel with the aid of wires.

He found that this lessened the bumps, but the hose soon flattened.

Then he put a smaller hose inside of the garden-hose.

And the third move was to blow the little hose that was inside of the big one up with air—and the pneumatic tire was born.

Curiously enough, a man by the name of Dunlop, in England, did the same thing at about the same time.

It was very much like the invention of the telephone. Gray of Oberlin, Dolbear of Tufts, Alexander Graham Bell of Boston, and Thomas Alva Edison of the round world, turned the trick at the same time.

Everybody now agrees that it is the rubber tire and the pneumatic inner tube that make the automobile possible. With the iron tire we would still be hitting the pavement at five miles an hour and no more, on your life!

HE who makes war on business removes the roof from homes, takes the bread from mouths, leaves human bodies naked to the storm—replaces confidence with fear, hope with dread, love with hate—and robs men of their right to work.

Trade Conditions



THE wealth of the country is increasing steadily and surely, because the people are engaged in productive work. But there will be no season of expansion through new enterprises until three questions are settled. *First*, financial reform through the inauguration of the National Reserve Association, which will make panics impossible. This is simply a plan of co-operation among the bankers of the country with the approval of our Uncle Sam.

Second, a cessation of tariff-tinkering.

Third, a plain statement by the Government to the businessmen of the nation as to the attitude of the Government toward the natural expansion and extension of business.

¶ When these three things are settled, there will be such an increase in business as this country has never seen before.

Back of us we have the wealth, we have the credit, we have the willing hands and the restless brains.

Moreover, the methods of distribution are such now that every one will share in the increased prosperity, provided he gets busy. The fellow who sits back and growls will be just where he always was. The poor devil we always have with us.

Building will be done as never before. Already prices of real estate are anticipating this increased building of homes, and the time is at hand.

We have capital, labor, enterprise, and these are the three things which Henry Thomas Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, says are requisite to national enfoldment.

The general health of the people is revealed in the lowest average death-rate ever shown.

¶ The crop of corn, oats, wheat and cotton is the biggest ever known.

Some things might be named that are not ideal, but they are getting better.

Altogether, it looks as if America had more to be thankful for today than any country ever had in all its history.

Men are under the domain of Natural Law as much as bees. Men succeed only by working with other men and for other men.

Knockers in High Places



HE aquafortis acerbities passed out by politicians towards one another really mean little.

Think of the men and women who were put in the Ananias Club by an ex-President! Does anybody for a moment imagine that the founder of the Ananias Club has any greater regard for truth than the ones upon whom he has clapped the brand of Cain?

Wendell Phillips, one of the great men of his time, denounced Abraham Lincoln over and over again with slashing phrase. For three years Horace Greeley carried at the head of his editorial column a paragraph in contempt and disparagement of Lincoln. ¶ The business of a politician seems to be to vilify his competitors. But through the opposition of forces the world is held in place and swings along in her orbit in the same old way. The moral of it all is, don't take any man's tales of any other man seriously, for the bigger the man the more insignificant and worthless are his estimates, where his own interests are at stake. A man's criticisms of other men are valuable chiefly as comment on his own mental make-up. When a man's own affairs are involved, the quality of mercy makes a cut for cover; and what he says often causes the Goddess of Justice to blush for shame.

The Anvil Chorus

AS for a great writer's estimate of another let me loan you a little literary confetti. Carlyle wrote of Wordsworth:

"A man of immense head, and great jaws like a crocodile's. It was his habit to talk whatever was in his mind at the time, with total indifference to the impression it produced on his hearers. He kept discoursing on how far you could get carried out of London on this side and on that for sixpence."

And Walter Savage Landor wrote of Lord Brougham:

"What other man, within the walls of Parliament, however hasty, rude and petulant, hath exhibited such manifold instances of bad manners, bad feeling, bad reasoning, bad language, and bad law?"

Jeffrey wrote of Byron:

"It appears as if this miserable little man,

having exhausted every species of sensual gratification—having drained the cup of sin even to its bitterest dregs—were resolved to show us that he is no longer a human being, even in his frailties, but a cool, unconcerned fiend, laughing with a detestable glee over the whole of the better and worse elements of which human life is composed—treating with well-nigh equal derision the most pure of virtues and the most odious of vices—dead alike to the beauty of the one and to the deformity of the other—a mere heartless despoiler of that frail but noble humanity whose type was never exhibited in a shape of more deplorable degradation than in his own contemptuously distinct delineation of himself." — — —

Taine says of Carlyle:

"He writes splendidly, but it is neither truth nor poetry."

Jane Welsh Carlyle wrote of her husband: "No one could have a more Christian resignation to the sufferings of others."

Emerson said of Dickens:

"Like Cooper and Hawthorne, he has no dramatic talent. The moment he attempts dialogue, the improbability of life hardens to wood and stone. And the book begins and ends without a poetic ray, and so perishes in the reading."

Tolstoy on Shakespeare:

"Open Shakespeare wherever you like, or wherever it may chance, you will see that you will never find ten consecutive lines which are comprehensible, unartificial, natural to the character that says them and which produce an artistic impression.

"The works of Shakespeare—borrowed as they are and externally like mosaics, artificially fitted together piecemeal from bits invented for the occasion—have nothing whatever in common with art and poetry.

"However absurd it may appear in my rendering (which I have endeavored to make as impartial as possible), I may confidently say that in the original *King Lear* is yet more absurd. It is a very bad, carelessly composed production, which can not evoke amongst us anything but aversion and weariness. Every reader of our time who is free from the influence of suggestion will also receive exactly the same impression from all the other extolled dramas of Shakespeare, not to mention the senseless dramatized tales, *Pericles*,

Twelfth Night, The Tempest, Cymbeline, Troilus and Cressida."

Bernard Shaw says of Shakespeare :

"The intensity of my impatience with Shakespeare occasionally reaches such a pitch that it would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him, knowing as I do how incapable he and his worshipers are of understanding any less obvious form of indignity. With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his."

Frank Harris on George Bernard Shaw :

"Now Mr. Shaw has written a play on the subject which I have been working on for at least fifteen years, and from what he has said thereon in the *Observer* it looks as if he had annexed my theory bodily, so far as he can understand it, and the characters to boot."

"I only wish here to draw attention to the fact that he has already annexed a good deal of my work and put it forth as his own, giving me only the most casual and grudging mention. Will he, who is not poor, always be under our tables for the crumbs?"

George Meredith on Tennyson :

"*The Holy Grail* is grand, is n't it? The lines are satin lengths, the figures Sevres China. I have not the courage to offer to review it! I should say such things. To think!—It's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and doles us out his regular five-feet with the old trick of the vowel endings. The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's purity of tone—so he talks, so he walks, so he snuffles. I repeat with my grannam—to think!—and to hear the chorus of praise, too. Why, this stuff is not the muse, it's musery. The man has got hold of the muse's clothesline and hung it with brass jewelry."

"He seems as absurd as an image in a tea-garden, and bedizened with faded and fantastic garlands; the public cough on being told he is a poet, for he has much more the appearance of a post."

George Bernard Shaw on Count Tolstoy :

"He put on the dress of a moujik, exactly as Don Quixote put on a suit of armor. He tried to ignore money as Don Quixote did. He left

his own skilled work to build houses that could hardly be induced to stand, and to make boots that an army contractor would have been ashamed of. He let his property drift to the verge of insolvency and ruin like the laziest Irish squire, because he disapproved of property as an institution. And he was neither honest nor respectable in his follies. He connived at all sorts of evasions. He would not take money on a journey; but he would take a companion who would buy railway-tickets and pay hotel-bills behind his back. He would not own property or copyrights; but he would make them over to his wife and children, and live in their country house in Yasnaya and their town house in Moscow very comfortably, only occasionally easing his conscience by making things as difficult and unpleasant as possible. He insisted on celibacy as the first condition of a worthy life; and his wife became sixteen times a mother, and found him a uxorious husband at seventy."

John Ruskin on James McNeil Whistler :

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

James Russell Lowell on Walt Whitman :

"Do you know who Walt Whitman is? Why—a wody, a New York tough, a loafer, a frequenter of low places—friend of cab-drivers!"

WORK should be the spontaneous expression of a man's best impulses. We grow only through exercise, and every faculty that is exercised, becomes strong, and those not used atrophy and die. Thus how necessary it is that we should exercise our highest and best! To develop the brain we have to exercise the body. Every muscle, every organ, has its corresponding convulsion in the brain. To develop the mind, we must use the body. Manual training is essentially moral training; and physical work is, at its best, mental, moral and spiritual—and these are truths so great and yet so simple that until yesterday many wise men did not recognize them.

Love-Letters



HE Reformers tell us that this country needs this, that and the other, to save it from dire dissolution.

These things are true, or not, as the case may be, but to my mind the one vital thing needed in America is an increase in the 'Gene Field Letter.

We are suffering from epistolary elephantiasis.

Every college should have a 'Gene Field Chair. Very few folks know how to write a letter, what to say or when to stop.

A 'Gene Field Letter always contains an element of joy.

Next, it bears a message of wisdom.

Third, it has a jigger of wit that gives the wisdom flavor.

Fourth, it closes when it is done, and there is no postscript.

A 'Gene Field Letter breathes kindness, appreciation, friendship, love, truth. The owner clings to it, shows it to friends, preserves it. If you own an original, you 'll not part with it any more than you would sell your mother's portrait.

'Gene Field may not have been a great man, but he had a great heart. He knew the secret of friendship. To live so you will love and be loved is a fine art. Field was a friend.

How to Write a Letter

NOW let the world learn at his feet and follow his example.

The age demands it. A long letter robs you of time and thus shortens your life. A vacuous news-letter does the same.

A long letter of counsel and advice tends to make us do that which we ought not.

The missive that contains a grain of good hidden in six bushels of wordy chaff tries eyesight and temper, turning the milk of human kindness to bonnyclabber.

Sensible people do not go around putting everything straight. Things will not stay put, anyway, unless it is their nature to do so.

'Gene Field never called you down. He always called you up—out of the mire of selfishness and despondency, up into the sunlight.

On the Rialto, where manuscripts and autographs of the great and proud are sold, 'Gene

Field—like About Ben Adhem—leads all the rest.

'Gene was not as profound as Emerson, not as learned as Greeley of the *Tribune*, not as flowery as Longfellow, but his letters today command a price that those of the good men just named do not.

When 'Gene wrote a letter he always made the recipient pleased with himself, and being pleased with himself, he was pleased with 'Gene and everybody. He put you for the moment *en rapport* with the world.

Never write a grouchy letter—telephone. The grouchy word passes, and if you write in the mood it is fixed, and only the charming should be perpetuated. ¶ A 'Gene Field Letter is always brief. It is a lettergram of love.

It is written with the exquisite care that tokens deep respect. 'Gene wrote copperplate, getting the idea from Thackeray, and of all letterwriters, Colonel Newcome alone surpasses our 'Gene Field.

Of all living men no writer's letters are so valuable as those of James Whitcomb Riley. Jim may say foolish things, but he never writes them. Riley's letters are like bunches of violets with the morning dew upon them. Jim caught the idea from 'Gene.

As a relief to pent-up emotion, the writing of a nasty letter has its use and purpose.

So, if you must, then write it, fold it up, put it in the envelope, direct it in a bold hand, and mark it "Personal."

Next, stamp the envelope, placing the stamp upside down in the left-hand corner of the envelope. Then hold the letter on your desk until the next morning and you will tear it up into bits and throw them into the wastebasket.

MOST anybody can do business fairly well.

Many men can do business very well.

A few can do business superbly well. But the Man who not only does his work superbly well but adds to it a touch of personality through great zeal, patience and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgettable, is an artist. And this applies to all and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, a factory, a railroad—writing, speaking, modeling, painting. It is that last indefinable touch that counts: the last three seconds he knocks off the record that proves the man a genius.

This Transient World

By Alice Hubbard

Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest.



THE time is very, very near when the women of the United States will have the responsibility for exercising their natural rights in affairs of State. The time is very near when the women of England will have a voice in the government on equal terms with men. The time is near when the women of all the world will have political obligation.

Obligation is concomitant with every right. With the exercise of a right, there comes development of power—progress for the race. It is the way the law works which is called evolution.

It is inevitable that the women of the world shall soon be called upon to help carry the responsibilities of all government. These responsibilities come with the natural growth of human beings. It is a tale that is told in the evolution of the English people.

There was a time in England when government was unorganized. The strongest man, he who had the most ambition, physical strength, was most magnetic, and had the greatest desire to exercise power, was king. His rule was supreme wherever he had the power to enforce obedience to his will.

When the king could no longer maintain his supremacy, he selected his dearest friends and most formidable foes, and gave to each a little kingdom, subsidiary to his empire. All paid him tribute both in tithes and allegiance—or not. And that was what the wars were all about.

The ideal of democracy, the desire for personal freedom and liberty, is always stronger for an enlightened mind than any inducement to depending power which a monarch can make. Democracy is man's destiny.

The lords rebelled. The terms of peace made between them and the king was the royal recognition of the House of Lords. And they became a part of the governing power.

However, every Lord had his own little kingdom, and, for his own aggrandizement, he proffered protection, food, shelter, clothing to a large number of dependents. In return for

this protection, food, shelter and clothing, the lord required vows of allegiance, love, honor and implicit obedience.

The thinking of both parties to this unilateral contract was not clear. Justice had little to do with it.

Justice is a modern virtue. It precludes the need of charity. It needs no seasoning with mercy.

The party to the first part in this contract was ambitious, courageous, energetic.

The parties to the second part were dull, stupid, and for a time content when their brute wants were satisfied.

But the dull and stupid evolved, as the dull and stupid sometimes will. They, too, felt the thrill of ambition and had the desire for more than protection, food, shelter, clothing.

Results of Intellect

AND then there followed the causes which led to the demand for the Magna Charta.

Although the line of artificial distinction between lord and peasant had been marked, and had become as strong a superstition as any that had influenced the inhabitants of England, yet the struggles of the lower classes had caused them to think, and they developed an understanding of the truth that all men have the natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that they should be able to protect themselves; that protection, food, clothing and shelter were not legitimate return for lifelong service.

Man's integrity as an individual made the demand that he make his own decisions, have exercise for his will; that he should have his share in making the laws which control the well-being of his own life.

Man could estimate his earning capacity. There was a market for labor. He should have more in return for faithful, persistent industry than a bare living.

The long struggle to obtain the privilege of exercising these natural rights continued to develop the common people. In response to a demand that could not be smothered, the House of Commons was founded and political rights were assured to the men of England.

The desire for more liberty increased. Men wanted the chance to think on all subjects and freedom to express their thoughts; and these, together with ambition, colonized the Eastern coast of America.

Personal, natural rights were very clearly out-

lined in the minds of the Colonists. Taxation without representation was well understood by the men and the women in America. They all partook of the struggle for freedom from the bondage to their mother country.

Many women came to America, thinking that here they would have the privilege of exercising their rights, just as the men would. But it was a life-and-death struggle to free themselves from England. The ghosts of all the past peopled the atmosphere and controlled the writing of the Constitution, and made the Declaration of Independence to be for men. Women could not then enforce their demand for equal rights with men.

But early in the Nineteenth Century these women began to make serious demand for the exercise of their rights.

Interrupted Work

THEN came the Civil War. The same question was taken up on this continent that had been settled in Europe by the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the establishment of the House of Commons, modified only by the times and the peculiar conditions.

¶ Women held quite the same economic relation to their masters that the negro slaves held. Each received the same return for service—protection, food, clothing, shelter. The love and tenderness of men for women is a matter of mutuality, not service.

Men could see wrongs to men easier than they could see wrongs to women. Men of any color had acknowledged rights with which men were familiar. That women had rights parallel with men's was startling. ¶ Women had to inhibit their demand for recognition of their rights until the male negro had received his.

Then the same question became so pertinent to women that they demanded answer and action. It was the same question which the lords of England put to their father king, the same that the common people of England demanded of the lords and the king.

Each household in America was a little kingdom. There was one supreme ruler.

In each household there was one who had promised for her lifetime to love, honor and obey this king, and in return he promised to feed, shelter, clothe, and also cherish—the interpretation of these words being left, of course, to the king.

The women who organized and led the suffrage movement understood from experience,

either direct or vicarious, that there was no democracy in the home, and that until there is, there is no democracy in politics. Light had come to them through experience, and other opportunities for understanding which women had made for themselves through their struggles to maintain their integrity of soul. Women demanded entrance to high schools and colleges. ¶ Girls have inherited the aggressive spirit of their fathers. They had courage. They were convinced that truth and loyalty to a principle were virtues greater than those named in the Saints' Calendar.

Fifty years ago, New England girls thought they owed their lives to their fathers. They were taught this. The law provided that they should serve them until they were twenty-one years old, unless they transferred their allegiance to other men. To their fathers they were bound for life and education.

When they married, the bond, duty, obedience, love, service, name, were all transferred to their husbands.

In the struggle of life, women developed their brains more slowly than men had, because their energy had been absorbed in the cares of their children and homes.

But the day came when a woman said:

"I owed to my father life, education and service until I was twenty-one, and at twenty I was married, transferring my life-interests to my husband. I have given all my service for forty years to my family. What part of my life is my own? All service of brain and body and spirit has been given to others.

"Is this all of my obligation to life?"

Then other women asked of themselves this same question, and it has aroused them to clearer thought than that which impelled the lords to rebel against the unjust demands of the king.

It was very much clearer than was that of the common people of England when they rebelled against giving complete service of their lives to lord and king. It was sharper, clearer and more pertinent than was the thinking of the Colonists when they rebelled against giving a tithe of their service to an absentee king.

A Paramount Issue

THE question burns in the hearts and stimulates the minds of many women today. They see clearly that to maintain integrity of soul there must be change in customs, in laws, as a natural result of evolution.

Protection, food, clothing, shelter and love, when they come as a return for complete and absolute service, physical, mental and moral, for a lifetime, are not enough.

Many men and women are terrified at the expression, "sex war." The expression is new, but the fact is as old as human slavery. There was sex war when the first man took possession of the first woman.

There would be no sex war, and could be only love, understanding and co-operation between the sexes, but for an unnatural condition. The supreme rulers and owners of the world are men.

Labor-unions and all types of rebellion are masculine protests against human supremacy of one man over another.

Women's Clubs, all Suffrage and Anti-Suffrage Clubs, Women's Organizations and Club-houses, are protests against being owned. All pay-envelopes received by women, all business operated by women, all property earned and possessed by them, are eloquent demands for human rights.

That discontent which we have called noble in the English lords, in the common people of England, in the Colonists who made these Colonies of America a great and splendid nation, the king of England called ignoble discontent.

Naturally, the discontent manifested by active, ambitious, energetic, wholesome, healthy, intelligent women is called ignoble.

It is fact that women are discontented. They are making demands just as men have made demands, and are still making them.

Women know that to make verbal demand alone for anything is futile. When the lords of England were dependent upon the king, their demand for rights was puerile. But when the lords could do without what the king furnished, their demands were potent.

It was not until the common people of England became a formidable foe that the English lords and the English king gave to the common people what they demanded.

It was not until people dared call superstition superstition, that the ancient and honorable Divine Right of Kings was frankly acknowledged to be a bubble.

The American Colonists proved to the king that they had the power to make a nation in making it. And for the Colonists, the king was dead.

Woman's Obligations

WOMAN'S demand for the exercise of her natural rights has now become formidable. A few widows with families have proved that economic independence is possible, and have accomplished a task which widowers have found too great.

More than nine million women in America are self-supporting wage-earners.

Many women have so developed their brains that they are selecting their course in life as intelligently as men do. They are counting the cost; they are deciding; they are choosing.

"Shall I give the triple service of head, heart, hand for protection, food, clothing, shelter, at the loss of independence? Shall I develop my individuality, preserve the integrity of my soul, be economically free with all the power which economic freedom can bring, and lose the joy and development of motherhood?"

❑ "Am I powerful enough to have both?" ❑
"What can I do to help other women that they may have integrity of soul and express their natural instincts?"

In the minds of an increasing number of women these questions are pertinent. A few women are strong enough to face these questions. Some are in a comatose condition. Most are in the struggle.

But the fact remains that there is a demand for freedom for women. That demand is sustained by the women who are rapidly acquiring power to enforce their demand.

This power is not muscular strength.

This power by which women throughout the world are moved is the same which moves all enterprises in the world today.

Most men still measure power and estimate worth by the standard of physical strength.

Alert, earnest women have learned from their experience and self-control to rely upon power, mechanical and spiritual.

Man's daily routine of occupation continues. Woman's has been interrupted and modified, or changed altogether. Women find themselves with leisure, inadequate occupation, artificial burdens, or real burdens.

They are compelled to explore their new environments, and like mariners, to take soundings, and find latitude and longitude. They are experimenting. They have the courage of youth. They are forced into new avenues. They are accepting this, and they are using their energies.

Women are readjusting themselves to new conditions made by men and women together, and they are making for humanity a new world ~ ~

In spite of whether man wants it or not, the departments of government, school, church and business are of equal importance to women as to men. They enter into woman's life whether she wills it or not. She enters into the woof and warp of their fabric.

She is in the world, of the world a component part ~ ~

Subtly, surely, unsuspectingly with the growth and development of the human brain, the lives of men and women have commingled, until now they recognize that their needs are similar, and their activities the same.

Women will soon be peers with men.

Whether individual women want suffrage or not, whether individual men want suffrage or not, has nothing to do with the facts that are active and operative.

Men and women might as well try to stay the eternal tides of the ocean by setting their feet on the sands and calling, "Halt," as to try to stay the progress of humanity, responding to the laws of evolution.

Women can no more delegate their individual political responsibilities than they can delegate the responsibilities of character.

Women can not now escape political obligations and retain the right to benefit by government ~ ~

I, a woman, with the recognized obligations of faithfulness to husband, service to family, must now recognize the obligations to myself of political freedom and economical independence.

A HUNDRED-POINT man is one who is true to every trust; who keeps his word; who is loyal to the firm that employs him; who does not listen for insults nor look for slights; who carries a civil tongue in his head; who is polite to strangers, without being "fresh"; who is considerate toward servants; who is moderate in his eating and drinking; who is willing to learn; who is cautious and yet courageous.

Hundred-Point men may vary much in ability, but this is always true—they are safe men to deal with, whether drivers of drays, motormen, clerks, cashiers, engineers, or presidents of railroads.

Why Prosperity Halts

By H. H. Kohlsaat



HY is it that prosperity, bringing peace, contentment and happiness in its train, seems to hesitate on palsied feet when every material prospect of farm, factory and mart is big with promise and assurance of plenty? ~ ~

In every gathering where men discuss the paradoxical situation there is but one answer: "Everything is set for better times except the railroads."

Like Charles Lamb's poor relations, they are the death's-head at our banquet, the Mordecai in our gate, the Lazarus at our door, the lion in our path, the fly in our ointment, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in the pound of sweet ~ ~

To the average citizen this is vaguely known to be so. But why it is so baffles his comprehension. Every week or so he reads that the receipts of such and such a railroad have exceeded all records. He also reads that last year these gross revenues exceeded three billion, and he wonders why, with such incomprehensible earnings, all should not be well with the railroads.

From the railroad point of view the explanation is simple. The cost of railroad service has increased more rapidly than the receipts. Stated in a nutshell, the average cost of railway labor and railway capital has increased twenty-five per cent during the past decade, while the average freight-rates have remained stationary where they have not actually declined ~ ~ After paying increased wages, increased taxes and increased interest, there is not enough railway revenue left to buy adequate materials and supplies at increased prices ~ ~

A Railway Inquisitor

UNDER similar conditions every other industry in the United States is free to meet increased cost of production with an advance in the price of the product. Why not the railroads?

The answer is simple—the interstate commerce commission won't let them. The same situation confronted the railroads in Nineteen Hundred Ten, when Louis Brandeis created a

sensation by asserting that, through the adoption of nebulous efficiency theories, the railways could save a million dollars a day. The statement took like wildfire, although the commission in denying the advance dismissed the theory. ¶ Today Mr. Brandeis is special counsel for the commission. He has brought the whole inquiry to a standstill by the formulation of seventy-eight questions in a bound volume of nine by twelve inches, an inch thick, that will take the railroad companies months to answer at enormous expense. The answers will be so voluminous as to require freight-cars to transmit them to Washington, where they can not be intelligently summarized and analyzed inside of six months.

When this is all done the result will not have any bearing on the present case. It may demonstrate that here and there the railroads might have been managed more intelligently, safely and economically; that here and there they may have been mismanaged; that here and there a dollar might have been saved; that here and there the last word in human efficiency may have been disregarded. But no answers to this inquiry can controvert the verdict of the railroad world expressed by a high official of East Indian railways, that American railway managers "have managed to do what no other country in the world has done—carry their goods traffic profitably at extraordinary low rates, notwithstanding the fact that they pay more for their labor than any other country."

Written ten years ago, this was coupled with the irrefutable statement that "the present prosperity of the United States of America (Nineteen Hundred Three) is, to no small extent, due to the low rates charged for transportation." ¶ The low rates of 2.006 cents per passenger-mile and 7.63 mills per ton-mile in Nineteen Hundred Three have declined to 1.995 cents and 7.43 mills respectively, in Nineteen Hundred Twelve. In the meantime the average compensation to over 1,750,000 railway employees had risen from \$1.97 a day to \$2.44, and the rate of interest has advanced from an average of 4 per cent to the neighborhood of 5 per cent.

Those Seventy-Eight Varieties

THEREFORE, it is a condition that confronts the railways which no seventy-eight varieties of Brandeis theories can possibly cure or alleviate.

And so prosperity, like the pig in the tales of Mother Goose, balks at the stile while waiting for the Interstate Commerce Commission to plug up the holes Mr Brandeis and other amateur economists have recklessly shot in the bucket with which the railways have been wont to nourish the haymakers of this broad land. When the commission has plugged these holes with adequate rates, whether of five per cent, ten per cent or twenty per cent increase, we shall see the spectacle that rejoiced the heart of the old woman of our childhood days. The haymakers will slake their thirst, the cow will eat the hay, the cat will get her milk and begin to kill the rat, and so set in motion the whole interdependent series of events culminating with—

"The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The little pig in a fright jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home to supper."

All depends on the plugging of the holes in the railway bucket by the commission. If it waits until the railways answer Mr. Brandeis' seventy-eight varieties of questions and until it has time to analyze the tons of returns, there will be many a fireless grate and supperless table in this land where plenty waits on adequate and profitable transportation revenues and facilities.

Men are rich only as they give. He who gives great service gets great returns.

My Work

By Henry Van Dyke

LET me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom.
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I find it not too great nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring
hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall,
At eventide to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

Big Business

By Ralph M. Shaw



R. WEBSTER began his memorable speech in reply to Mr. Hayne, as follows:

"When a mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course.

Let us imitate this prudence, and, before we float further upon the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are."

The words of America's greatest constitutional lawyer are quite apposite as applied to the present status in the economic development of this country.

There is no doubt that for a period of years the business interests of the country have been tossed about on an unknown sea, and that the pilots in charge thereof have been driven far from their course into waters where the channels are indeed unknown.

To a student considering only the kaleidoscopic changes which occur from day to day, the subject is one of extreme interest. To a citizen proud of his citizenship and ambitious for his country's development, it is full of anomalies and pregnant with uncertainties.

An Anomalous Situation

IN a recent address before the traffic officials of sundry railroads in Cincinnati, Fairfax Harrison, President of the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville Railway Company, called attention to the following strange situation:

¶ It is characteristic of our people that we boast of the "bigness" of our country. We point with pride to its magnificent progress; to its enormous acreage; to its unparalleled development—to the fact that the financial center of the world has moved from Thread-needle Street to Wall Street. We think on a large scale. We talk in large figures. Ours is the strongest, the bravest, the wealthiest, the biggest country on the face of the earth. But in the same breath that we praise its size, its development and its wealth, we attack the

"bigness" of its business, which after all is but the natural expression in business of a people accustomed to "bigness" in all things.

¶ The historian who in future generations compiles the history of the early years of the Twentieth Century will comment with astonishment, if not with incredulity, upon the amazing fact that during this period, a government of the people seemed bent upon the destruction of the business of the people, which it was the duty of the government to protect and subserve. They will look in vain for a philosophical or logical explanation of so weird a situation.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Act

IT is comparatively easy to state the fact, but it is far more difficult to ascertain the cause.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety the Congress of the United States, acting under that clause of the Constitution reading, "The Congress shall have the power to regulate commerce among the several States," passed what is now known as the "Sherman Anti-Trust Act." The constitutional provision under which this Act was passed had been a part of the written law of the land since the adoption of the Constitution by the Federation in Seventeen Hundred Eighty-seven.

From the original documents and from the letters of James Madison, it clearly appears that the purpose of the adoption of this provision of the Constitution by the Constitutional Convention, and its subsequent ratification by the several States, was to prevent the several States from imposing taxes and duties upon the products of one another. No other purpose was considered. It was never dreamed at the time of its adoption that by reason thereof the several States had conferred upon the general Government legal power and right to regulate the price of every article of commerce, or to regulate every person, firm or corporation engaged in the transportation of commerce or dealing in commodities passing across a State line.

Aside from a few sporadic laws and cases involving the control of the Federal Government over the navigable waters of the United States, it remained unused, and almost unheard of, for nearly a hundred years. But three years after the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, the Anti-Trust Act also became a law.

At that time it was but the uncertain expression of a certain vague feeling of political unrest. Indeed it is very doubtful if any one who voted for it had any appreciation whatsoever as to what, if any, effect it would or could possibly have upon the future industrial business and prosperity of the country.

For more than ten years it remained practically a dead letter upon the statute-books, except as applied to certain alleged illegal combinations between interstate carriers. But with the inception of the new century it has become a Sword of Damocles hanging over substantially every large business enterprise, suspended by a thread, and likely to drop at any moment to the confusion and disaster of all concerned.

Why it is suspended and what will occasion the thread to break no one can foresee or foretell, saving and excepting possibly the political party which happens to be enthroned at the instant.

We are told that it was passed to revitalize, by compulsion, the divine principle of industrial competition. But—in the light of the past few years the question may well be asked by some doubting Thomas if such be the fact?

¶ From an economic point of view industrial competition is nothing more nor less than industrial war. The end of all war, unless peace be declared, is the destruction of the weaker combatant. It is nothing more or less than the survival of the fittest.

The Standard Oil Company

THE lack of logic in this remarkable statute can be most vividly illustrated by an analysis of a few prosecutions which though recent are well-known history.

Let it be remembered that the proponents of this statute at its inception, and its present defenders, all have united, and do unite, in saying that mere "bigness" on the part of an industrial organization does not violate the law.

If we assume for the instant that this may be true, and also that the law was passed to compel industrial organizations to engage in industrial war, let us examine into the case of the Standard Oil Company.

I submit that it is impossible to conceive of a corporation which carried the principle of relentless, drastic, unending competition to a more logical conclusion. That was the complaint against it in the public press. That was

the complaint against it by the numberless witnesses which took the stand at the behest of the Government. Its competitors were being undersold. If they were not being driven by the superior address and sagacity of the corporation into bankruptcy, they were being prohibited, at least, from making a fair commercial profit. The competition was too severe.

¶ Let it be remembered, in passing, that then as now there was no law prohibiting a business corporation from resorting to every conceivable means to compete successfully against its competitors. The law did not make it a crime for it to indulge in what might be called "unfair trade." The law did not establish a limit in industrial warfare beyond which the combatants could not go. The law did not, and does not, create certain established conventions similar in effect to those created by civilized nations, prohibiting certain atrocities in international war. The law said "compete," and the Oil Company did compete, and it competed successfully. It achieved its dominating position in the market because it was the successful competitor. It became the living illustration of the principle of the survival of the fittest. It dominated the market because its competitors were unable to compete successfully with it.

Considered from this point of view it obeyed the law—not only the letter, but also the spirit. The law having been passed to compel competition, it competed. But when it achieved its proudest supremacy in the market, this selfsame law which was passed to compel it to compete, and which it had obeyed to the utmost, was used as the weapon to destroy it.

¶ What more absurd situation could be conceived than a law passed to compel competition; a company carrying the spirit of industrial competition to a successful conclusion, and then being punished by the same law for its successful obedience.

But again—

When the decision had been made and the corporation ordered to dissolve, the business world breathed a certain sigh of relief.

We were told by the defenders of the law that the Government appreciated that combination was necessary in order to create industrial efficiency; that the Government realized that our business organizations could not compete with like organizations abroad except by the increase in industrial efficiency. We were told

that the Oil Company was doomed, all because of its unfair trade, its resort to methods which did not appeal to the conscience, but which, let it be remembered, at the same time were not prohibited by law.

Again we were told that mere size was no objection, but within six months thereafter the selfsame statute was used to disturb and harass another large business organization.

The United States Steel Corporation

UPON examining the bill of complaint filed in the case of the United States versus the United States Steel Corporation, we are struck with wonder and amazement. No charge is made that it was unfair to its competitors. No charge is made that it carried relentless, drastic, unending competition to its logical conclusion, and drove its competitors to the wall. No charge is made that its business was conducted along non-ethical lines. On the contrary, the remarkable fact appears that it did not resort to the methods and tactics which resulted in the dissolution of the Oil Company. No one denies that the Steel Company has been fair to its competitors. No one asserts that it has attempted to become a living illustration of the principle of the survival of the fittest. But the political party in power at the time the suit was begun used this Damoclean Sword for the purpose of destroying the Steel Company, because it failed to do what the Standard Oil Company successfully did.

What kind of a statute is it which can equally be used to disintegrate and destroy a corporation which does compete with its competitors successfully, and a corporation which does not compete with its competitors at all?

What kind of competition is it in which the defenders of this remarkable statute would have the business interests of this country engage? Is it a kind of pretense, a kid-glove contest where the mittens are padded, and no one can be hurt—where the word "competition" is naught but a farce? Is it a battle with foils with buttons on the end for the amusement of the spectators?

Apparently, as the statute is now used, it makes no difference whether the contest is one with or without buttons, or one with padded gloves or with bare knuckles.

It makes no difference whether it is competition or failure to compete. In either event the business interests of the country are subject

not only to attack but also to destruction, and simultaneously we are told that mere bigness is no crime.

The Harvester Case

BUT again, the men of big business had scarcely been able to digest the decisions in the Oil case and in the Tobacco case, and to read with alarm and confusion the bill of complaint in the Steel case, when they were afforded the exquisite pleasure of a decision from the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri, against the International Harvester Company. In its decision the court said:

"The evidence shows that the price of harvester-machines was not materially higher after the New Jersey corporation entered the field than it was before, until Nineteen Hundred Eight, when it was increased eight or ten per cent, whilst in the meantime there had been a greater increase in the price of the material and labor used in their construction. The evidence also shows that while harvesting-machines were the chief products of the companies absorbed by the International Harvester Company, that company has greatly enlarged its business and extended it to many other farm implements, and has thus put itself in competition with the many concerns that theretofore were and still are engaged in manufacturing such other farm implements, and the farmers generally have profited thereby. The evidence also shows that the machines manufactured by the International Company have been greatly improved in quality, and the item of repair material has been reduced in price and placed within closer reach of the farmer. On the whole the evidence shows that the International Harvester Company has not used its power to oppress or injure the farmers who are its customers."

And again:

"In the case at bar the price of harvesting-machines has not increased in proportion to the increased cost of construction, or the increased merit of the machines."

And again:

"In this case the court is required by the statute to pronounce a judgment of condemnation upon a combination which is proved by the facts as they appear in this record to have been so far beneficial to the community. This record shows the facts to have been that the price of mowers and reapers has not been raised in proportion to the increased cost of

materials and labor, and that otherwise incidental benefits have accrued to the community, and furthermore that independent manufacturers have not suffered by reason of the combination.

"It appears, further, that the competition which existed between the various members of this present combination was extreme and ruinous in character, and if continued might have resulted in the demoralization of the trade to the injury of consumers."

Potential Wrongdoing

WITH such words of unstinted, eulogistic praise from the court, the ordinary citizen may well inquire why should a corporation actually engaged in lowering the price of commodities, and of furnishing a great public necessity cheaper than it ever before had been furnished, be driven out of business? Why should the citizens of a Sovereign State be prohibited from utilizing to the utmost the services of such a public benefactor? The answer is found in the decision of the court, as follows: "If the International Harvester Company were disposed to exercise the power its enormous wealth gives, and if it were left unrestrained to do so, it could drive every competitor it now has from the field."

Shades of the departed!—a corporation to be put out of business; the investment of its shareholders to be impaired; its corporate franchise to be destroyed; the consumer to be deprived of its services—not because the corporation was doing anything immoral, or unethical, but simply because at some unknown day in some unknown future it might do something that might be reprehensible. Upon the same principle of potential capacity to do wrong, any one might well be imprisoned, because if left free to walk the streets he has the potential power of becoming an assassin. As well destroy the banks, dissolve the railroads and imprison the citizens, because if left untouched and unhampered they might on some future imaginary occasion do an imaginary wrong. ¶ The case of the Oil Company was a case in which the assailed company did, undoubtedly at one time or another, unite in one ownership two or more companies which had formerly competed with each other. To some visionary economists this fact might furnish an excuse for its disintegration, but what shall be said of more recent suits which are pending in the courts?

Government by Injunction

ABOUT a year ago, charging a violation of the Anti-Trust Act, the Department of Justice filed two suits against the National Cash Register Company, and its officers—one a civil and the other a criminal case. In the civil suit it is not claimed that the Cash Register Company has absorbed its competitors as the result of agreement, or has combined with its competitors, but the charge is made that the Cash Register Company has achieved a dominating position in the market by always meeting and beating the competition of its competitors, and selling its goods so cheaply that its competitors were unable to live.

The Government wholly overlooking in this suit the rights of the consumer at all times to buy in the cheapest market, does not seek to have the National Cash Register Company dissolved, but it does in its prayer for relief seek to restrain it from selling its goods so cheaply. In other words, the amazing situation is presented of the Government attempting to fix a price by injunction, which if it had been fixed by agreement of the respective competitors would have been a palpable violation of the statute, and would have subjected all parties thereto to imprisonment. This would seem to be more or less of a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Price Maintenance

BUT—in a suit recently started under this same act by the Government in the Eastern Division of Michigan, entitled, the United States against the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Company, the charge is made that the defendant is violating the Anti-Trust Act, because it maintains prices.

It seems that the Kellogg Company is engaged in manufacturing a cereal known as Corn Flakes. It is not charged that the Kellogg Company has absorbed its competitors or undersold its competitors or combined with its competitors, or resorted to unfair trade methods, but the charge is that the Kellogg Company is violating the Act because the Kellogg Company will not sell its goods to any jobber who does not agree to maintain the prices fixed by the Kellogg Company for its product.

Now mark the parallel: In the Cash Register case one alleged offense is cutting prices. In the Kellogg case the alleged offense is main-

taining prices. But no standard is fixed by the Act to enable any intelligent being to determine when maintaining prices is innocent, or cutting prices is criminal, or vice versa.

With respect to the criminal case against the officers of the National Cash Register Company, the lawyer shrinks from attempting to analyze it. In that case, the officers of the Cash Register Company were prosecuted criminally because it was said that they conspired with each other to cause the company whose business interest it was their duty to conserve to violate the law by adopting such fierce competitive methods that its competitors could not live. They have been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment. The case is on appeal.

On the other hand, these officers were charged with a duty to their corporation and stockholders to make its business a success. On the other hand, they were charged by their Government with having committed a crime because they performed their duty to their stockholders. Apparently every officer of a large corporation is in danger of being a criminal, under the law, if he is efficient, while to remain innocent he must display an economic inefficiency which might reasonably be expected of a "defective."

To return, however, for a moment to the prosecution of the Kellogg Company, it will be recalled that the crime charged against this company is that it maintains prices.

Reflecting upon this for a moment, we turn to the State of New Jersey. There we find that one of the last acts of the newly elected President of the United States was the approval by him while Governor of a law drafted at his request and supported by the influence of his administration, requiring a corporation to maintain prices. This law makes it a criminal offense for a corporation of the State of New Jersey to sell its products for a less price in one part of the State than in another for the purpose of competing with a competitor.

The Dead-Line

ONE may well wonder whether it will be a part of the policy of the new administration to have a similar law passed by Congress applying to interstate commerce. It will then, in the light of such a statute, be exceedingly interesting to speculate on the argument of the District Attorney in the Kellogg case.

But enough has been said to demonstrate

the fact that the attitude of the States and the Government toward the business methods of the country is wholly anomalous and indefensible.

If it were not so serious it would be a joke. If it were not so much of a tragedy it would be a farce. A successful competitor destroyed because it was successful! A successful non-competitor to be destroyed, because it does not compete! A third corporation actually engaged in lowering prices and in performing a great public service to be driven out of existence, because it had the power to do something which it has not done, and is not doing! A fourth corporation assailed and its officers sentenced to imprisonment because they cut the prices of their product! A fifth corporation and its officers assailed because they endeavor to maintain the prices of their product!

The question may well be asked by the businessman of today, anxious to conserve his business, and at the same time the business prosperity of his country: Where is the "Thread of Ariadne" which will guide me through this labyrinth of law?

We stand today upon the threshold of new legislation. If the people have not been convinced they shortly will be, by reason of continued business depression, that the law as it now exists on the statute-books is so filled with uncertainties, so inefficacious and obscure, that, be he ever so earnest or ever so honest, no one can interpret it as applied to the ordinary transactions of every-day life.

Regulating Interstate Business

AS a remedy to its vague uncertainty it is now proposed to pass some alleged constructive legislation, by which the Federal Government shall attempt by law to regulate all interstate business. I submit, however, that before we plunge blindly into the adoption of these unknown nostrums it would again be well for us to imitate the prudence of the mariner, and using the words of Mr. Webster: "Before we float further upon the waves of this debate refer to the point from which we departed."

The idea of regulation by the States was first applied to the regulation of railroads and other quasi-corporations. It was ethically defended upon the ground that if a corporation were granted the right to take the property of others against their will, or to obtain from the public certain privileges not open to all, it was only

fair that the State which granted the power and conferred the privilege should likewise have the right to impose upon the grantee certain legal obligations and restrictions. Out of this concept there grew up the idea as applied to quasi-public corporations that the States which created them should also regulate them in the interest of the public welfare. It was not, however, until Nineteen Hundred Six, that the idea of Federal regulation of prices, persons, firms and corporations became at all conspicuous in our scheme of national life.

It requires only a moment to discern the radical difference in principle between State regulation of a corporation which it creates, based upon the theory that there is an ethical justification in such regulation because of special privileges granted, and in the regulation by the Federal Government of all persons, firms or corporations engaged in interstate commerce. The Federal Government does not create or confer the right upon persons, firms, or corporations to engage in interstate commerce. As was said by the great Chief Justice in the early days of the existence of the Supreme Court:

"It has been stated that the Constitution does not confer the right of intercourse between State and State. That right derives its source from those laws whose authority is acknowledged by civilized men throughout the world. This is true. The Constitution found an existing right and gave the power to Congress to regulate it."

Substantially the same language was used by the court in a decision handed down not more than two years ago.

In other words, the power vested in the Federal Government to regulate commerce does not grow out of, and is not based upon, any concept of the creator, having the right to regulate the creature which it creates. It is as broad as commerce itself. It is not limited to the regulation of railroads or boat-lines, or any other commercial industry in our commercial life. It may be used (if it can be used at all) to regulate the business of any person, firm, or corporation passing over State lines.

The question with which the country is confronted today is, therefore, not a legal one. The power seems to exist. It seems at present to be merely a question of choice—choice with which every person and every country is con-

fronted with respect to every great decision in life—a choice as to which of one or more policies is the most desirable, having as its ultimate object the general public welfare.

What Must We Do to Be Saved?

THE questions in the particular instance are: Shall we plunge blindly into the regulation of all business, and if so, where shall we stop? Shall we by law attempt to regulate the selling-price of commodities produced? How can this be done unless we regulate the price of raw material? But how can we regulate the price of raw material and of the manufactured article unless we also regulate the cost of each of the elements entering into either the production or the acquisition of the raw material, which, among other things, would include the regulation of the price of labor? Where shall we stop in this program of legislation? Where shall we begin? Is it wise to enter into this unexplored region, or would prudence suggest the possibility of a middle course wherein a modicum of individuality would still be left, and there would still be a reward for individual thrift, enterprise and ingenuity?

To my mind, if the subject be approached sanely and by statesmen who are more anxious to construct a policy of legislation which will actually subserve the real public interests, than they are to win temporary applause, there is such a middle course.

If, as is said by the defenders of the present law, mere "bigness" is not a crime, but the methods used by the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Company were the essential elements and evidence of its illegality, why not define by law unfair trading and prohibit it by law with penalties sufficiently severe to command its obedience? When Congress desired to prevent rebating, it made it a crime with appropriate penalties. The law was enforced and rebating stopped.

If mere bigness be no crime, but the secret combination of alleged competing concerns be a crime, why not pass a law which will permit one corporation to absorb in the open all of the business it can acquire, but punish secret combinations of competitors with such severe penalties as will prohibit their existence? That there always has been, from the inception of the world down to the present time, and always will be, a healthy normal competition, is an economic fact which no economist will deny. No better illustration can be found of it,

than the fact that when the Steel Corporation was created, it had in round numbers about seventy per cent of the capacity of the country. Since that time it has increased its own capacity more than fifty per cent, yet, notwithstanding such increase, its percentage of the total capacity of the country has been reduced by reason of new competition from about seventy to sixty per cent.

Rome was not built in a day. It takes time for new competition to overcome the advantages which may temporarily be derived from a temporary monopoly, but in my judgment it is much better to await the satisfactory solution which economic laws always produce than to experiment with the adoption of legislative nostrums, which have no justification except political ambition and popular credulity.

Nevertheless we might by some new legislation establish the landmarks between right and wrong, and instead of embarking on a sea of universal regulation, embark upon a program of ethical standards adopted into the law of the land, and leave to the individual an opportunity to conform to such law with a certainty as to its meaning and as to its obligations, and at the same time not deny him the rewards which always have been offered to individual intelligence and sagacity.

Confronted on the one hand by a law which they can not understand or apply with any degree of certainty, to a specific case, and on the other hand by threatened legislation by which a popular majority proposes to enter into the control of all business, the business interests of the country are, indeed, between Scylla and Charybdis. There is to be found the explanation of the present business anxiety.

¶ From time to time within the past two or three years periods of temporary prosperity have appeared upon the horizon. They will doubtless recur again, but it is safe to say that no return to the prosperity of former years will be possible until some political party will be big enough and courageous enough to stand for a policy which will result in the removal of the present uncertainties in the law, and at the same time will continue to offer to intelligence and thrift all of the rewards which they have hitherto been accustomed to receive.



The man who indulges in either grouch or graft is a goner, and all good railroadmen know it.

Our Brother, the Prisoner

By Edwin B. Catlin



HERE, but for the grace of God, go I," said an eminent poet-philosopher on passing one of a chain-gang who was at work on a London street. This reflection of John Bunyan is worthy of more than passing notice. The majority of persons will admit its force, admire its depth of sympathy and acknowledge that it is a true expression of human fortune, remembering that "the Grace of God" is latent in every human being and needs only proper development for its complete manifestation. Each day we see some one whose manner, whose gentleness, appeals to us and whom we instinctively, or intuitively, know is better than we are. Similarly, each day we see some one whom we immediately place on a rung lower than that which we occupy, or think we occupy. It requires all kinds of persons to make a world and "one man in his time plays many parts."

William Allan Pinkerton, one of the world's foremost detectives, a man who for more than fifty years has been engaged in the business of catching lawbreakers, was recently asked the question, "How do criminals differ from other folks?" His reply, in part, was: "They don't. Criminals are just like other folks. I have reached certain conclusions which do not agree with the theories of some eminent scientists nor altogether harmonize with the teachings of sociological schools. No one can study criminals at close range and believe in the existence of a 'criminal class,' regardless of what Lombroso and his disciples may claim. If there were a criminal class, sharply defined as such and differentiated from the rest of the human race by ascertainable characteristics, then it must follow that there would be a non-criminal class comprising the rest of the human race and as sharply distinguished as the supposed criminal class. Humanity is not thus divided into criminals and non-criminals. There is but one classification that can be made—the class of those who have committed crimes and the class of those who have not yet committed crimes. Within certain limits, varying with the individual, every human being is a

potential criminal. On the other hand, however, every criminal is potentially an honest man and with the right kind of encouragement from society will remain honest by preference. It is my observation of hundreds of criminals whose reformation has been complete and permanent that makes this conclusion a definite one."

Crime an Accident

IT is this capacity of humanity to turn from evil ways to methods of life which society recognizes as right and proper that really proves the conclusion that crime is an accident to which a moment's carelessness may subject any living person. If these criminals who have reformed had belonged to a different order of humanity from those who have so far been fortunate enough not to have yielded to the impulse of crime, how could they have become members of the order to which we profess to belong? —

We speak of prisoners and of those who have been confined in prison as if they were persons apart, with looks different from our looks, expressing qualities different from our qualities. Our careless habit of speaking in this way has led us into the habit of thinking and acting accordingly. With rare exceptions, prisoners and ex-prisoners are not different from other people, except in so far as we have made them different by branding them with shame and by making them carry that brand from prison back into the world, where it may sink deeper into the flesh; the sufferings of prisoners are not endured merely in prison, they are continued sometimes in that larger prison of the world outside that we build with our prejudice and animosity.

It must be remembered that sin is only a violation of immutable law, while crime is a degree of sin which amounts to a violation of man-made law, and the latter frequently decrees that one man shall go to prison—be forever without the pale of respectability as a consequence—while another shall go free, because the first stepped over an arbitrary dead-line. Those who spend part of their lives in prison are only a small fraction of the wrongdoers in the world. They are the convicted offenders against the penal code, usually offenders against property. Behind this class stands a great host of offenders against the penal code; those who, through the use of money or through influence generally related

to money, have escaped punishment. Standing behind this host is a still greater one—the offenders whose wrongdoing does not happen to conflict with the penal code. If it were possible for us to scrutinize the faces of this great throng of offenders outside the prison-walls of the world, it is possible that we might find among them faces that we would recognize as our own, and then we should clearly understand why those whom we call prisoners and ex-prisoners are not essentially different from ourselves. As Theosophists we do not minimize the wrongs that our brothers in prison or out of prison have committed, but we know that men in prison are very much like men outside. About all the difference between many who are in prison and ourselves is the wall that separates us. All prisoners are not criminals, neither are all criminals prisoners. We are all prisoners in the prison-house of ignorance; this world is the battlefield where we must fight and win or go down to defeat, and where over and over we all in some sense meet defeat. We are all daily overcome in the struggle to think no evil and be kind in action, even under the happiest environment; then why should we condemn any one who has gone down under a great temptation? No man is good enough to judge and condemn another —

Criminal Tendencies

ACCORDING to the teachings of Theosophy, the ways are many, the end is one. With our limited understandings it is difficult for us to comprehend that what we call vice and evil may be steps on the ladder of progress. Some may be doing things we call wrong and bad, but may it not be the working out of the good? Ignorance leads to pain, but it also leads to bliss. There is a great truth underlying the old adage, "The greater the sinner, the greater the saint." The person of medium or average talents can neither be greatly good nor greatly bad; there is not enough of him for more than petty virtues or petty vices. As is pointed out in one of Mrs. Besant's books: "The strength of the desire-nature in a man is the measure of his capacity for progress, the measure of the motor-energy whereby that man can press onwards along the way. The strength of a man's reaction on his environment is the measure of his power to modify it, to change, to conquer it." With this in mind, a number of us have come to the following

conclusion concerning what many call the "criminal class."

They have all along been developing characteristics that the majority of us might well envy—will-power, courage, fearlessness of consequences, carelessness of people's opinion, one-pointedness—all those characteristics which, turned in the right direction, will carry them on swiftly. Who of us can tell how near they may be to the Path through these very (what we would call) faults? It seems to us from what we have learned during the past few years from actual contact with these men that some of them, at least, are on the Path, for they have made all the hard turns. For centuries it has been the effort of organized society to kill out the "motor-energy," which should not be destroyed but which should be used to transmute the lower desires into those which mark the higher evolution of man. The road of human evolution is a long one—let us remember to be kind on the way.

The Attitude of the Police

UNDER present conditions many discharged or paroled prisoners are discouraged from making a sustained effort to redeem themselves because of the attitude of the police. Frequently men entirely innocent of wrongdoing are arrested and locked up indefinitely, sometimes taken from their work, because they are ex-prisoners and therefore, according to the police, legitimate prey for the dragnet. Sometimes the police learn that an ex-prisoner is holding a trusted and responsible position, concealing his past, and promptly expose him. They justify themselves on the ground that the ex-prisoner is simply awaiting an opportunity to abscond with whatever large sum he can gain access to. One ex-prisoner molested by the police when he is striving to do right confirms a hundred men in living lives of crime. The police drive many men to crime—unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less surely—many of whom make the effort to escape such a life but are overwhelmed by the might which is not right; in some cases they are not only the victims of police distrust and suspicion, but of persecution and even blackmail. In Japan it is an offense cognized by the courts to interfere with an ex-prisoner or in any manner retard or discourage his efforts at rehabilitation. The Prison Work Bureau aspires to be the forerunner of a similar spirit in this country. Let us see to it that nothing

harms the man who continues to do what is right.

Our prisons should be so conducted that a prisoner would think of the penitentiary as a place in which he is to be saved, in which he is to be redeemed, and not as a place of punishment, and when released he should be given a chance to earn an honest living at an employment befitting his talents or special line of work if he has a trade. An accountant should not be expected to celebrate his return to the activities of the outside world by digging a sewer, nor should a tradesman be given a dump-cart to drive.

When a prisoner's term expires, the State gives him a cheap suit of clothes and five dollars in money as a new start in life. He is then turned out to drift like a bit of jetsam on the dark tide of life—and yet statistics show that eighty-five per cent of paroled men make good. How in the world do they do it? Truly, the days of miracles are not ended!

It would be beyond the scope of the present paper to relate all that the Prison Bureau has done or proposes to do for our brothers who are temporarily in duress, but one of its objects is to teach them to think right, to teach them that they are not lost, that there is another chance, and still another and another. Even for those in prison whose return to the life of the outer world may never come about, there is still another opportunity. We believe this is a good substitute for the all too common belief that if one misses his chance there is nothing more to hope or strive for. The one offers an incentive to effort, the other makes all striving seem a vain and foolish waste of energy. We try to teach the brother in prison that some one cares, that some one has confidence in him, that some one is waiting to extend a hand of welcome back to the world outside.

Hope for the Prisoner

TO no class of people do we consider that Theosophy should appeal more than to prisoners; it gives them fresh hope, fresh chances of repairing what before has seemed irreparable, and through the teachings of this philosophy many a man has come out from behind prison-walls determined to change his life and has done a noble work in the world, for it has given him a reasonable basis upon which to work. We rarely find prisoners objecting to the theory of reincarnation on

the ground of lack of remembrance of past lives. It is not to be wondered at that the belief that they will be reborn in a fresh body, with the memory of the past obliterated and the future a clean sheet for them to write upon, is a great stimulus to those who know that in this life they will be held down, to some extent, by the world's knowledge of their acts and the constant suggestion to crime which such memory engenders. They accept with joy the teaching that they will come back and have a fresh start, their experiences transmuted into faculties. They realize that they must reap the fruit of their own sowing; yet, if they learn the lesson and take their evolution into their own hands, there is nothing in heaven or earth that can stop them, for each one is a spark of God and in each one lies latent God-like powers. Not all souls are ready for this teaching, but to one who grasps it will it prove a light on the darkened pathway and an incentive to true and noble living.

If the Theosophical view that brotherhood is a great fact in Nature were more generally accepted and put into practise, the path of the man who wishes to reform would be made easier. People everywhere are beginning to realize this brotherhood and in nearly all our prisons there is an effort to provide better conditions and more humane treatment for the inmates.

The best way to teach the truth and the fact of brotherhood is to *live* brotherhood. So let those of us who really believe in it say that our definite work for universal brotherhood shall be this: To help our brother who has been cast into prison—to help his mind, his body, his heart.

WHILE the railways of the United States may have mistakes to answer for, they have created the most effective, useful, and by far the cheapest system of land transportation in the world. This has been accomplished with very little legislative aid and against an immense volume of opposition and interference growing out of ignorance and misunderstanding. It is not an exaggeration to say that in the past history of this country the railway, next after the Christian religion and the public school, has been the largest single contributing factor to the welfare and happiness of the people.—James J. Hill.

Farm Facts

By Peter Radford



VERY consumer is a market-maker ☛ ☛

The silo is the farmer's best friend ☛ ☛

In the country you keep your cheek close to the breast of Nature.

A cultivator under the shed is worth two left out in open weather ☛ ☛

Let farming become an abandoned profession, and everything would stop.

Help to organize rural life and make the country a better place to live in.

Good cultivation not only helps growing crops, but permanently improves the soil.

The proper preparation of ground works wonders in lessened cost of cultivation.

We can best serve our interests by giving all possible attention to marketing.

Production without thought to marketing is like building elaborately on foundation premises that are not true.

The man that owns the soil on which he lives is the only man whose feet do not rest on shifting sands.

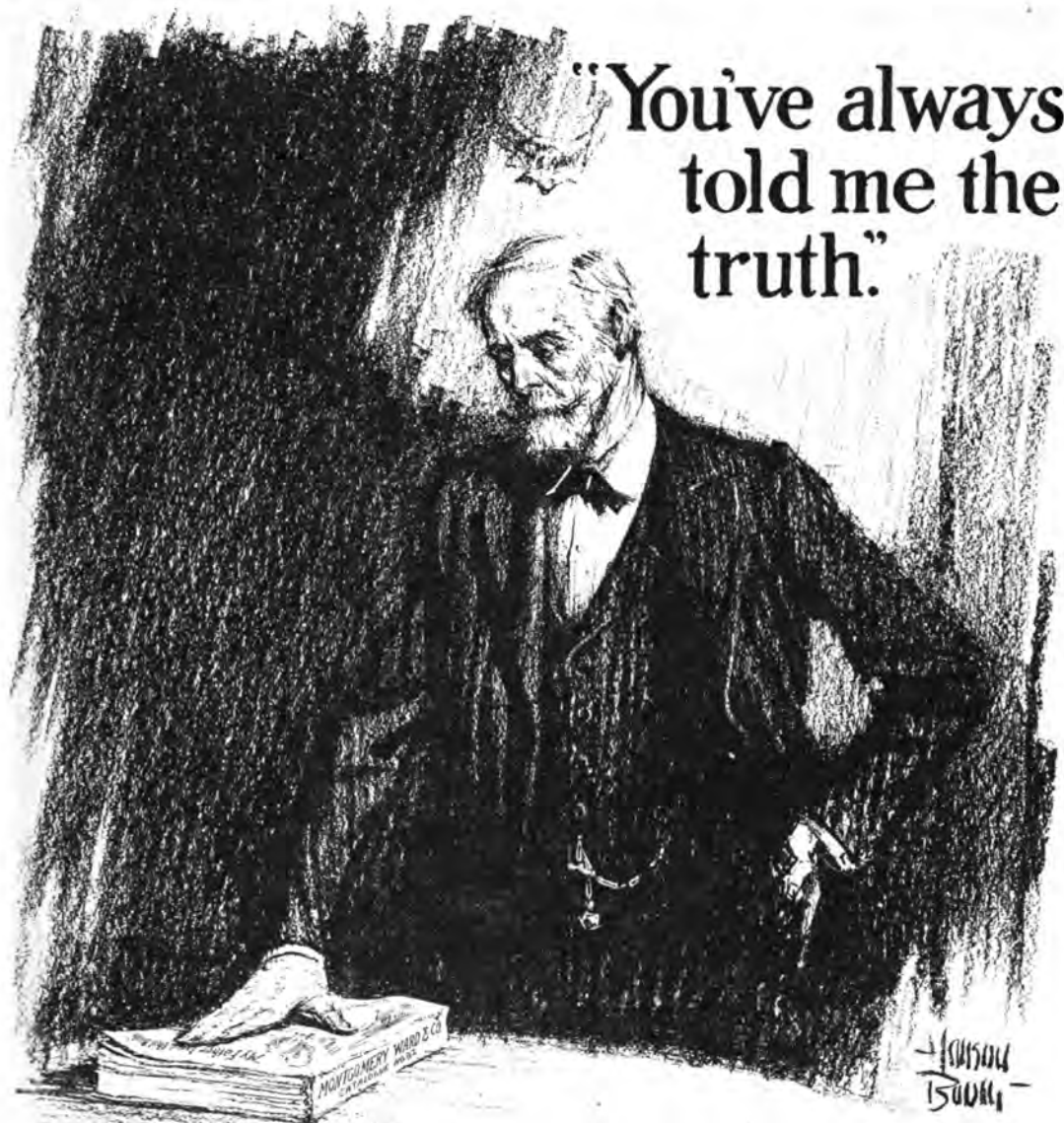
As the season advances, the plow is the farmer's best friend, but when the season closes the silo comes in handy.

The commonly accepted theory that we are short on production is all wrong. We are short on marketing information.

Many wealthy corporations and individuals have been telling the farmer how to plow, when they should have been telling him where and when to market.

The problem of marketing is the biggest business proposition of any age or nation, and one that will require the combined efforts of all the agencies of civilization to solve.

IF you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents. I think if I worked for a man, I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time. I would give an undivided service or none.



"The Truth Shall be Your Warrant"

For forty years this has been the slogan of Montgomery Ward & Company.

And thousands who have done business with this great mail-order house have proved the verity of the saying. The Big Catalogue of Montgomery Ward is as familiar in the home as the Family Bible—and held in almost as much esteem.

For it has been proven, in every sense, a Book of Truth.

It does not exaggerate or deceive. Whatever is described, pictured or priced therein, is just SO.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

New York Chicago Kansas City Fort Worth Portland

And on receipt of your order—faithfully filled, packed and despatched—the lid will not be jolted off your vocabulary by substitution or imitation. You get what you order, every time—and on time.

Use the coupon and send for a copy to-day. Walk through our miles of aisles of dependable merchandise—note the prices—and save money by ordering. We always tell the truth.

Montgomery Ward & Company. Dept. 1136
 Send me Free a copy of your new Catalogue. All I agree to
 do is to pay 1 cent.

Name _____ Street _____
 Town _____ State _____ R.F.D. _____

Modeled-Leather Trabeling-Cases

These Cases mean compact comfort when traveling. The perfection in the modeling and the coloring of these Cases makes them desirable additions to the dressing-table.

MANICURE-CASE

Modeled in Spanish cowhide, lined with ooze-morocco. Fitted with best imported instruments. Size, open, 6 x 10 inches. Price, \$10.00



Price, \$10.00

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE



Price, \$5.00
Size, closed, 6 by 6 inches

TIE-CASE



Price, \$8.00
Size, 7 by 19 inches closed
Lined with ooze-morocco
Place for six stickpins

CASE FOR TRAVELERS' CUPS

A necessary convenience
Holds eight waxed-paper drinking-cups



Price, \$2 50

JEWEL-BOX



Price, \$6.00
Size, 1 1/4 by 4 by 4 inches

The Roycrofters

East Aurora, N. Y.

HEALTH via THE POSTL ROUTE

By *ELBERT HUBBARD*

CHARLES POSTL is a wrestler. Also, he is a teacher of big men who wrestle big problems. Postl is one of the great all-around athletes of the world. Better still, he is a man of rare intelligence and good, old-fashioned commonsense. There are thirty-four railroads in Chicago. No train goes through. Everybody stops.

I do not think Postl knows much about disease, but he certainly knows more about health and how to keep it than any other man I can recall at this minute.

The Hollanders once ruled the world, and they have n't retired yet. Holland supplied a king that sat on the throne of England. It was Holland that taught the English how to read and write.



When I go to the West, I arrive in Chicago in the morning and spend the day. And I always make it a point to call on Brother Postl and take a "treatment."

Postl's training-place, in the Nepeenauk Building, is just about a two-minutes' walk from all the big hotels.

No Turkish Bath can compete with the treatment that Postl gives to his friends.

An hour with Postl means rejuvenation, physically and mentally, and you start with a fresh turn of the tide and tackle the work as never before.

Charles Postl uses no apparatus other than that which Nature supplies. His exercises are simple, effective, pleasurable, and are beyond the stage of experiments.

Modern business makes a big tax on the vitality of its devotees. And he who would win in the fight must be "fit."

"The first requisite," says Herbert Spencer, "is to be a good animal."

Postl is not only a good animal himself, but he shows everybody else how to be. He shows you how to keep your nerves from getting on the outside of your clothes.

Rembrandt, Rubens and Franz Hals were the portrait-painters of the world two hundred fifty years ago. Their work has never been improved upon.

Beethoven was a Dutchman. In musical creation, Beethoven occupies first place.

Anything that the Dutch do, they do well. They are eccentric in this: that they have a way of telling the truth.

They are industrious, economical, strong, able, direct, and have a firm hold on all of the primal virtues, the things for which civilization has never found a substitute.

An hour every other day in the Postl Training-School will add years to your life, and best of all, will put the dolodocci in the "Continental," because you have an increased efficiency, with the aid of these intelligent Dutchmen, that you never had before.

What they have done for me and for thousands of others, they can do for you.

The address is Sixty-three East Adams Street, Chicago, Cook County, Illinois.

Go in and get a sample treatment free, and have it charged to me.

That's what I said!

CONCERNING COPY



OUR word "advertise" traces to the Latin *adverto*, meaning "turn to." Hence, advertising may be defined as that science which is designed to make folks "turn to" and give heed to your sales story.

¶ Advertising is telling people who you are, and what you have to offer in way of commodity or service. It is publicity on paper, or, if you prefer to call it printed salesmanship, you will bring the bull's eye.

There is considerable difference of opinion about advertising "copy," but it seems to be generally agreed that the best copy is that which sells the goods. For this is the purpose of most advertising copy—this and building up a bulwark of good-will. Good-will is a very tangible asset. The man who disputes this dictum is qualifying for the down-and-out club. Also, he is in partnership with Ananias, who is said to have been the first ad-man. There is no hope in him.

We live in a busy age. Most people are too busy to read many ads. Every advertisement should yield certain definite information. It should tell what and why, and above all, where. Also, it should sometimes tell how and who. ¶ If possible, it should be illustrated. An illustration goes far to point a moral and adorn a tale.

Advertising will sell good goods at an astonishing rate. It will even sell poor goods—for a little while.

The best advertisement conveys its message in straight, plain language that any one can comprehend. In the main, it should be serious, but an excess of seriousness may have a bad effect. A little humor now and then, provided it be timely, and not stretched to the breaking-point, will serve to break the ice, and put the reader in a receptive mood.

Most people put themselves on the defensive the minute they begin reading an advertisement. Hence it is the better part of wisdom to write just as you would talk; and above all, avoid the use of meaningless superlatives. A superlative is nearly always discounted thirty-three and a third per cent, anyway. Exaggeration is the rock on which many a fair business brig comes to untimely disaster.

In the last analysis, advertising, like most everything else, is what you make it. To some it is a "game," to others a science. It can never be an *exact* science until the time comes when we can chart human nature. To me, advertising is an art, and like art, it is a "way"—the reasonable, the convenient way.

Now, as to media—but that should form the subject of my next talk.

¶ *Auf wider-sehen!*

Chalmers

The Master "Six"



\$2175
Fully Equipped-f.a.b. Detroit

Are You on the Fence?

You can't afford to delay buying your new car much longer. Spring is here. Now, if ever, you want your car.

If you are on the fence, decide now. The best selling cars will soon be gone. This is true of the Chalmers Master "Six"—the fastest selling "Six" of 1914. This great new car has literally taken the country by storm. We could sell at least 1000 more Master "Sixes" if we could build them. Here is the one car you will surely want to see before you decide on any. We have been told repeatedly that the Master "Six" is the greatest automobile value on the market. Here are five big reasons for an opinion which is almost universal among six-cylinder enthusiasts.

1. The Master "Six" is a Real Six.

It is not a near "Six," not an imitation. But the newest product of the big Chalmers factory.

And above all else, you want a "Six." All the brains and money back of the highest priced cars—those that sell at \$3000 to \$6000—are devoted to building "Sixes." This year just about all cars above \$3000 are "Sixes."

The problem for the Chalmers engineers was to build a real "Six"—with the silence, luxury, smoothness, flexibility of the high-priced "Sixes" at a medium price. The Master "Six" is their answer. Only with quantity production and most efficient manufacturing is such a "Six" possible. If we built the Master "Six" in hundreds instead of in thousands its price would be \$3000 to \$3500 instead of \$2175. No other type of car can equal the silence, smoothness, flexibility and luxury of the Master "Six." These qualities are built into the Chalmers. No auxiliary mechanism is needed to help out the Master "Six." The Chalmers Road Test is the proof.

2. Chalmers design gives most service at lowest cost of upkeep.

It took two years of hard work to produce the Master "Six" motor. It is a genuine long stroke, T-head motor—Chalmers built. That means all moving parts enclosed for silence and cleanliness; fuel heated three ways, for economy; Tungsten steel valves of diamond hardness for long wear; large oval cams for smoothness and quietness. It means every part built and fitted with microscopic accuracy. The Master "Six" Motor is non-stallable. Made so by the powerful, ever-ready

Chalmers-Entz starter. Move a single switch and the motor starts; and keeps running until you wish it to stop. The 1914 motor shows proved the Chalmers the Master Car of the year.

3. The Chalmers Master "Six" is truly a manufactured car.

And that is the only kind of car you will want to buy.

Practically every part of the Master "Six" is built complete in Chalmers shops. That means that one Company—and none is stronger than Chalmers—guarantees the whole car. It means most careful workmanship, rigid inspection, and quality and service which assure years of extra wear. Manufacturing Chalmers cars complete enables us to eliminate many parts makers profits. The saving goes to you in added value throughout the car.

Whatever you buy, get a manufactured car.

4. We build quality first—price comes afterward.

Money can't buy better steels, paint, castings or more careful workmanship than we put in Chalmers cars. Measure the Chalmers with any other; you'll see we build these materials into real cars—more for the money, we think, than you can get elsewhere.

But, greatest of all, Chalmers price is right. We build many cars, so we sell them on a narrow margin of profit. Chalmers cars are not over-priced to give extra allowances in trading in used cars. We believe in giving the value in the list price and in a fair discount to dealers; we don't believe in an over-priced car.

It pays to buy a car that is priced on a cash basis and not on a trade basis.

Don't look at the allowance for your old

car so much as at the difference you pay between your car and a new car.

Chalmers cars sell at one price everywhere and to everyone. And so they sell cheaper in proportion to quality than many. Just study the Master "Six" and convince yourself.

5. Luxury and style—we'll leave that to you.

Looks in a car count a lot. And the Master "Six" is a car you can always be proud of. It has streamline body, tapered bonnet, molded oval fenders, clean running boards, tires at rear, left drive, center control—in a word, every feature of style you want. Upholstery is deep and comfortable. Bodies are roomy. Doors are extra wide, and admit you from either right or left side. Electric lights, electric starting, demountable rims, rain-vision windshield—these and a score of other things give utmost convenience. Finish is the best.

If you are on the fence, now is the time to decide. Eighty per cent of our output of Master "Sixes" has already been delivered—so if you want one, get off the fence now. Go to any Chalmers dealer. Take the Chalmers Test Ride. When the car itself has convinced you, place your order and get your Master "Six" when you want it. If you have a car to trade, ask a Chalmers dealer to quote you an allowance.

A Lighter "Six," \$1800

For the man who wants a smaller and less expensive car—a light-running, smooth-running and luxurious "Six" at the price of a four. Light in weight to save fuel and tires, yet generous in size and strong for the strain of service. With a motor like but lighter than the Master "Six," yet ample in power and with speed to spare. A lighter car but not a skimpy one; a cheaper car but not a skimpy one. And sold at a price which has brought the luxury of the "Six" within the reach of all.

Look at these Features and Try to Match Them at the Price

Six Cylinders	Timken Roller Bearings
48 Horsepower	Locked Transmission
126-inch Wheel	Gears
Base	Chalmers Sectional Piston
Electric Starter	Rings
Non-Stallable	Multiple Disc Clutch
Motor	Clean Running Board
Electric Lights	Left Drive; Center Control
Tungsten Steel	34-inch Wheels
Valves	Rayfield Carburetor
Streamline Body	Underslung Springs
Molded Oval	Tapered Bonnet
Fenders	Triple-Heated Fuel

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

THE ROYCROFT INN



DINING-ROOM

*Whan that Aprille with his showres swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote . . .
And smale fowles maken melodie
That slegen al the night with open yhe,
So priketh hem nature in here corages:—
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages.*



O sang Geof Chaucer of the Spirit of Spring — that annual reviving restlessness which we now call "Spring Fever." THE ROYCROFT INN is a place of pilgrimage the whole year through. Just now, when buds are bursting and flowers are beginning to paint the laughing soil—when the robin-redbreasts and the bluebirds are mating, and the air is delicious in its

freshness, **THE ROYCROFT INN** is the ideal place. Here you can slough off your Winter garment of repentance, and get in touch with vibrant ideals. Beautiful surroundings, comfort, good-cheer, willing service, and wholesome food renew you in body and in mind ❧ ❧

THE ROYCROFT INN

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

THE HOME OF ELBERT HUBBARD AND THE ROYCROFT SHOPS

A MODERN HOTEL—Unique and Different. American Plan, \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day. Single rooms, connecting rooms, out-of-door sleeping-rooms, suites with bath—an abundance of hot water. Milk, cream, butter, eggs, fruits and vegetables, fresh from The Roycroft Farm, served in the most beautiful and restful dining-room in Western New York.

The Roycroft Inn Booklet is sent on request.



THE ROYCROFT SHOPS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

AN AMERICAN BIBLE

Edited by Alice Hubbard



AN AMERICAN BIBLE is a book written "by Americans for Americans." It is a book of sound, wholesome truths, having not one line of mysticism or mythology. Many able men believe that this American Bible is the most important book ever printed in America. The writers represented are: Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Robert G. Ingersoll, Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Elbert Hubbard.

This illustration shows the Special Binding in full, antique pigskin. Price, Ten Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE RUBAIYAT of Omar Khayyam

A Pocket Edition in Modeled Leather

*I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.*

If a casket be costly and of original design, we expect the jewel therein to correspond. The impression created by the miniature leather-bound copy of *The Rubaiyat* is of culture and ultra-elegance in art.

The grape design modeled by hand in the leather cover is eminently fitting for this song of the vine.

The book is printed on Whatman paper. Price, \$7.50.

Bound in semi-flexible leather. Price, \$1.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

ROYCROFT STATIONERY

In our last importation of Italian handmade stationery is a new shade. This is a delicate gray. To the fastidious letterwriter this will be a welcome relief from blues, lavenders and pinks.

We have also letter-paper and correspondence-cards in white and rare shades of brown and green.

The paper, cards and envelopes all have four deckle edges, characteristic of handmade papers.

The paper is 6 by 7½ inches. The cards are 3¾ by 6 inches. The envelopes fit snugly. Letter-paper, \$1.00 the box. Correspondence-cards likewise a Dollar. Postpaid.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

ROYCROFT PECAN-PATTIES



Pecan-Patties are true Spring Candies, because they are made from maple-syrup of the first run.

Roycroft Pecan-Patties are a perfect combination of pure maple-syrup and the finest pecan-meats procurable. They are made in a fair white kitchen set apart for this work. The Patties are wrapped at once in waxed paper and packed in a special box.

We will send our Special Box, enclosing your card or one of our own, to any address for One Dollar.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



Some Wives Don't Understand

FEW wives, however thoughtful, appreciate always the strain that business puts upon the nerves of men. When this strain is prolonged and nerve exhaustion begins to tell upon the general health, the system needs prompt help.

The grateful praise of Sanatogen, from hundreds of famous men and women, is based on its extraordinary success in feeding the exhausted nerves and cells of the system the very food they require; and on its remarkable power of instilling fresh vigor and endurance—not by mere stimulation but lastingly and thoroughly. When you consider that the letters of over 19,000 practicing physicians acknowledge the revitalizing power of Sanatogen, is not YOUR confidence justified?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in three sizes from \$1.00 up.

Richard Le Gallienne, the distinguished poet-author, writes: "I have made two extended trials of your Sanatogen during periods of mental fatigue, and each time derived great benefit from its use. Several times I have found myself wondering why I was feeling more 'fit' and then remembered that I was taking Sanatogen."

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, '13



SANATOGEN

RECOGNIZED BY OVER 19,000 PHYSICIANS

Send

for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 34 Y, Irving Place, New York

Copper With a History

Copper dishes and utensils are an evolution of one of the earliest manifestations of civilization. Discoveries have been made in the Copper Country of crudely fashioned bowls, kettles and other household necessities. Today The Roycrofters make many useful and beautiful articles of copper. These show evidence of the refining influence of civilization. Each article is carefully designed and made by thoughtful artists of the hammer. Here are shown a few examples of our work

CRUMB-TRAY AND SCRAPER



Price, \$3.00

COPPER NUT-SET



Price, \$10.00

CHAFING-DISH



Price, \$20.00

This set includes Chafing-Dish with earthen casserole of French ware, alcohol-burner and tray.

SERVING-TRAY



Price, \$5.00
Diameter, 15½ inches

ROYCROFT BOWL



Price, \$5.00
Diameter, 10¼ inches
Depth, 5¼ inches

The Roycrofters

East Aurora, N. D.

CHIROPRACTIC AND CHIROPRACTORS

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

CHIROPRACTIC is the science which has brought the backbone to the front, so to speak. Incidentally, it has also done much to stiffen the vertebræ and give vim to the vimless, substituting health for disease.

Chiropractic is based on the assumption that all diseases have their cause in *subluxation*, that is, undue pressure on the spinal nerves. This impingement, or pinch, restricts the flow of mental impulses at some point in their passage through the nerves, from their origin in the brain to the tissues which they supply with mental energy. Their food-supply is cut off, and they give notice of their resentment in their own way—by causing us pain. For pain is but the cry of an injured nerve.

It is here that the Chiropractor, by means of his skilful "thrust," relieves the subluxation by returning the misaligned vertebræ to their normal position. Thus, the free flow of vital current is re-established and health is restored.

Chiropractic goes direct to the cause, instead of shilly-shallying and dilly-



Dr. D. D. Palmer was the Discoverer of Chiropractic. Then came the second generation who developed the crude theory and method to a philosophy, science and art—B. J. Palmer, who is now at the head of this school.

dallying with effects.

There is no dope nor drugs, no reaction, no weary periods of convalescence in Chiropractic. Its benefits are immediate and lasting. It places the individual *en rapport* with himself.

We live in the Age of Progression. Old theories, old ideas, old remedies, old textbooks are being discarded. "The old order changeth, giving place to new." Especially is this true in regard to matters appertaining to Health.

We have lost faith in drugs, and turn to Chiropractic with increasing confidence.

Skilful Chiropractors are in increasing demand, and many are choosing it as

their life's work.

Doctor B. J. Palmer is the greatest teacher of the Science of Chiropractic in America. He is a skilled anatomist, a sound philosopher, and his heart is in his work.

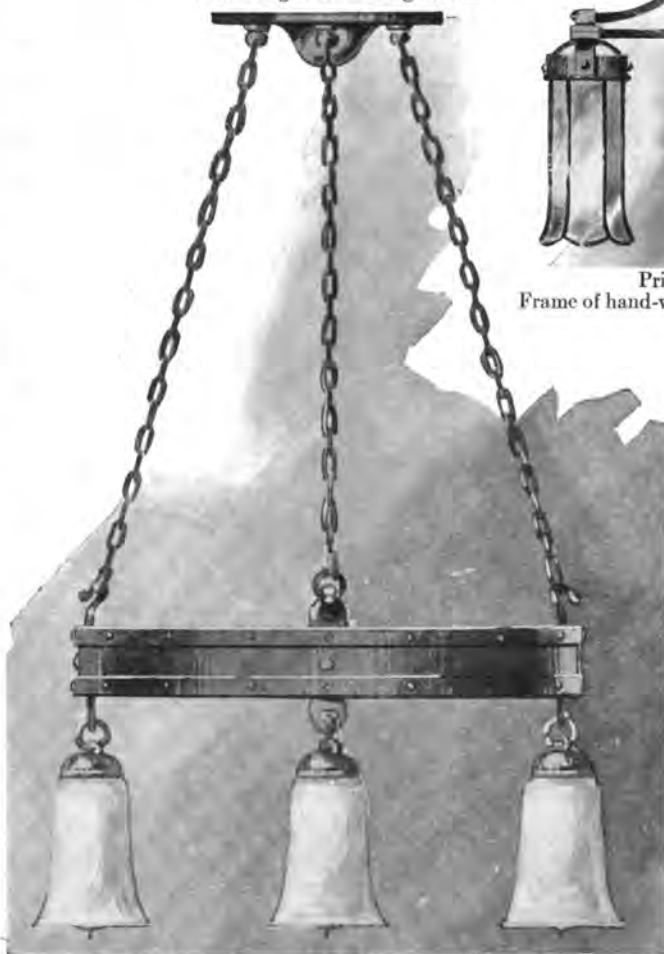
Under his tuition, efficient and helpful Chiropractors are developed and embarked on a career of usefulness and profitableness, both to themselves and to the community at large.

DR. B. J. PALMER
THE PALMER SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC
"Chiropractic Fountain-Head" DAVENPORT, IOWA

The Right Kind of Lights

CThe right kind of light, properly diffused, is more economical than a poorly arranged, inharmonious light

Center Light for Dining-Room



Price, \$28.50
Hand-wrought copper frame. Diameter, 18 inches

Double Pendant



Price, \$14.00
Frame of hand-wrought copper or brass

Single Pendant



Price, \$4.00
Wrought-copper canopy and chain

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

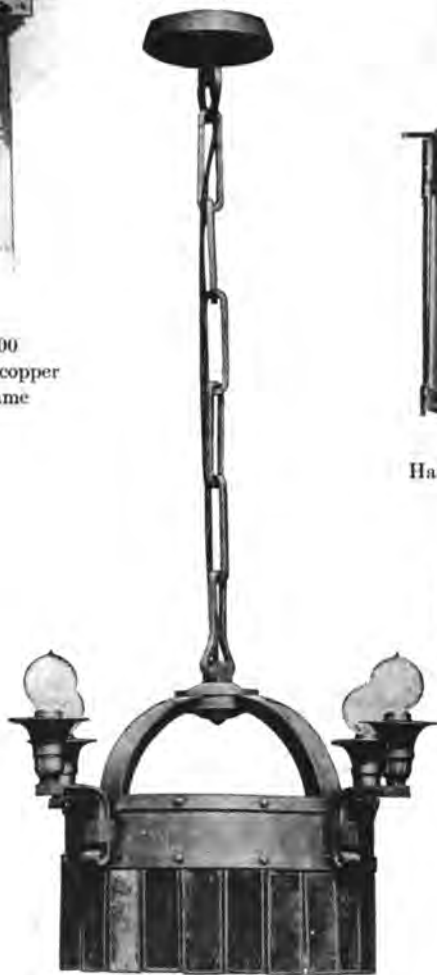
Newel Light



Price, \$14.00
Hand-wrought copper
and mica frame

For Your Home

CThe Roycrofters are prepared to furnish the right kind of lights for your home. The lights shown here are complete, ready to attach.

Center Light
for Living-Room

Price, \$25.00
Hand-wrought copper and mica frame
Diameter of frame, 14 inches

Lantern-Bracket



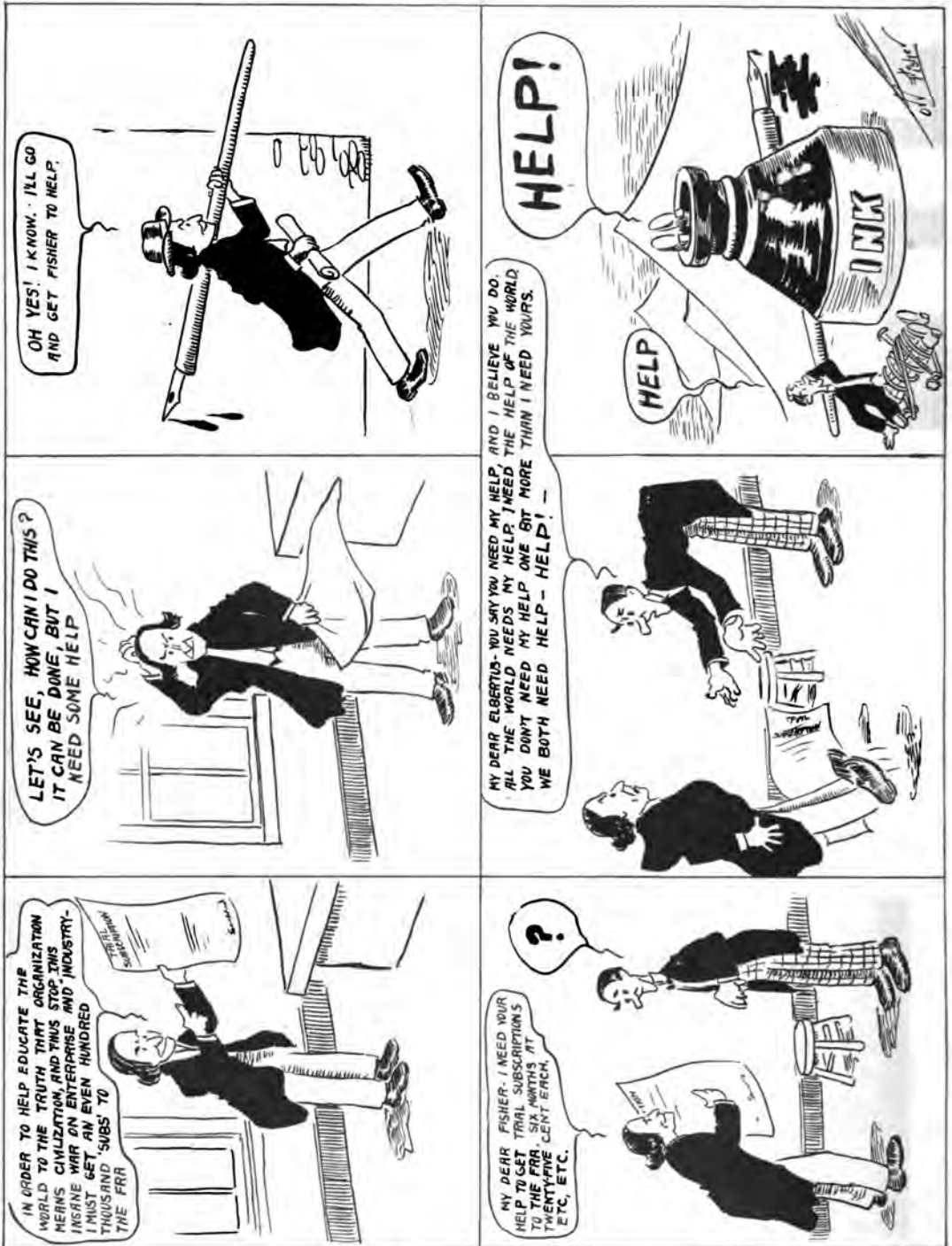
Price, \$12.00
Hand-wrought copper and glass

Side Bracket



Price, \$6.00
Wrought-copper wall-plate

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



Bud Fisher Comes to the Rescue

IDEALS AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE ART OF PIANO-MAKING

BY CHARLES E. BYRNE

When a master craftsman produces a work of art, of surpassing beauty and usefulness, that will serve and give enjoyment and inspiration to his fellowmen, he gains real satisfaction and happiness.

There is no greater reward than the knowledge of work well done.

¶ The making of a piano calls for notable musical genius: the ability to embody in wood and metal the greatest music-producing powers and perfection of tone.

By his fidelity to the highest ideals of service, J. V. Steger has achieved a place of honor in the art of piano-making.

Under his guidance, Steger & Sons Piano Manufacturing Company has to its credit a history of success without parallel in the piano industry.

Its piano-factories at Steger, Illinois, the town that he founded, have become the largest in the world.

The rapid rise and marvelous expansion of the Steger & Sons Institution, within thirty-five years, is a business romance more wonderful than any fairy-tale of childhood.

When J. V. Steger was a poor boy in Germany, learning the first principles of piano-making, he heard about the country of unlimited opportunity over the sea, and decided to go forth in search of fortune.

The day he landed at Castle Garden, in New York City, the prospect of success was rather gloomy. He had no friends to welcome him. He did not know the language. His only passport was a solitary silver coin—all the capital that he possessed.

Undaunted, he faced the future with courage, stifling the feeling of homesickness, which came with thoughts of home and friends, that he had left in the shadow of the ancient cathedral in Ulm, the town where he was born.

Fired with ambition, he made his way fearlessly, with a brave heart, overcoming obstacles and trials that would have discouraged others less resourceful.

By his industry and by careful saving, however, after some few years had passed, he was able to enter the piano trade. Then he began the manufacture of pianos in a modest way.

As his business developed, he increased its facilities—always using his own capital and carefully supervising in person every branch of his organization.

At the outset, he saw that all instruments with pretensions to quality were expensive.

The more he studied the methods of selling pianos, the more he became convinced that the cost of manufacture could be reduced, without any lessening of quality.

It was his commendable ideal to perpetuate his name by making a piano that would represent the highest standard of art, of surpassing richness of tone and genuine worth. It was a matter of honor—of pride in his work.

He was confident, moreover, that the public would appreciate unequalled piano-value; and he refused to be governed by the popular idea that an artistic piano necessarily should be expensive.

He revolutionized piano-selling. It was his aim—what has since become known as the famous "Steger Idea"—to bring to the American Home a piano of excellence and offer it at the fairest possible price.

The success of Steger & Sons Piano Manufacturing Company is due to his capability as a piano-maker, and



John V. Steger

to his honesty in selling in strict accordance with the fundamental "Steger Idea."

How the public has responded to this great "Steger Idea" may be determined by considering the following facts:

Within thirty-five years, the Steger & Sons Piano-Factories at Steger, Illinois, have become the largest in the world. They now occupy, with lumber-yards, over 32 acres. Their capacity is 100 pianos per day; 30,000 per annum.

There are 1,600 employees. Only the most modern, latest improved machinery is used. Scientific management accounts for the high standard of efficiency in every department.

The Steger purchasing-power is extensive and is another important factor which helps to reduce the cost of manufacture, whereby the patrons of the Steger & Sons' Institution benefit.

The nineteen-story Steger Building in Chicago, costing approximately \$1,000,000, is a splendid testimonial

to the favor Steger & Sons Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos have gained among musicians the world over. The town of Steger, Illinois, founded by J. V. Steger, located 29 miles from Chicago, is a thriving, flourishing community of peace and plenty. In this garden-spot, with its population of 4,000, J. V. Steger not only has built homes for his workmen, but has instituted many improvements for their comfort and happiness.

Thirty-five years ago it was a swamp. Today the town of Steger boasts of schools, high schools, churches, beautiful homes, boulevards, parks, a bank, newspaper, many stores, a magnificent depot and numerous public improvements.

There are 21,000 acres of land in Northern Wisconsin, owned by J. V. Steger, that will grow timber for Steger & Sons Art Style Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos for many years to come.

Steger & Sons operates its own private freight-line of 100 cars. The lumber-kiln at the factories is the largest used by any piano-manufacturer.

Steger & Sons Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos are worthy of being selected, purely on their own merits, by discriminating music-lovers as the finest productions of the piano-maker's art.

Master musicians of eminence have awarded tributes of honor to the "perfection of tone and the responsive, sensitive action of the incomparable Steger & Sons Piano and Natural Player-Piano."

The Steger Natural Player-Piano, made complete in the Steger & Sons Piano-Factories, is distinguished from all other player-pianos by its "natural," lifelike expression and marvelous music-producing powers.

J. V. Steger, today, not only supervises the making of the pianos and player-pianos that bear his name, but requires that the same high standard of quality be constantly maintained.

The notable success of the Steger & Sons' Institution has resulted from its adherence to the high ideals of service, that led to its foundation. They will always guide and govern it.

Thousands of owners praise Steger & Sons Art Style Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos—and recommend them to their friends.

A handsome Steger & Sons Piano or Natural Player-Piano catalog, the Steger & Sons Style Brochure, or a booklet describing Steger, Illinois, "the town of peace and plenty," will be sent to you on request.

STEGER & SONS PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Established 1879 Steger Building Chicago, Illinois

Vases and Ferneries of Hand-Wrought Copper For Spring Flowers

JAPANESE FLOWER-HOLDER



This vase is made of copper fitted with a tube of crystal glass

Price, \$2.00
Height, 8 inches

FLUTED-EDGE FERN-PAN



Price, \$2.50
Diameter, 8 inches
Height, 3 inches

JAPANESE FLOWER-HOLDER



This copper vase is fitted with a crystal glass tube

Price, \$2.00
Height, 8 inches

WROUGHT-COPPER JARDINIÈRE



Price, \$6.00
Diameter, 10 inches
Height, 11 inches

SHAFT VASE



Price, \$7.00
Height, 15 inches

MODELED-COPPER FERNERY



Price, \$5.00
Diameter, 7 inches
Height, 3 inches

The Roycrofters

East Aurora, N. Y.



For The Morning of April Twelfth

"HAM WHAT AM!"

*An Easter Antham sung by
Elbert Hubbard*

I SAY, Terese, kindly give me a lift, will you? The fact is, I am verbally embarrassed. When it comes to writing an ad on the merits of "Ham What Am," my vocabulary goes on a strike, and words elude me, like the proverbial Dollar, which gains momentum as you chase it. "Ham What Am" takes me back to the good old days out in the land of the Illini, where the men grow tall and lusty, and the corn grows taller. There was so much corn that we used to turn the pigs loose in the cornfield and let 'em find their way home via the Gorge Route. Then came the day of reckoning, and I can remember assisting at the obsequies on more than one occasion. Also, I helped cure hams in the little old brick smoke-house that stood just a stone's toss from the back porch on the hillside. Since then, I have eaten in hotel dining-rooms, hash-houses, cabarets, serve-selves and beaneries all the way from Maine to 'Frisco, but nothing ever tasted so good as those home-grown, home-cured hams—served up on a bright crisp morning, with fresh-laid eggs or buckwheat cakes, done to a rich golden brown—with molasses or maple-sugar on the side, and a cup of coffee, piping hot!

Corn-fed porkers certainly make great eating. And every "Ham What Am" is just a corn-fed porker apotheosized, deified, glorified. It is mild, tender, juicy, sweet, well-seasoned, and good for any and all seasons.

Can you imagine anything more delicious for Breakfast on Easter Morning than "Ham What Am" and Easter Eggs? Chicago Tongue is not in it! Any good marketman will sell you Armour's "Star"—"The Ham What Am." Better begin making preparations now.

Ham-An'!

ARMOUR  COMPANY

I HAVE A GOOD JOB—

but I want a better one. ¶ I'm after the money—that's plain, cold turkey, without any flub-dub. ¶ So if you want a man of energy and brains, who is looking after "Number 1," I'm yours—at a price. What will you pay? ¶ I'm one of those cusses who believes in himself and in the firm that believes in him. ¶ I have a record of which I am proud. It's a record of *work done*—not half-hatched schemes. And no Delilah has ever curled my hair or cut it. ¶ So there you are. If you want a strong man, let me know. Address SAMSON, *The Fra*, East Aurora, N. Y.

Come to Alberta and raise Alfalfa

A REAL bargain at \$25 per acre is my well-improved big farm and ranch in the best part of Alberta. 1,000 acres of the finest wheat and alfalfa soil, rich deep chocolate loam, 2½ sections lying together, 300 acres cultivated, 100 acres summer fallowed, 700 acres fenced, balance open, level or slightly rolling prairie, no clearing necessary, no stones to speak of, over 90 per cent fit for tractor-plowing. Splendid country for all kinds of live stock with much good pasture around. Two miles from P. O. 10 miles from C. N. R. station and good prospect of 2 more R. R. lines to be built soon nearer by. Nice, well-built, comfortable dwelling, good stables, blacksmith shop, etc. Windmill with two pumps and abundance of very best water. Good-sized windbreak-plantation started. ¶ Easy terms: only one-tenth cash; balance spread over 10 years at 7 per cent. Besides \$5,000 cash will buy all the live stock, machinery, feed, seed, provisions, furniture and other household-goods on the place. Under further right management this estate ought to pay soon good dividends on four times its cost. This is certainly a snap at my price, which, however, is only good for a sale up to Spring. Buy direct from owner and save commission! C. E. MICHAELIS, P. O. Stoppington, Alta. Station: Stanmore; Residence on Section 30 T 28, R 10, W 4. ¶ Let me tell you what can be made with Alfalfa here!

American Steel Fence Posts



Cheaper Than Wood and More Durable

Quality—High-class steel, heavily zinc coated inside and outside.

Strength—Strong enough to hold up any wire fence and furnish all necessary resistance.

Adaptability—Adapted to all conditions and will prove absolutely satisfactory wherever a good wire fence is desired.

Service—Give much more and much better service than can be expected of wood posts, and will not burn, rot or decay.

Durability—Have been in service since 1898, in every section of the United States, and the oldest posts are today as good as when set.

Adapted to All Wire Fences. Increase the life of a fence. Put a wire fence on permanent American Steel Posts and preserve the fence indefinitely; put it on wooden posts and it is like building a brick house on a wooden foundation.

For Sale By All Dealers.

We also make the celebrated AMERICAN FENCE, ELLWOOD FENCE, ROYAL FENCE, NATIONAL FENCE and the ANTHONY FENCE. These fences are galvanized by the wonderful new process we have developed and employed exclusively by us, affecting a heavier coat of zinc firmly united to the steel affording absolute and permanent protection against destructive elements. *The greatest galvanizing discovery of the age.* Dealers Everywhere.

American Steel & Wire Company
CHICAGO NEW YORK CLEVELAND PITTSBURGH DENVER

PUBLIC SERVANTS

RAILROADS have but one thing to sell, and that is Transportation. The Lamb School for Stammerers sells Service. Those needing the latter should purchase the former to Pittsburgh and consult with Joseph J. Lamb, the Speech Specialist. The rates are moderate, the service excellent, and trains arrive hourly

1252 Franklin Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

A graceful gift and one that will satisfy the most fastidious—is

A ROYCROFT TIE

Made of finest Crepe de Chine—famous for its silky softness—the essence of refinement and beauty. ¶ Of generous proportions—46 inches by 7 inches—it can be worn as a bow or knot, just as you decide. ¶ The colors—black, brown, ecru, red, white or blue—make them possible for every dress or occasion. ¶ They are painstakingly hemmed by dexterous fingers, work beautifully done. Price, Two Dollars, (in fancy box). They last longer, so there's economy, too.

The Roycrofters - East Aurora, N. Y.

FINE BINDINGS

AT The Roycroft Shops we do various things fairly well; others we do very well; but in book-binding we do our work superbly well.

¶ There are specimens of our bindings in the British Museum of London, the Vatican Library at Rome, the National Library at Berlin, and the Bibliotek at Amsterdam. We exhibit in competition with Zahnsdorf, Riviere, Cobden-Sanderson, Otto Zahn and other great binders of international repute.

Perhaps you have a few book treasures that you want to place in fine bindings. If so, our artists can meet your wishes. In such cases it is well for the customer to say how much he is willing to pay—ten, twenty-five, fifty, a hundred, two hundred dollars a book—and we give full value in loving labor accordingly. If you are interested in rare, unique, individual books in fine bindings, we have a little catalog of such that we will be pleased to send you on request.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

RAILROAD "BABY" BONDS

¶Until quite recently, railroad bonds were caviare to the general—attainable only by the few. Fortunately, the tide has turned, and the "small investor" is having his innings. ¶Railroad Bonds in denominations of \$100 and \$500 are being gobbled up by the people with limited means. ¶Just to show the trend of the times, we print in this place some \$100 Railroad Bonds listed in *The \$100 Bond News* for March.

- Alabama & Vicksburg R. R. Co.:
 1st Cons. Mtg. 5's 1921 (c).....
 2nd Cons. Mtg. 5's 1921 (c).....
 Atlantic Coast Line conv. deb. 4's 1939 (r).....
 Brimson Railway Company Coll. conv. 6's 1915 (r).....
 *Central Vermont 1st mtg. 4's 1920 (r).....
 *Chic., Bur. & Q. Denver div. 4's 1922 (c).....
 *Chic. Mil. & St. Paul conv. 4½'s 1932 (c).....
 Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry. Co.:
 *Keokuk & Des Moines 1st 5's 1923 (c).....
 *Colo. & Southern ref. & ext. mtg. 4½'s 1935 (c).....
 Erie Railroad:
 *N.Y. & Greenwd Lake pr. lien 5's 1946 (c).....
 *Mo., Kansas & Texas 1st & ref. mtg. 4's 2004 (c).....
 New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.:
 *Convertible debenture 3½'s 1956 (c).....
 *Convertible debenture 6's 1948 (r).....
 *Norfolk & West. Ry. 1st con. mtg. 4's 1996 (c).....
 Seacoast R. R. prior lien mtg. 5's 1948 (c).....
 Southern Pacific Company:
 *San Francisco Terminal 1st mtg. 4's 1950 (c).....
 Southern Railway (\$200 only):
 *Mob. & Birmingham prior lien mtg. 5's 1945 (c).....
 *Mob. & Birmingham 1st mtg. 4's 1945 (c).....
 *Virginian Ry. Co. 1st mtg. 50-yr. 5's 1962 (c).....
 Western Pacific Ry. 1st mtg. 5's 1933 (c).....

¶These bonds are earning 4 to 6 per cent on the investment. They are sound and stable—salable at a moment's notice. Send for booklet, "Be a Bondholder," and List #05. We would like to tell you about our Small-Payment Plan, which is finding favor with many.

BEYER AND COMPANY—"The Hundred Dollar Bond House"
 55 Wall Street, New York

WONDERS of HEALING and HEALTH IN NATURAL OLIVE OIL

A very different article from the ordinary kind
and much more effective medicinally

Callahan's Special Olive Oil

Sold in cans only—and full measure. Olive oil keeps better in cans than in bottles. This oil is guaranteed free from adulteration and chemical refining. The highest grade of pure Italian olive oil—canned in Italy, and made only from the ripe purple olives. It is the true Natural oil preferred by epicures and invalids, and recommended by noted physicians. Delicate—nutty and fruity in taste—clear and brilliant in color.

There is a wide difference in the kinds and qualities of olive oil—and in purity. Also a difference caused by refining processes.

Sufferers from CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, GALL STONES, LIVER and INTESTINAL troubles—WEAKNESS, WASTING, NERVOUSNESS should know the marvelous healing powers of olive oil—if pure and not chemically refined—and the effect of the delicate tasting and much more powerful NATURAL OIL. It is more effective because in its natural state—not changed by any processing.

FREE BOOKLET

tells about all kinds of olive oil—how made—difficult to find the delicate pure medicinal kind—how to avoid deception—how adulterated—how refined by chemicals—how to take the pure NATURAL OIL, to GET WELL—to take it properly—little or no effect with olive oil in teaspoon doses. Also how to use in cooking—some rare and healthful recipes—salad dressings, delicious and digestible flaky pie crust—Welsh rabbit that will not get stringy—how to stop hair falling with olive oil—how to make complexion beautiful—how to save weak babies with olive oil. Lots of valuable information all free. Send us order for trial quart of the true natural medicinal oil.

CALLAHAN'S SPECIAL OLIVE OIL

Free Delivery by Parcel Post right to your home. Quart \$1.00. Gallon \$3.50. Put up and sealed in Italy in FULL MEASURE CANS ONLY. ¶The HIGHEST and most perfect grade ever brought to this country. ¶This oil is an honest and genuine article offered by an old established concern 27 years in business.

Not generally sold by dealers because they get a larger profit on cheaper oils; but some high class houses deal in this oil. Can be obtained at all the stores of the Riker & Hegman Co., in New York City, and their branches in other places. If you cannot obtain this oil from your dealer order of us direct.

GEO. CALLAHAN & CO.

215 FRONT STREET

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Life Memberships



¶A Life Subscription
to THE PHILISTINE,
good for ninety-nine
years, but no longer, is
Ten Dollars

¶A Life Subscription
to THE FRA, good for
ninety-nine years, is
Twenty-five Dollars

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East Aurora, New York

Why Pay \$17.50?

The material and workmanship of this chair—Genuine, Select, Quarter Sawn White Oak of rare quality—costs less than half of \$17.50 at the factory. Yet that is the price you would pay for it at a store.

We Ship It Direct From Our
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You Set It Up and Save \$8.55

You pay only for materials, workmanship, and the usual small profit to manufacturer. We save you all other unnecessary expenses—dealer's profit, jobber's profit, traveling men's salaries, high packing expenses—and freight rates, etc.—about 50%. And back of each piece is our guarantee: if you are not satisfied at any time within a full year you may ship it back and we immediately refund your money, including freight.

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FURNITURE

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\$8.95

In Four Sections

Select Quartered White Oak. Built with the care and skill of the old master cabinet makers—possessing an individuality and artistic charm befitting the home of quality. Eight different shades of finish. Imperial leather cushions. Packed in compact crate—shipped at knock-down rates.

New 1914 Catalog FREE

Shows over 400 other beautiful examples of Come-Packt craftsmanship in living, dining and bedroom furniture—in sections—at 30% to 60% price savings. Sent free—postpaid. Mail postal today.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 453 Dorr St., Toledo, O.

Mail
Postal
For This
Catalog





PLASTERGON
TREATED
WOOD FIBRE
WALL-BOARD

A pleasing and artistic interior is achieved at moderate expense thru the use of **PLASTERGON WALL-BOARD** put on in panels that are easily removed at any time, in the event of plumbing repairs or installation of pipe or wire. ◀ Impervious to moisture; strong, durable, sound-proof; will not crack, crumble, shrink or expand. Infinitely better than lath and plaster, and lasts longer. ◀ A commonsense investment paying daily dividends of honest satisfaction. Facts and figures on request.

THE PLASTERGON WALL-BOARD CO., Tonawanda, N. Y., Dept. F

BOOK-REBINDING

On your bookshelves are some old favorites which deserve new coverings. As you come upon these in your Spring clearing-out, send them to us. Let us give them new life. The Roycrofters have a special department for this work—a Book Hospital.

Send us your books, stating the style of binding you wish, or the price you want to pay, and you may be sure of our meeting your desires satisfactorily.

Below are the bindings and prices.

You will find plain boards or boards with ooze, or plain calf back and corners, best suited for books of reference, old schoolbooks, or books of law. For books of poetry, or any not kept on bookshelves, the ooze-sheep or ooze-calf cover is suitable.

For favorites in daily use, or for pocket editions, the semi-flexible binding is most satisfactory.

For your choicest fine books we would suggest Full Levant, Antique Pigskin, or Modeled Calf.

BOOKS IN SIZES UP TO OCTAVO

Semi-flexible	\$2.00-\$3.50
Ooze-sheep, silk-lined	2.00
Ooze-calf, silk-lined, turned edge	3.50
Plain Boards, leather backs	2.00
Boards, ooze or plain calf back and corners	3.50
Three-fourths Levant or antique pigskin	5.00 up.
Full Levant, antique pigskin or modeled calf	15.00 up.

Mending, cleaning, plate-inserting and jobs requiring more work than usual, extra charge. When desired, we submit special estimates and suggestions for individual books.

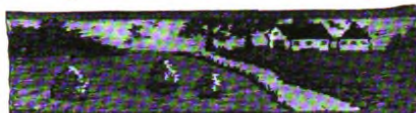
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Craftsman Rag-Style Poster Rugs



NURSERY

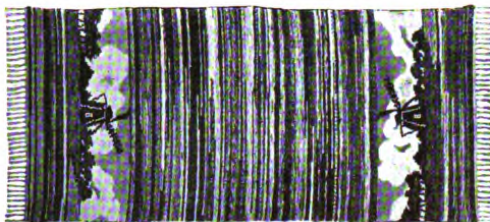
Woven at
the Sign
of the
Hand-Loom



HAYSTACKS

"Hit-or-Miss" Grounds

30" x 60"	- - -	\$2.00
36" x 72"	- - -	2.75
4' x 7'	- - -	5.50
6' x 9'	- - -	9.00
7'6" x 10'6"	- - -	12.50
9' x 12'	- - -	15.50
12' x 15'	- - -	34.50



Plain Color Grounds

30" x 60"	- - -	\$2.50
36" x 72"	- - -	3.50
4' x 7'	- - -	6.50
6' x 9'	- - -	10.50
7'6" x 10'6"	- - -	14.50
9' x 12'	- - -	18.00
12' x 15'	- - -	37.50

LOG CABIN



HOLLAND SCENE

"Hit-or-Miss"
Ground

LIGHTHOUSE



For the Den, Library, Living-Room, Hall, Bedroom, or Nursery. These Rugs go perfectly with modern Furnishings—Craftsman and Mission, or the Colonial. They are woven-to-order either in "Hit-or-Miss" Grounds, or in any color of plain ground—Blue, Green or Brown, etc.—you select. All wraps are White Cotton Yarn. The "Hit-or-Miss" Grounds produce ye olde-time craftie style o' weave. The materials used—all new Print Goods—are torn and sewed by hand by our weavers' wives with much care and cheerfulness in the Winter nights while by their firesides. The borders are all set by hand and are quaint and charming. The green grass, the woods and hills, the blue sea, the brown fields, and the little red roofs of the cottages are worked out perfectly in their natural colorings. The rugs are seamless and reversible. The Windmill Border, while woven in natural colors, can also be supplied in Delft tones. You can select any border on either the "Hit-or-Miss" ground, or on any plain ground. These Rugs are sent anywhere in the U. S. or Canada prepaid upon receipt of price as listed. We also weave "Hit-or-Miss" ground rugs with simple bar borders which are quite inexpensive.

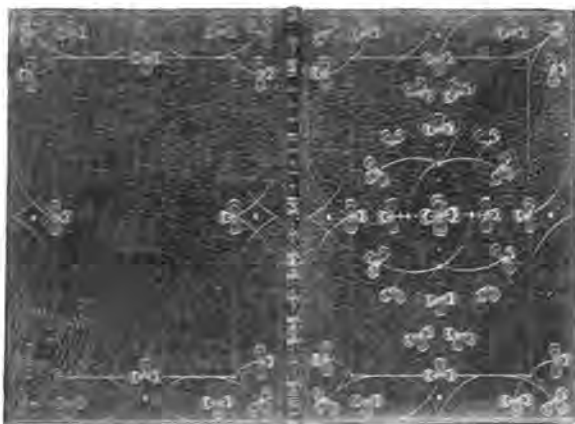
Address Dept. A. D., The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

DOES ANY PROGRESSIVE BUSINESS WANT P P P P P P THIS MAN? P P P P P

THe is thirty-five, married, and holds an ample life-insurance policy. That is to say, he has had experience, is happy and provident. He had a public-school education, followed by two years of Tennessee University—and escaped unharmed. For twelve years he has been in the manufacturing business—handling men and meeting payrolls. For four years he has been the President and General Manager of one of the most reputable furniture manufacturing companies in Tennessee. So he is no wooden head. But he wants to grow—to expand. He's a dynamo—not a motor, and he wants to generate power for a big business. He has proved himself to be a fine executive, a man of decision, a good judge of values, and he knows the worth of time. He is a man who can do things. He has carried one message to Garcia—and wants to repeat the trip. Every man has his price, but every business has n't a Joseph J. Price. That's the man's name. Write him, care of The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York State.

FINE BOOKS FOR JUNE GIFTS TO BRIDES AND GRADUATES

Full Levant Binding



Friendship, Henry D. Thoreau. Price, \$60.00

A DOG OF FLANDERS, Ouida	25.00
A WILLIAM MORRIS BOOK, Hubbard and Thomson	25.00
CONTEMPLATIONS, Elbert Hubbard	35.00
HOLLYHOCKS AND GOLDENGLOW, Elbert Hubbard	\$30.00 100.00
JOAQUIN MILLER, Elbert Hubbard	50.00
JUSTINIAN AND THEODORA, Elbert and Alice Hubbard	25.00
LIFE LESSONS, Alice Hubbard	35.00
LOVE, LIFE AND WORK, Elbert Hubbard	25.00
RESPECTABILITY, Elbert Hubbard	\$25.00 30.00
SELF-RELIANCE, Emerson	\$25.00 50.00
SONG OF MYSELF, Walt Whitman	\$25.00 50.00
THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL, Wilde	25.00
ESSAY ON NATURE, Emerson	25.00
THE HOLLY-TREE INN, Dickens	25.00
THE LAST RIDE, Browning	150.00
THE LAW OF LOVE, William Marion Reedy	25.00
THE MAN OF SORROWS, Hubbard, \$25.00, 30.00, 35.00, 40.00, 50.00, 100.00	
THE RUBAIYAT, Omar Khayyam	125.00
THOMAS JEFFERSON, Hubbard and Lentz	25.00
WHITE HYACINTHS, Elbert Hubbard	25.00
WOMAN'S WORK, Alice Hubbard	125.00

THESE books, bound in full Levant by The Roycrofters, are unequalled in workmanship. The best quality of leather is used, and infinite, loving care is given to every detail of the work. Each of the books listed has an individual hand-tooled cover-design.

Modeled-Leather Binding



Price, \$10.00

White Hyacinths, Elbert Hubbard

BELOW are listed a few books in modeled leather. These are beautiful specimens of the bookmaker's art. Each cover-design is modeled by hand. The leather is carefully stained to bring out the details of the design. These are possessions to be coveted

CONTEMPLATIONS, Individual Design, Elbert Hubbard	\$250.00
CONTEMPLATIONS, Elbert Hubbard	35.00
A THOUSAND AND ONE EPIGRAMS, Elbert Hubbard	10.00
HEALTH AND WEALTH, Elbert Hubbard	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK, Alice Hubbard	10.00
LIFE LESSONS, Alice Hubbard	\$40.00 and 200.00
RESPECTABILITY, Elbert Hubbard	10.00
THE LAST RIDE, Robert Browning	100.00
THE MAN OF SORROWS, Elbert Hubbard	20.00
THE MINTAGE, Elbert Hubbard	10.00
THE MYTH IN MARRIAGE, Alice Hubbard	5.00
THE RUBAIYAT, Omar Khayyam	7.50

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Fortunes in Fruit "Where Rolls the Oregon!"

ABOUT twice a year I journey to the Coast and back, stopping along the route to distribute caloric and dig up business. ¶Always I come back East with my Indestructo full of APPLES. In capitals, please, Professor—they are capital apples! ¶We grow apples right here in Western New York, but not the way they grow 'em out in the Hood River country. There the men grow tall, and the trees have to be propped and supported. Also, the trees support the men. The Hood River Valley apples have attained an international reputation. This Hood River Valley is one of the most picturesque and beautiful spots one can imagine. The cool nights and the warm sunshine of the days seem to contribute exactly the right conditions for successful fruit-culture. I admire the Hood River Valley apples, but I admire the Hood River Valley people more. They have brought genius to bear in the business of apple growing and apple salesmanship. They know how to prepare their wares in the most attractive shape for the market. ¶Plenty of active and ambitious men, young college men, have built up fortunes in the Hood River



Valley. There is wealth in the soil. All you need to do is to stake out a claim, then tickle the soil and watch it laugh a harvest. ¶Right now I could tell you about an undoubted

bargain in fruit property out in the Hood River country. So here are a few facts for you to fletcherize: 51 acres—29 set out to orchard; Soil of deep volcanic ash, with clay subsoil—acknowledged the best for orchard cultivation; House, six rooms and bath; Apple-House; Barns; Chicken-House; Complete housekeeping outfit and farm equipment; Team of good farm-horses; Milch-Cow; Chickens; Excellent water-supply; Net Returns, based on present records, should reach the \$6,000 mark. ¶Maxwellton Orchard is a beautiful place and commands a magnificent outlook up Hood River Valley, with majestic snow-capped Mount Hood in full view.

Just two and one-half miles from town by hard macadam road. Two hours from Portland, by rail. ¶The selling-price pretty nearly touches rock bottom. ¶It is either "cash down" or "cash and balance in one, two, three, four or five years with interest at 6 per cent."

Further facts and figures will be furnished gladly by one of the two owners of the property

S. M. MEARS, 14TH AND NORTHRUP STREETS
PORTLAND, OREGON

THE ROYCROFT FRATERNITY

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta

From THE FRA Magazine for April, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen

1. In what sense is Travel an educator and supreme civilizer?
2. What did Emerson say about Travel?
3. How did Ruskin regard Railroads?
4. (a) About what year did Railroadng commence in America? (b) What three railroads started operations about the same time?
5. Define *Transportation*.
6. Name twelve great Railroad Systems in the United States; two in England.
7. What is an *interlocking directorate*?
8. Argue for or against a slight increase in freight-rates.
9. Who is (a) James J. Hill? (b) Howard Elliott? (c) William T. Noonan? (d) W. H. Truesdale?
10. Where is *Parnassus*, and how famed in song and story? Explain its metaphorical use in this connection (page 3).
11. What is *Science*?
12. What is a Railroad's stock in trade?
13. Have you ever traveled on the B. R. & P.?
14. What two ways are there for a Railroad to make money?
15. Describe one method of watering railroad stock.
16. Why did Marshall Field say that the patron was always right?
17. What is *H₂O*? Explain the designation.
18. Differentiate between *stocks* and *bonds*.
19. What are the chief duties of the Interstate Commerce Commission?
20. What are (a) patricians? (b) peons?
21. What is the matter with Mexico?
22. How do the United States and Mexico compare as regards illiteracy?
23. How is the Common People portrayed by cartoonists of the day? Is the portrayal true to life?
24. What and when were the Dark Ages, so called?
25. Explain the statement that "Economics changes man's activities."
26. Who was (a) Pythagoras? (b) Robert Fulton? (c) Stephenson?
27. What three questions must be settled before a new Era of Expansion can be ushered in?
28. Describe the connection of each of the following men with the Civil War: (1) Wendell Phillips; (2) Abraham Lincoln; (3) Horace Greeley.
29. What is an Anvil Chorus?
30. Who was (1) Walter Savage Landor? (2) Lord Brougham? (3) Jeffrey? (4) George Meredith? (5) Don Quixote?
31. Give the prescription for a 'Gene Field letter.
32. Have you read E. V. Lucas' book entitled, *The Gentlest Art*?
33. Explain the importance of these documents: (a) Declaration of Independence; (b) Magna Charta; (c) Bill of Rights.
34. What was the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings?
35. What is a hundred-point man?
36. What are Mr. Brandeis' ideas on Price Maintenance?
37. How does the Sherman Anti-Trust Act operate against Big Business?
38. The "Sword of Damocles"—"Thread of Ariadne." Elucidate.
39. What do you understand by (a) "potential wrong doing"? (b) "government by injunction"?
40. What is the meaning of the phrase, *Scylla and Charybdis*?
41. What famous book did John Bunyan write, and where was he when he wrote it?
42. How has William Allan Pinkerton given the English Language a new word?
43. What is *Theosophy*?
44. Who was Mrs. Besant?

THE ROYCROFT DICTIONARY

Concocted by Ali Baba and The Bunch

*Done on rainy days, for the divertisement of
the cogibund and the discomfiture of Highbrowes*

HERE is a book without competition. It is a gentle rebuke to the sciolists who fall down and worship words and make of language a fetish. If words are in the way, run over 'em!

This Dictionary will make you think and make you laugh. It will put the skids under your grouch. Thus you will be the gainer. Also, we will be the gainer, provided you remit us the price—Two Dollars.

And the strange part is, the book is worth the money. You can't really place a money-value on a book that gives you ideas that lift you out of the rut, starts your mental accelerator, and keeps your cosmic sparker active.

In typography, paper, ink and binding, this volume ranks as the most exquisite bit of work that The Roycrofters have thus far produced, save in those individual bindings that are beyond the reach of the proletariat, being designed only for the Predatory Ones.

Your orders for the Roycroft Dictionary are solicited. As before intimated—Two Dollars!

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora - - - New York

THE MAY FRA

*The keynote of the May FRA is contained
in the opening paragraph:*

(Individuals at work are safe—and a nation
is safe, only when its people are employed.)

In a masterly way, Mr. Hubbard, who is a workingman himself, deals with the vexed question of the relations of capital and labor, and draws some characteristic conclusions.

Besides his leading article, there are two others by Mr. Hubbard on Organization and Advertising that make mighty interesting reading.

Among the signed articles are two especially noteworthy: "Agricultural Education," by Dr. Rumely, and "Crippling Enterprise," by Arthur Brisbane.

THE FRA is the exponent of the American Philosophy, and the American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry—and the application of the Golden Rule, of helping yourself by helping others.

THE FRA will make you a better and bigger man or woman—fit subject for the kingdom of fine minds. And the May FRA is a step forward.



No. 088
Width, 13½ inches
Depth, 13 inches
Seat, 10 inches high
Back, 15 inches

THESE two chairs are made especially for the Kideens. They are "creep-up-close chairs," for when daddy tells the "sandman story." ¶ All the characteristics that go to make Roycroft Furniture distinctive are embodied in them.

They are strong, well finished, well balanced, durable and artistic.

Made of quartered oak; leather seats.

¶ They will be sent to you, securely crated, F. O. B. East Aurora, for Twelve Dollars. Yes—BOTH OF THEM.



No. 020
Width, 16¼ inches
Depth, 15 inches
Back, 18½ inches

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

To the
**Lake Superior and
 Iron and Copper Country**

Ashland Limited

Leaves Chicago 6:00 p.m., arrives Ashland
 8:05 a.m.

**Iron and Copper Country
 Express**

Leaves Chicago 6:30 p.m., arrives Negaunee
 7:00 a.m., Ishpeming 7:20 a.m., Marquette
 7:45 a.m., Houghton 10:20 a.m., Hancock
 10:30 a.m., Calumet 11:10 a.m.

Iron Range Express

Leaves Chicago 9:50 p.m., arrives Iron River
 10:35 a.m.

**Northern Michigan and
 Ashland Fast Mail**

Leaves Chicago 2:30 a.m., arrives Ashland
 5:55 p.m., Negaunee 4:05 p.m., Ishpeming
 4:20 p.m., Marquette 4:45 p.m., Houghton 7:55
 p.m., Hancock 8:10 p.m., Calumet 8:45 p.m.

¶ Your train leaves Chicago from the new Passenger Terminal.

¶ The picturesque route by day—traveling over a smooth double-track
 roadbed protected by automatic safety signals insures a restful night.



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 apply to your nearest ticket agent or address

Chicago and North Western Ry.

A. C. Johnson, P. T. M. Chicago, Ill. C. A. Cairns, G. P. & T. A.


**Flower
 Font**


¶ It does n't cost a fortune to have a few beautiful things from the famous Howard Studios in New York. Quite the contrary.

¶ For example, this charming little Italian Font, filled with Flowers in Winter—would n't that make the parlor bay-window blossom like the rose? Imagine it!

¶ In Howard's Manufactured Stone, the price varies from Fifty to Seventy-five Dollars, according to the size. These figures include a waterproof lining which can be removed, and the flowers filled from time to time.

This same flower-font in Marble costs One Hundred Seventy-five Dollars, but it takes time and labor to make 'em.

Francis Howard's illustrated catalog is full of beautiful things suitable for garden ornamentation. Twenty-five cents, stamps or coin, brings you a copy—*gratis*, as the Irishman said. Better send today, using this address:

FRANCIS HOWARD, 5 W. 28th St., New York City



SIX
 POUNDS
 AND
 DOING
 WELL—

**CHRISTENED
 CORONA**

*A Typewriter for
 Personal Use*

Lugging a heavy typewriter around is no joke. If you have tried it, you know I am right. For traveling purposes a lightweight is the thing. That's the Corona—just six pounds.

¶ Yet, the Corona is strong and durable, and does work enough for a giant. It is a complete high-grade standard writing machine. ¶ When you go a-traveling, travel light—dispense with excess baggage. The Corona is the typewriter for all travelers. Prices and information gladly given on request. Write for Corona Catalog No. 7.

Standard Typewriter Company

Groton, N. Y.

U. S. A.

New York City, 1493 Broadway

MELVILLE CLARK

APOLLO

Player Piano



Why?

Q *Why* does the Apollo readily bring a little higher average price than other player pianos? *Why* are folks who want real music glad to pay the difference?

A The answer lies in the fact that no one who has ever heard the Apollo will dispute the fact that it comes nearer truly reproducing human music than any other player piano.

Here are a few of the exclusive features of the Apollo—all patented and all playing their part in the production of Apollo music:

Q The Apollo Player Piano accented the melody or omits it altogether.

Write us for all the facts. The features above are but a few of many. The two booklets we send show photographic comparisons of the different construction covering all the vital facts about player pianos in general as well as the Apollo in particular.

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY
Executive Offices, 482 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago

sensitive fear that capital always exhibits in the face of hostile or adverse conditions. The investor, wisely or not, today views the safety and future value of railroad securities with distrust. Meager returns, coupled with doubt about the public intention toward invested capital in railroad properties, are making it more difficult and also more expensive to secure funds for the urgent improvements and extensions that are necessary fully to equip the railroads to keep abreast of the times. Whether this fear is well grounded remains for the future to determine. Every patriotic citizen should persuade himself and his neighbor that

GOVERNMENT regulation is here to stay, and, intelligently administered, it is no bugbear to railroad owners or managers. On the contrary, it can and should be a protection and safeguard. It is plain, however, to every one that the result today of the activity of the Federal and State tribunals has greatly altered the position of railroad securities in the public eye. They no longer offer opportunities for speculative profits; the only speculative element remaining arises from and inheres in the

this great industrial servant is in safe hands, and see to it that this proves to be so. Otherwise a continuation of inadequate transportation facilities will, as certainly as night follows day, "place an arbitrary limit upon the future productivity of the land."—*Darius Miller*.

THE benefaction derived in Illinois and the great West from railroads is inestimable, and vastly exceeding any intentional philanthropy on record.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

THE high cost of living during the last few years has pinched the railways more severely than any other branch of business. Everything that the railway uses has gone up, from the wages of the office-boy to the price of locomotives; but the one thing that has remained stationary has been the cost of transportation. The railway is just like a merchant; it has something to sell to the public. But there is this difference between the railway and the merchant. If the merchant has to pay more for his goods because the wages of the men who make the articles that he sells have increased, and the price of raw materials has advanced, the salesman and

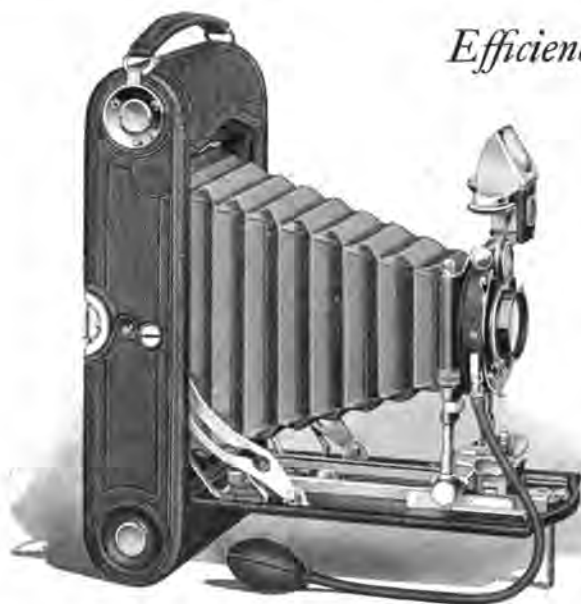
bookkeepers ask more money, and the landlord thinks his store is worth more this year than it was last, and more men have been appointed on the police force and in the fire-department, making taxes heavier, why, the merchant simply charges more for his goods, whether it be coffee or calico, beans or beef. And he can do this, because every other merchant is in the same boat. Manufacturing costs more this year than last, and the retailer has to pay the difference; so the retailer puts

the burden on the public, the ultimate consumer. The railway can not do this, because it is not permitted to charge what it pleases for its services. It is under the control of State and Federal laws; its rates for the transportation of passengers and freight are subject to the approval of local or national authorities.

—A. Maurice Low.

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.



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Combining: Anastigmat lens speed, Compound Shutter precision, perfection in the minutest detail of construction and finish, every feature that is desired by the most expert hand camera worker—all this in pocket cameras that retain the *Kodak Simplicity*.

No. 1A, pictures	2½ x 4¼ inches,	- - -	\$46.00
No. 3, "	3¼ x 4¼ inches,	- - -	48.00
No. 3A, "	3¼ x 5½ inches,	- - -	60.00

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or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Just Favors

Small articles of modeled leather and hand-wrought copper
for luncheon favors and party prizes

MODELED-LEATHER HAT-PINS



Price, 60 cents



Price, 60 cents



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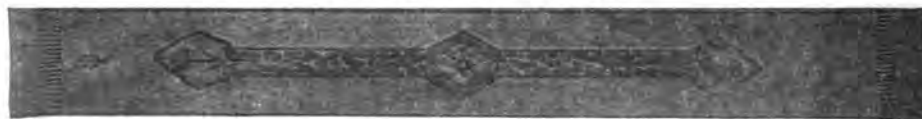


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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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The coloring of these bags is an exquisite blending of soft greens and browns with gold. They will harmonize with a suit of any color.



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Size, 8 x 10½ inches. Price, \$12.00



Price, \$6.00
Modeled in Lily-of-the-Valley Design.
Size, 4½ x 6 inches
Lined with moire silk.
Has inside pocket and cardcase.



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Leather-lined. Has inside pocket and coin-purse.
Size, 7 x 9½ inches.
Price, \$10.00
Size, 8 x 9¾ inches.
Price, \$12.00



Modeled in Buttonwood Design
Price, \$15.00
Size, 8¼ x 9 inches



Price, \$6.00
Size, 4½ x 10½ inches. Lined with moire silk.

THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, N. Y.

The Smart Set Rested Its Personality!

That is a frank admission. The resting has taken a year. It came about through frankness. Don't misunderstand—we did not start out to rest anything; that has been incidental; as a matter of fact—a surprise. But our frankness was deliberate; a year ago we came out—boldly—in behalf of absolute freedom in literary expression. Ours was to be quality, not quantity circulation; stories were to be true to life; no moral pointing; no incessant triumphs of virtue over vice; no inevitably happy endings. We were going to tell only truths—as in life; in that we were very original. We did all this. We succeeded in being frank. The critics praised us mightily. And so did readers—some of them. Other readers did not. The opinions of readers who didn't were put beside the opinions of those who did—and we decided—not to be frank in just the same way in the future. We are going to give you what you have always found in *The Smart Set*—entertainment par excellence—light, keen, clever, clean, crisp, genuine. We did succeed in what we started out to do a year ago—absolutely—and we might give any amount of explanation—but we choose to say of the accomplishment—now—that we were resting our personality. And we will be understood—for *The Smart Set* always addresses itself to the keen and quick of mind. You know—its prime purpose is to provide lively entertainment for minds that are not primitive.

In one way the name "THE SMART SET" is a misnomer. Taken as we mean it, it is decidedly fit. We are not a "Society" magazine. We have no mission to perform—social, religious, political or moral. We have but one idea—to entertain the well educated—with fiction, verse, essays, humor.

And from the following definition we take our title—you will find it under "S" in Webster:

**Smart:—Clever; Keen;
Quick; Witty; Alert.**

We agree with Mr. Webster. That justifies the "Smart." Justify the "Set" to your own satisfaction. But if you will only buy and read *The Smart Set* you will decide that it needs neither justification nor agreement—it is its own in both cases.

**Clean
Crisp
Clever**

You Must Buy The April Smart Set

There are many reasons why. It is a good quarter's worth. It is a typically good *Smart Set* number—and that means for you who read, chuckles, smiles, a laugh aloud, perhaps a tear, many surprises—all the elements of entertainment—but no frowns.

The leader—the first half of a two-part story by J. D. Beresford—"The House in Demetrius Road"; the scene—a London suburb; the action—entirely in and about a small, commonplace house. If you begin this story, you won't leave the reading lamp before the last page is read—and you're bound to await anxiously the second part.

Do This Immediately

Tear out this coupon—now—pin it to a dollar—and send it along. In return you will get a receipt for your dollar—and five months of *THE SMART SET*. With every issue you will get genuine entertainment—clean, bright reading—that will make you smile at the world—and help you laugh with it. One dollar, please—and right now—before you forget it.

Enter the first of a series of stories about children. Enter—but not exit—the eternal boy, who will make you grown-ups chuckle and smile and feel good all over. This is "The Tribe" by Basil Macdonald Hastings.

To add to April's delight will be Max Beerbohm—called one of the three cleverest men in England—contributing an essay "The Mobled King;" Freeman Tilden, cleverly satirical on eugenic marriages—"Oh Perfect Love;" Eden Phillpotts, Richard LeGallienne—both characteristically represented; a real thriller—"The Path of the Moth," by Herman Scheffauer, with scientists, burglars, detectives and luck, and you won't know the end till you get there.

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The Smart Set
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Modeled Leather and Hand-Wrought Copper for the Writing-Desk

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Pad, 12 by 17 inches, with individual hand-blotted and penwiper

DESK-SETS, MODELED-COWHIDE CORNERS

With pad 12 by 17 inches, Price, \$3.50. With pad 16 by 23 inches, Price, \$4.50.

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Modeled in Poppy Design

Height, 6 1/4 inches

BOOK-ENDS in same design

Height, 5 1/4 inches

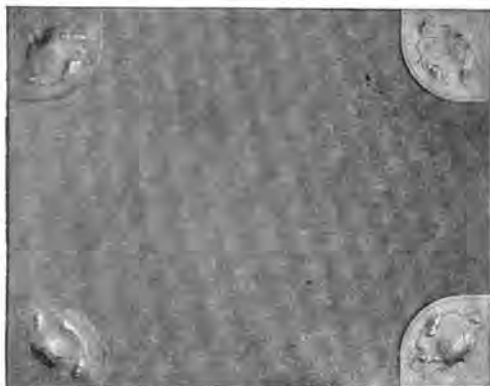
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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

HUDSON Six-40

The Six of Tomorrow

Hudson engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin, won fame for the Hudson by looking ahead. They see your trends first, and meet them. You find them always—as in this Six-40—building the cars of tomorrow.

WHEN you wanted a Four under \$3,000, Howard E. Coffin first built it. When you wanted a quality Four under \$2,000, Howard E. Coffin was first to supply it. When you turned to Sixes, and wanted a Six under \$3,000, last year's HUDSON Six-54 was the first to give it to you.

And now, when Sixes are the vogue—when you want a light Six, an economical Six, a Six under \$2,000—here it comes for \$1,750 in this new-type HUDSON Six-40.

Tomorrow's Wants

Tomorrow, men who pay over \$1,500 will not be content without Sixes. Note the present overwhelming trend.

Five miles in a Six will win any man—by its smoothness, its lack of vibration, its flexibility, its reduction of gear-shifting. The men who don't crave Sixes now simply never drove one.

But men of tomorrow will demand quality Sixes, for low-grade cars are not worth having long.

They will demand low operative cost. And that means a Six with our new-type motor—the small-bore, long-stroke motor found in the HUDSON Six-40. It is breaking all economy records, size and power considered.

They will demand the utmost in beauty and equipment. And they will, above all, demand lightness.

What Lightness Means

The HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds certified railroad weight. Suppose a car of like size and power weighs 1,000 pounds more. That is equal to six extra passengers. Suppose it weighs only 450

pounds more. You might as well carry three extra passengers for every mile you drive. There is the same extra fuel cost, the small extra wear on tires.

HUDSON engineers have given you here super-strength with lightness. All by better materials, better designing, and by this new-type motor. And they give you that modesty in size to which men of tomorrow are coming. Yet with ample room and two extra tonneau seats.

Tomorrow's Beauty

Tomorrow the streamline body—now European vogue—will be the only acceptable body. And here it is in the most distinguished type.

Tomorrow all the new ideas in equipment which we cite below will be required in high-grade cars. Yet some of the best are found today in HUDSON cars alone.

Tomorrow's Price

And tomorrow men won't pay the HUDSON price for a lesser type of car. If we can give so much for \$1,750, others must. Here, in every detail, is the best that we can give. Here is the car which leads this year in the main things that you seek. And the price is below any quality car, whatever the type, in this class.

Our Larger Six-54

We build on the same lines the new HUDSON Six-54. In design, finish and equipment these two cars are almost identical. But the Six-54 has a 135-inch wheelbase and more power. The price is \$2,250.

Your local Hudson dealer shows this new-type Six. Go see it early, for even now we are far behind on orders. Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book will be mailed to you on request.

HUDSON Six-40 \$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top.
Quick-adjusting curtains.
Dimming searchlights.

Concealed hinges.
Concealed speedometer gear.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.

Price, \$1,750 F. O. B. Detroit. Wire wheels, with extra wheel, \$75 extra.

Standard roadster, same price.

Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, \$1,950.

129

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7846 Jefferson Avenue

Detroit, Michigan



Brunswick "Baby Grand" Pocket-Billiard Table

STYLE "B" Size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 feet

Handsome Figured Mahogany—Fancy Wood Inlaid Design—Vermont Slate Bed—Baby Monarch Cushions—Ball and Cue Racks, the latter concealed—Accessory Drawer for playing equipment

Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?

THIS sort of sob-stuff was sprung, sung and enjoyed years ago. It would not make a one-base hit on the Orpheum Circuit today. The singer would be handed the hon. hookerino and hikerino all in one and the same breath.

Practical people long ago solved the "wandering-boy" business by introducing billiards into the home.

The folks who object to Billiards are the ones who would like to see Venus in a Mother Hubbard, and Apollo tricked out in Stein-Blox and Stetson.

The game is established on a safe and secure footing and will cease to draw devotees only when people no longer evince a healthy interest in digital dexterity and a mental matching of wits.

So, behold "my wandering boy"

in the bosom of his family, inviting in a select covey of neighborhood chums. They come well washed behind the ears, and feeling delightfully stiff and uncomfortable in starched linen and clean collars.

Father acts as arbiter, offering advice gratis, and occasionally taking a hand himself, to show the neophytes how *not* to do it, apparently.

Nine o'clock comes apace. Home they troop, and slide off into slumberland surrounded by visions of "carom cushions."

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" Pocket-Billiard Table is pictured above, but the fact is, no picture does it justice.

Shipments are made everywhere, every day, and safe delivery is the rule.

Fill in the coupon and mail today—you incur no obligation.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.,

Dept. Y. R. 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Gentlemen:

Please send the beautiful color-illustrated catalog *BILLIARDS—THE HOME MAGNET* and details of Easy Purchase Plan to

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THE principal business of The Roycrofters is Printing. For just twenty years this has been our chief work. We have as good an equipment as any concern in the country for turning out the best and most attractive quality of work. Our Shop is in a great open space where light comes in from every side. We have a central electric plant that supplies light, heat and power. We own our property, free from debt. Our workers are well-paid. ¶ Not only do we do printing, but we raise printers. We have printers in our Shop who have taken prizes for artistic type effects in Philadelphia, New York, London, Amsterdam and Stockholm. We are never quite satisfied — our desire is to do still better work than we have done. Quality of paper, ink, margins, spacings, initials, ornaments—all have careful attention, with many consultations on all important jobs. ¶ As a class, our workers are a strong, able, intelligent, healthy, happy and thrifty people. Every worker in this Shop has a Savings-Bank Account—and this can not be said

of any other printing-shop in the world. Many of our people own their homes. ¶ We are prepared to print pamphlets, folders, books, memorials. If the class of work requires it, we use parchment, vellum, and papers made in Italy, Holland, Japan and America. If the United States produced the best papers, we would buy all of our supplies here; but as many of the highest-grade papers are still made abroad, we have to send orders across the sea. ¶ As for the preparation of copy—Sure! We have folks here who occasionally venture to dip the pen in ink and write things. If your manuscript needs revising, correcting or rearranging, we take care of all these details for you without extra charge. ¶ And, of course, if you want us to do the planning and writing, as well as the printing and binding, we are yours to command. ¶ In brief, we are Public Servants. ¶ We are here to work—that is where we find our joy. We want to serve that exacting clientele which is hard to please—the people who prize and appreciate the best. ¶ May we serve you in this “Art Preservative”? ¶ Samples of our work gladly sent on request ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

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Vol. XIII

MAY, 1914

No. 2



JAMES MACNAUGHTON

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N.Y.
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MAKING shoes is a rather prosaic occupation, until you stop to think about it, and then it takes on quite a glamour of romance.

One hundred million people in this country alone, and every one of the hundred million wears shoes. Two hundred million shoes! It is estimated that each individual wears out three pairs of shoes in the course of a year. Six hundred million shoes! Not everybody, of course, gets three pairs per annum, but others exceed the speed-limit, and thus is the law of average maintained.

Fra Coward, the New York Cobbler, does not supply all the shoes that are worn in the United States; and he will never have to live in three States to dodge the income-tax collector. But he is passably "comfortable," and so are the folks who buy his shoes. Just ask the man who wears 'em!

Strict application to business and personal attention to individual orders have resulted in the building up of an enterprise only faintly foreshadowed in Coward's youthful days.

Good-will is a very tangible asset, and good-will has played a prime part in the rearing of the stately Coward edifice.

The Coward Mail-Order Department is an outcrop of the personal-service ideas fathered and founded by James S. Coward. Thousands of out-of-town patrons can testify to the efficiency of this long-distance service.

THE COWARD SHOE FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

❁ You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Mr. Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "SPECIAL" Shoes

The Coward Extension Heel Shoe - - - - - (for weak arches)
Made in our custom dept for over 30 years

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe - - - (made especially for tender feet)

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The Coward Combination Shoe - - - *The Coward Orthopedic Shoe*

JAMES S. COWARD
264-274 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK
(MAIL ORDERS FILLED) (SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)



Brunswick "Baby Grand" Pocket-Billiard Table

STYLE "B" Size, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ feet

Handsome Figured Mahogany—Fancy Wood Inlaid Design—Vermont Slate Bed—Baby Monarch Cushions—Ball and Cue Racks, the latter concealed—Accessory Drawer for playing equipment

THE ESCAPE-VALVE



ACOB RIIS is authority for the statement that the average boy carries about one hundred pounds of steam to the square inch, and travels under this pressure right along, except when he is asleep.

The fact is, every healthy boy is a motor; and a motor is a thing that moves and imparts motion. No real boy "stays put" of his own free will. The steam accumulates, and is bound to blow off occasionally, or the boy will bust.

The thing to do is to provide an escape-valve, and my advice to parents is, Buy a "Baby Grand" Pocket-Billiard Table. You can not imagine what a difference it makes! Henceforth, for that snorting steam-engine, that gallivanting, irrepressible, surcharged dynamo, there's no place like home. No more chasing around town on mischief

and miching-mallecho bent. No more begging permission to stay all night at Jimmy Jones' or Billy Bones'. "Sumthin' new overtour-house—betcha can't guess what!" "Baby?"

"Yep!—he!—he!—Billiard Table—reglar corker!—they call it 'Baby Grand'—Ha! ha!—that 's one on you! Dad saw the pitcher in the Fraud—that 's a magazine, I guess. Come over t'nite an' I'll learn you how to play!"

"You can't learn me nothing—but I'll come, *sure mike!*"

Not only the kids, but their elders, who are merely children of a larger growth, find the "Baby Grand" Billiard Table a Home Magnet of irresistible drawing power. Pay cash down, or take your time—just as you prefer. Note the coupon, which you are requested to fill in and mail today, incurring no obligation whatever.

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UNDERWOOD

holds all records for

SPEED, ACCURACY, AND STABILITY

"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

George Westinghouse thus attained not only national but world fame. Like Edison, he was an encyclopedic inventor, dowered with both fecundity and versatility. Unlike Edison, he did not wander into unrelated by-paths, but mainly plowed a consistent furrow. From beginning to end of over forty-five years of invention and improvement and manufacture, he gave the world steady contributions of innovation or refinement toward perfection of its control of motion and power, the two great characteristics of the age. It was his life-work to harness more efficiently, in a myriad ways, its twin genii of compressed air and electricity.

THE most typical hero in America is probably the inventor. The popular tribute to him remains constant—although statute encouragement and protection may be sadly deficient—when all other erstwhile heroes of war, politics or business are pretty sure at last to meet fickle defection or even wilful detraction. But the inventor expresses more purely the national aspiration for pioneering progress. Once let him attain bitterly won success, and his fame is safe.

It was fortunate for both him and the world that his birth was so timely. When Vanderbilt, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight, scorned his fool device for "stopping a train with wind," the real era of American railroading over grand distances, with ever-growing capacity and burdens, was opening. His earliest triumph in mastery of the alternating current almost equally served to pave the way for the tremendous electrical expansion. His minor successes in electricity met instant reception

in an evolving era of mechanical production. His turbine contributions fitted in aptly with the needs of marine architecture. It is well that he was not born a generation earlier.

Not that he would not have even then achieved some large fraction of his actual success against the discouragements that beset Fulton, Howe, Whitney and Morse, for one secret of his greatness was the indomitable will that went with abounding energy and power of command. His main asset, apart from the inventive imagination, was his own dominating personality. Early success was merely a stimulus and a source of useful revenue. Later

obstacles or trials merely evoked new demonstrations of courage, resource and persistence.

¶ The power and will to work, with no waste of precious time, that led to his portable workshop on journeys and to his greater fondness for overalls and laboratory than for directors' table—though always McGregor at that table—was not merely personal, but through knack of organizing led to his long pre-eminence as a manufacturing captain. His was long a one-man enterprise, when the only other rival

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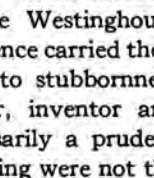
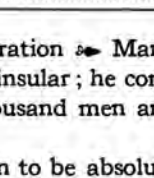
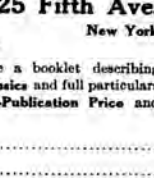
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A built-in-refrigerator—planned with the house—with an outside ice door (that keeps the ice man with his muddy feet, outside) is a great convenience and saves many steps in the kitchen. You can be sure that food is kept fresh, crisp, and free from odors, taint or spoilage, if you install a modern

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For thirty years the McCray has been used in the best residences, hotels, clubs, restaurants and public institutions. It was chosen by the U. S. Government for use in the U. S. Pure Food Laboratories and other government institutions, and recognized throughout the world as the Standard of Refrigerator Superiority.

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For Branch Salesrooms in Other Cities See Your Local Phone Directory

diency of the step then taken. But the fact remains, also, that it was Westinghouse himself who most doggedly insisted that receivership damage could be retrieved.

And the foundation for the financiers was a strong one—the Westinghouse genius that a whole world has honored.—*Clarence W. Barron.*

BUT it must be a cardinal principle in dealing with honestly built and wisely managed railways that the investor, the shareholder, is just as much entitled to protection as is the wage-earner, the shipper, or the representatives of the general public. Unless the investor finds that he is to get a fair

sole problems; also there was the selling and the financing. Hence the one real reverse in the Westinghouse career in Nineteen Hundred Ten, in the virtually enforced abdication of purse and policy control of the various Westinghouse companies.

The sequel of business success since then, in the gradual wiping out of losses in unwise foreign conquests attempted, and in conservation and diversification in internal output and management, have confirmed the expe-

return on his money, he will not invest, and in such case not only will no new railways be built, but existing railways will not be able to repair the waste, the wear and tear, to which they are subject, and will not be able to make needed improvements. All governmental action, whether by legislature or the executive, should be conditioned by keeping in view this fact.—*"The Outlook."*

Those who are in earnest do not die.—*Bacon.*

LIKE many other men I was not astounded at reports of violence on the part of English suffragists, because I believe there is a great deal of evidence to support the assertion that women are still barbaric in their natures. It is a widely known fact that their truthfulness under oath is seriously doubted in the courts of every land. It is universally recognized that they are not loyal one to another even merciful in judgment. They are scornful of nearly all rules, and delight in breaking them with impunity. As a rule they are not industrious except under compulsion. They are not punctual, and in the pursuit of what they desire

they are not likely to recognize rules of warfare. If this is not plain indication of semi-barbarism, I misunderstand the meaning of the word.—*Father L. J. Conklin.*

THE Seven Wonders of the World are: The man who will work without being watched.

A sales manager who does n't think he pays the old man's salary.

A salesman who thinks that perhaps the

quality of the material may have something to do with his making those large contracts. A stenographer who knows punctuation, and will look in the dictionary when she is uncertain about the spelling.

A purchasing agent who does n't think he does you a favor when he asks you to quote.

A new superintendent who will wait a week before installing a much better system than his predecessor's.

A boss who acts as if he was n't.

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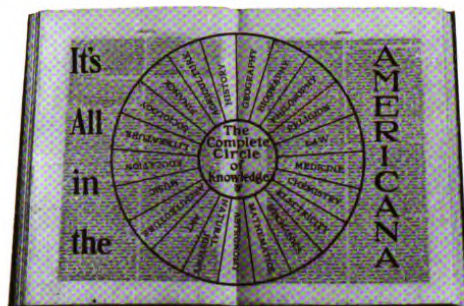
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY
Premier Carrier of the South

DISRAELI'S reference to Gladstone as be-
ing "inebriated with the exuberance of
his own verbosity," can be applied with equal
force to Brann, late of Waco, Texas.

He was drunken with words.

A pastmaster in the art of word-juggling, he
touched upon an endless variety of themes,
handling them in a style that is inimitable. He
unloosed his tongue and pen in denuncia-
tion of all and everything that appeared to him
to stand between the sunlight and his ideals.

Brann threat-
ened, chided,
ridiculed; he
stung with his
satire, crazed
with his calum-
nious carica-
tures and hyp-
notized with his
hyperbole.

His language
was molten lava
—his spirit as
untamable as
Etna.

His complete
works have been
collected by
Herz Brothers,
Waco, Texas,
and published
by them in
deluxe form in
two volumes.

Every lover of
luminous litera-
ture—every
seeker after
style—should
have Brann's
books on his five-
foot shelf.

A taste of their
quality and
variety can be
appraised by
the following
quotations:

"Kisses when
taken on the
instalment plan
—and selected
with due care—

will not only restore a misplaced appetite, but
are especially beneficial in cases of hay-fever,
as they banish that tired feeling, tone up the
liver, invigorate the heart, and make the
blood to sing through the system like a giant
jew's-harp."

"I want a word, a new word, that will aptly
describe G. D. T. and at the same time burn
no holes in Uncle Sam's asbestos mail-sack."

"I can but wonder what will become of him,
when the breath leaves his feculent body and

death stops the rattling of his abortive brain—for he is not fit for heaven, and too foul for hell.

¶ “He can not be buried in the earth lest he provoke a pestilence; nor in the sea lest he poison the fish; nor swung into space, like Mahomet’s coffin, lest the circling worlds, in trying to avoid contamination, crash together, wreck the Universe and bring again the noisome reign of Chaos and Old Night!”

IGNORANCE sees stars and flowers and rocks without a thrill of happiness, because he perceives nothing of what they say to him. The stars and flowers and rocks have wonderful stories to tell, and are enchanting entertainers to

those who realize that the highest happiness on earth is the intellectual enjoyment of Nature, which must be founded, to be permanent and progressive, on true economic conditions. A diseased state of society insures epidemics. ¶ A healthy state of society insures the public health.

The co-operative commonwealth is but a healthy system of society. May it be soon realized and our common humanity bound together in one Economic Brotherhood of



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The Victrola brings to you all kinds of music and entertainment, superbly rendered by the world’s greatest artists who make records exclusively for the Victor.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play the latest dance music or any other music you wish to hear. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$500.

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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

liberty, equality and fraternity, and be blessed with happiness and consequent good health.

—J. H. Greer, M. D.

¶ DO the best I know—the very best I can; and I mean to keep right on doing so until the end. ¶ If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won’t amount to anything; if the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Lincoln.



I HAVE a saddle-mare that is nineteen years old *— —*

I have ridden her almost daily for fifteen years.

I This animal is not for sale, nor do I care to trade her off for a younger horse.

I HAVE a watch that I have carried across seas and over continents, on mountain peaks and down into mines, for over twenty-eight years.

When I lecture, it lies patiently on the table, where I can see its restless hands and open, honest face.

I HAVE a violin made by Joseph Guarnerius in Seventeen Hundred Ten. The thought that it was made by a pupil of Stradivarius—Stradivarius, who made violins to the glory of God—means much to me.

I do not care to exchange this violin. It serves and it satisfies.

I HAVE an automobile that I bought six years ago.

Conservative in outline, perfect in mechanism—it has been run almost every day, eight months in the year.

It has never flirted with a street-car, argued with a telegraph-pole, disputed the right of way with another, nor shown a fondness for the ditch.

Keep

By

And because it never was freakish in outline it will always be in style.

We call this automobile "Old Betsy."

Last year I was offered a glittering machine in trade—the newest creation of a factory whose principal business was to create new creations so often that none of their customers could remain in style—or the style as outlined by that factory—and keep their cars over six months.

But instead of trading, I sent "Betsy" to the sanitarium, where she was overhauled and painted.

On her return my two little grandchildren raised the joyful cry, "Betsy is home—Old Betsy is home!" For no new car would ever replace in the future in their affections a car that had done so much for their happiness in the past.

AND so when I read the glorious slogan of The White Company that has made literature of their advertising campaign this season—"Keep Your Car," there was an extra circulation of red corpuscles in my veins for here was at once the solution of what the matter with the automobile-manufacture, the automobile-dealer and the automobile owner today.

"Keep Your Car!"

You would do so if you knew what the three words really mean.

It means first, careful buying—a clinging to conservatism, propriety in outline, in your selection, because you are going to buy for keeps and not for trades.

It means a great load off your mind to think that not next year nor the year after that nor for half a dozen years to come do you have to worry about a trade, for if the car you buy

Your Car!

ALBERT HUBBARD

This year is right, that car will be right then —
 out in a broader sense, it means still more. It
 means that the automobile-dealers—those men
 who have made the world marvel at the growth
 of the American automobile industry—will
 make money from the sale of new machines
 and will not have to take their place as
 merchants on the level with dealers in second-
 and furniture or secondhand articles of any
 kind —

What matters it if only one manufacturer in
 America today is broad enough—big enough
 and confident enough in the perfection of
 their manufactured article to advise "Keep
 Your Car!"

Other manufacturers will follow—shall follow
 —must follow!

KEEP Your Car! Buy a good one and keep
 her. She is worth more to you than to any
 one else. Treat her well and do not trade her
 off to satisfy a spasm of vanity.

Keep your car!

The old aristocratic family used to buy a
 family carriage, and it lasted a lifetime. Then
 it was passed on in the will to a new genera-
 tion —

The modern, completely equipped automobile
 approximates the perfect.

What you should want to have a new car
 every year is silly and absurd.

It tokens the Newly-Rich—the Bounder who
 may be poor tomorrow.

KEEP Your Car! When you do, it does
 not suffer that thousand-dollar slump —
 When the auto was being evolved, and every
 year meant marked improvements, "there
 was a reason."

Don't buy a car that was built for trading
 purposes —

There are various makes of good cars. Select
 the car that is built to keep, not to trade—
 your ideal of what a car should be, and buy
 it. Then treat it well.

Automobile extravagance does not consist in
 owning a machine. It lies in the bughouse idea
 that you have to have a new one every year.
 If your chauffeur gives you an especially good
 run, hand him a V, and say: "Good boy,
 Charlie! Some machine, eh!"

Once in a while at the garage, hand a crisp,
 green one-dollar bill to the chap who gives
 her "treatment." Not that the man needs the
 money, but you owe it to yourself to let him
 know you are a gentleman, and not a gent —
 Show the cop at the crossing that you are no
 piker —

Loosen up, and be a big, kindly, generous
 human being. The world is short on this kind.

Instead of throwing good money away on
 "swaps," keep your car and pass out a little
 love and small change as you journey.

Then note how much better you feel; and
 others will feel just as good as you do.

Keep everything that serves. Don't be a
 jing-bing—get credit for the past, and the
 present, then the future is mortgaged to you
 —Abas the bounder!

Love is the great lubricant.

Keep your temper.

Keep your friends.

Keep your health.

And lastly—

My hat is off to the automobile-maker whose
 work and worth enable him to popularize the
 three greatest words ever used in automobile
 advertising:

KEEP YOUR CAR!



Health-Wealth

By Alice Hubbard

"T is in ourselves that we are thus, or thus!" said the Clever One, in Othello.

What was the difference between Napoleon and the "red-cloaked clown"? The difference was in their thoughts, in their minds.

It was what went on in the head of Napoleon that made him the greatest conqueror of all times.

It was what did not take place in the head of the clown that made him content to gather twigs and glean a few grains of wheat all his life.

"Tell me what you think, and I will tell you what you are."—Are your thoughts thoughts of joy, health, hope, love, good-cheer, helpfulness? Then you belong to that group of powerful men and women known as the New Thought People.

Do you believe in sin, sorrow, sadness, misery, woe, pain, gloom? Then you belong to that negative nothing known as conservative, worn-out, senile, old thought.

Do you want health, hope, a free spirit, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Then use your brain to think new thoughts—your own thoughts of hope.

"You need help?" Everybody does.

And there is help.

Become acquainted with Elizabeth Towne, through her magazine—*The Nautilus*. Elizabeth Towne is one of the foremost Optimists of this, or any other age.

You are on the trail of health and happiness, also wealth, when you read the first number of *The Nautilus Magazine*. Keep on thinking hope thoughts with Mrs. Towne, and you will arrive, at least you will travel hopefully, which Robert Louis, the Beloved, says is better than to arrive.

Send to The Elizabeth Towne Company, Dep't 769, Holyoke, Mass., for a copy of

The Message of the New Thought, three months' trial subscription to *The Nautilus* in advance, three back numbers—all for Twenty-five Cents (Canadian, Thirty-five Cents; Foreign, Forty Cents)

CLEVAH--BAH JOVE!

A lighted cigarette actually vanishes from your hand. Borrow a "coffin-nail" or use your own, place it in the closed hand—open slowly—and zowie! It's gone! Done anywhere—any time. YOU can do it. This is just one of the many clever Magical Novelties I manufacture and offer to Roycrofters. There is nothing quite so entertaining and fascinating as Magic. Mine requires no skill, yet rivals the efforts of professionals. The "Cigarette Vanish," complete with easy directions, *Fifty Cents*. List of "Advanced Magic for Amateurs" comes with each order

CHESTER J. WOODIN

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Private Secretary

The job of Private Secretary is about the hardest on the terrestrial sphere. I think I would almost rather be that cop at the crossing. However, there's a young fellow in Dayton, who aspires to be private secretary to a man of Big Business. He is energetic, ambitious, anxious to give value received. He has taken a course in a good business college, and is serious and sincere. He certainly means business, and you know, yourself, that only live ones grow in Dayton. Who will give this young man a chance? Write

R. A.

Care of THE FRA Magazine
East Aurora, N. Y.

healthy, strong, active, intelligent folks. Certainly they are well paid. Many of them own their own homes. Nearly all of them have bank-accounts. They work under conditions that approximate the ideal. Ventilation, light, air, cheerful surroundings—all these things in degree account for the exquisite quality of the Niagara Maid products. The love, the ambition, the hope and the good will are all woven up and stitched into the fabric, and perhaps this accounts for the joy that the wearer finds in their possession. Silk underwear, hosiery, double-tipped gloves, made by artists who find a joy in their work.

I have visited these mills many times, and I always get an inspiration from the Little Journey. It is joyous to mingle with people who have a pride in their output. My heart is with the "Niagara Maid."

THE longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration.

—John Burroughs.

WHEN we have special visitors at Roycroft who prize and appreciate beautiful things, we very often take a little run down to the Niagara Silk Mills at North Tonawanda, and visit the "Niagara Maid" where the silk gloves are made.

The care, patience and the artistic skill brought to bear in making these beautiful gloves is a thing to see and remember long. There is nothing of the sweat-shop about the Niagara Silk Mills. The workers are happy,

SOME of our greatest industrial organizations have learned their "A, B, C's" in waste elimination and have found themselves well repaid, but they are still at the beginning, and the time is coming when every man who lays any claim to business ability will have to keep the question of waste before him constantly as now he does those of credit and collections,*buying and selling.—*Thomas Edison.*

IF I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.—*Charles Darwin.*

IN Christian or Moslem, Jew or Buddhist, the true man is true, and the false is false; not the creed as an abstraction, but its practical exemplification in life, is the gauge of religion.—*Bayard Taylor.*



MORE Words Defined—

Over 450,000 living words—many thousands more than any other dictionary—are spelled, pronounced, and explained.

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WHAT we don't know about vaccination :

1. Source of the disease—or its germ.
2. What the result will be in any case.
3. Who can be safely vaccinated.
4. Who will die from its effects.
5. How to make it safe or harmless.
6. What proportion of cases prove fatal.
7. That it has ever prevented smallpox.
8. Who is and who is not liable to smallpox.
9. How many who die of smallpox have been vaccinated—the facts are suppressed.—*"Life."*

CALIFORNIA FOR WEALTH

There will be gratification but no great surprise at the fact that the **SOIL** products of California during the past year reached a value of more than FIVE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS, but quite a number of people will be somewhat astonished to know that the State's **MANUFACTURES** reached a like sum, bringing the grand total well over the BILLION mark. These are figures to arouse the envy of a kingdom.—*San Francisco, Cal., Chronicle, April 10, 1914*

ORANGES FOR HEALTH

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley says: "Eat oranges. Eat them in the winter; eat them in the summer. Eat as many as you can afford to buy. I don't think anything I have ever said in praise of fruit diet is too strong to say about oranges and lemons. The abundant production of oranges and lemons in California, their excellent quality and cheap transportation across the country, have put these blessings to mankind within the reach of every person of moderate circumstances."

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During the past five years the Southern Pacific Company has operated over TEN THOUSAND MILES of railroad without a single fatality to a passenger through collision, derailment or other train accident, winning from the AMERICAN MUSEUM OF SAFETY the E. H. Harriman Memorial Gold Medal OVER ALL OTHER STEAM RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES for utmost progress in safety and accident prevention during the year ended June 30th, 1913.

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1915—Panama Pacific International Exposition—1915.

of crowds, or of the more common people in our modern, practical-minded Western world, was apparently adapted to its purpose as long as it was used for church purposes or as long as it was kept dramatic or sensational or remote, or as long as it was a cross for some one else, but as a means of attracting the attention of crowds of ordinary men and women to goodness in common every-day things, it is very doubtful if failure—in the power of steady daily pulling on men's minds—has done as much for goodness as success.

It is doubtful if, except as an ideal or conventional symbol, the cross has ever been or ever could be what

A STUPENDOUS success in goodness will advertise it as well as a stupendous failure 

Goodness has had its cross-redeemers to attract the attention of half a world.

Possibly it is having now its success-redeemers to attract the attention of the other half. The people the success-redeemers reach would turn out to be, possibly, very much more than half.

The Cross, as a means of getting the attention

might be called a spiritually middle-class institution. It has been reserved for men of genius, pioneers and world-designers to have those colossal and glorious crosses that have been worshiped in all ages, and must be worshiped in all ages as the great memorials of the human race.

But the more common and numerous types of men, the men who do not design worlds, but who execute them, build them, who carry the new designs of goodness out, who work

through the details and conceive the technique of goodness, are men in whom the spiritual and religious power takes the natural form of success.

It seems to be the nature of the modern and the Western type of man to challenge fatalism, to defy a cross. He would almost boast that nobody could make him die on it. This spirit in men too is a religious spirit. It is the next hail of goodness. Goodness posts up its next huge notice on the world: **SUCCESS.**—*G. Stanley Lee.*

UP to the point of efficiency, when one is learning a trade or profession there is comparatively little joyousness in his labor; but with the consciousness of mastery, of thorough knowledge and aptness, comes a feeling of strength and self-satisfaction, of superiority, which takes away all sense of drudgery, and makes the pursuit of one's occupation a source of constant delight.—*William Matthews.*

WHAT we need in this country is governmental control and regulation of all jokes, with a decisive, definitive recognition that guilt is personal.—*William Marion Reedy.*



"Niagara Maid"
PURE SILK GLOVES

CIn buying silk gloves, there are several points to be considered.
Is the silk real silk, or merely a good imitation?
What of the workmanship? Will rips and tears come with the third or fourth trying-on?
Are the gloves backed by a guarantee?
Price is the last thing you think of—and rightly. A good glove is worth the money, just as the laborer is worthy of his hire.
I know just two words that stand for good gloves, always and invariably. And these two words are—
Niagara Maid There are no better made

NIAGARA SILK MILLS, Dept. F, North Tonawanda, N. Y.
NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

THERE'S two kinds of discontent in this world: the discontent that works, and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success; and there's no cure at all for the second.—*Gorgon Graham.*

Abraham Lincoln was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble—a thing rare among politicians.—*John Hay*



FRENCH, GERMAN SPANISH OR ITALIAN

To speak it, to understand it, to read it, to write it, there is but one best way. You must hear it spoken correctly over and over, till your ear knows it. You must see it printed correctly till your eye knows it. You must talk it and write it. All this can be done by the

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This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. He speaks as you desire—slowly or quickly, night or day, for minutes or hours at a time.

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I am college-bred and married. Temperate in everything except work. Have had a good deal of successful experience, which is now for sale at par.

I worked in one place, filling all the available jobs, from office-boy to head of the department. I have a good grasp of advertising essentials, but I do not claim to know it all. I am not a ten-thousand-dollar man, as yet, but I am in the line of evolution. I aim to get \$2,500, and earn more.

First-class references furnished gladly on request.

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SOCIALISM is in the air. It has conquered the ranks of labor and permeated the schools of learning, and now it marches on the erstwhile citadel of individualism, the clear-eyed and iron-hearted band of the great captains of industry. The brainy organizers of finance, trade and manufacture, who have denounced trade-unionism and scoffed at the sentimental utterances of pulpit and fiction and pedagogue—these, at least, are tired of competition, and have set themselves to kicking

needless and impossible. Without struggle, the very faculties atrophy, nerve fails, and muscles are enfeebled with disuse.

When our "Harmonizations" become complete, nobody will need to build new railroads, or improve facilities, or invent new machinery, or study economy, or reward exceptional fidelity or energy. We shall fall to a dead level of mediocrity, stagnation, and then decay. The agencies that have built us up will be destroyed, the props will be withdrawn. The

great machine will revolve awhile of its own accumulated momentum, and then it will stop. And upon the ruins of what is left the survivors will erect another system, still imperfect no doubt, but purged of this insidious error of Socialism. Through some such dread experience as this we may have to pass, for Nature will make her lessons understood, at whatever cost is necessary to those who would set her at defiance. The process of creation is not to be reversed because some of the participants are tired of the struggle.

—Harvey Scott.

THERE is the type of man who measures every one by his own erroneous conception of himself. In a position of authority he sets himself up as a sort of tin god to be adored and worshiped. He is extremely jealous of his authority. He wants to "know it all." He resents suggestions from any one, fearing that to accept them will lower him in the estimate of others. This man is usually prejudiced, narrow and bigoted, and in dealing with others assumes a patronizing air. In rendering decisions he is apt to show the most unexpected pettiness.—Doctor Katharine M. H. Blackford.

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THE results of the State purchase of railroads may be summed up as follows: The working of State railroads is more costly for France than had even been foreseen by its adversaries. It has proved the powerlessness of Parliament to control such undertakings. It has set up a class of workmen and employees who consider that the line is run for their benefit, and not for the convenience of shippers or travelers. It has dealt a hard blow to public credit in France.—Yves Guyot.

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so wealthy that the individual can not always hope to see his efforts as richly compensated as was formerly the case, there is danger that this precious quality may be to some degree lost. It seems to me that the first care of the Americans should be to maintain it in all its integrity. The essential condition to the development of energy is liberty. Every restriction on liberty, with however good purpose, diminishes the individual responsibility and initiative. Yet we often hear mooted in America, as elsewhere, measures which, under the pretext of correcting abuses, would immeasurably extend the State's field of action, and reduce the liberty of citizens.

MORAL worth, which includes the recognition of duties as well as rights, self-respect, and respect for one's fellows, has contributed, fully as much as the magnificent resources of their country, to the brilliant success of the American people. Of the qualities that have co-operated to elevate them so rapidly to such a commanding position, the most impressive is a great, a tireless energy. Now that the obstacles raised by Nature have been overcome, now that the country is already

It is my earnest hope that the American democracy will reject such enervating proposals, and will remain true to the virile and liberal traditions that have insured the United States so wonderful a growth.

—Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu.

Abandoning wrong thought habits, we come out from the penalties they impose; seeking righteous thoughts, we bring ourselves under God's law and its reward.—*Mary Baker Eddy.*

THE only thing worse than logical pessimism is illogical optimism. The man who quickly finds his limitations is the man who does n't hunt for them.

Extravagance is spending what the other fellow would like to spend if he had the money.

The number of people who are unable to understand the tariff is exceeded only by those who don't try.—*Ellis O. Jones.*

THE railroads are in crying need of more adequate terminal facilities. For the greater safety of the traveling public, wooden passenger-cars soon must be relegated for steel. The capacity of our freight equipment must also be increased, to produce a lower unit cost of transportation. Equipment must be reconstructed, or substantially strengthened, to sustain the heavier load and the increased strain of the ponderous locomotives that are now displacing the eight-wheelers of yesterday. This, in turn, entails heavier rail, more substantial ballast, more and better ties, stronger bridges, larger roundhouses and turntables, new machinery throughout the shops, reduction of grades, double-tracking in places, etc.—*B. A. Worthington.*

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were a stout, cotton warp, and rags—just rags—rags that had been thrown aside. Outworn and outgrown garments, bed-linen, cloth that had ceased to be useful in one capacity, had been taken by an economist who had the artist's conscience and soul, and he had separated the good from the useless.

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LOOK not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

PEOPLE read and read and read, blandly unconscious of their effrontery in assuming that they can assimilate without any further effort the vital essence which the author has breathed into them. They can not. And the proof that they do not is shown all the time in their lives. I say that if a man does not spend at least as much time in actively and definitely thinking about what he has read as he has spent in reading, he is simply insulting his author.

Meditation is not a popular exercise. If a friend asks you what you did last night you may answer, "I was reading," and he will be impressed and you will be proud. But if you answer, "I was meditating," he will have a tendency to smile and you will have a tendency to blush. I know this. I feel it myself. (I can not offer any explanation.) But it does not shake my conviction that the absence of meditation is the main origin of disappointing stocktakings.—*Arnold Bennett.*

It may help you to clear up your Ideals and Purposes to bear in mind that Desirability is the only known measure of value.

—*Morton Mayne.*

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—*Harry C. Morse.*

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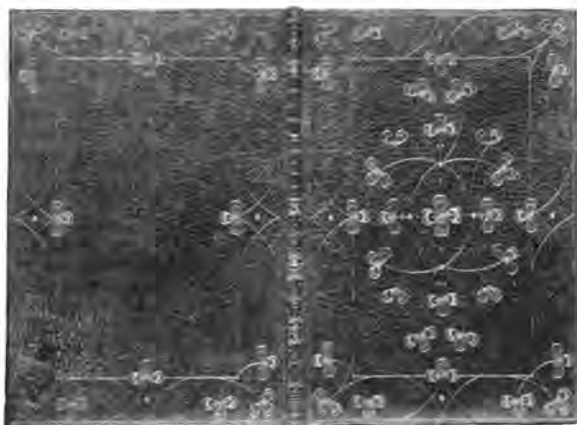
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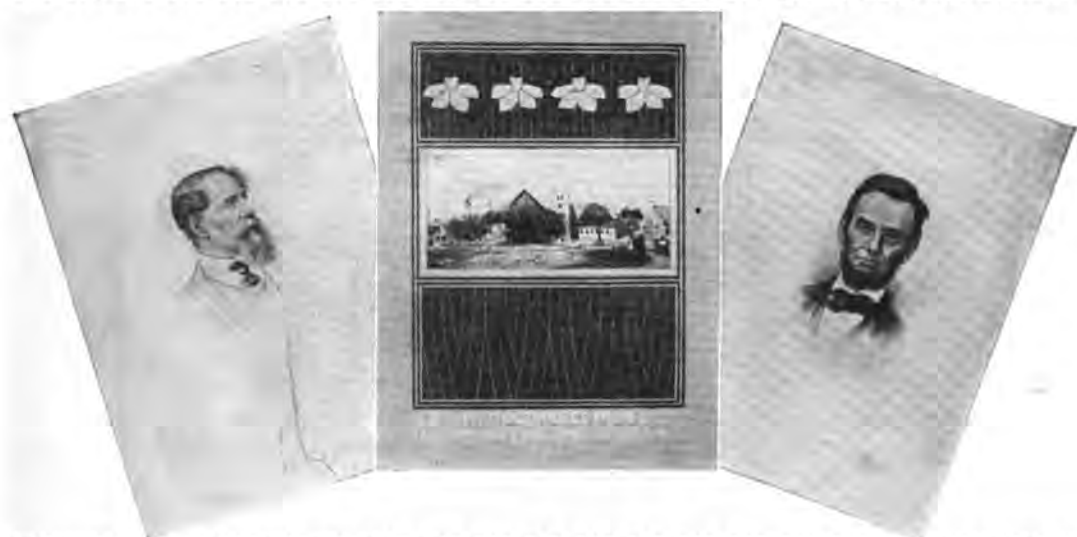
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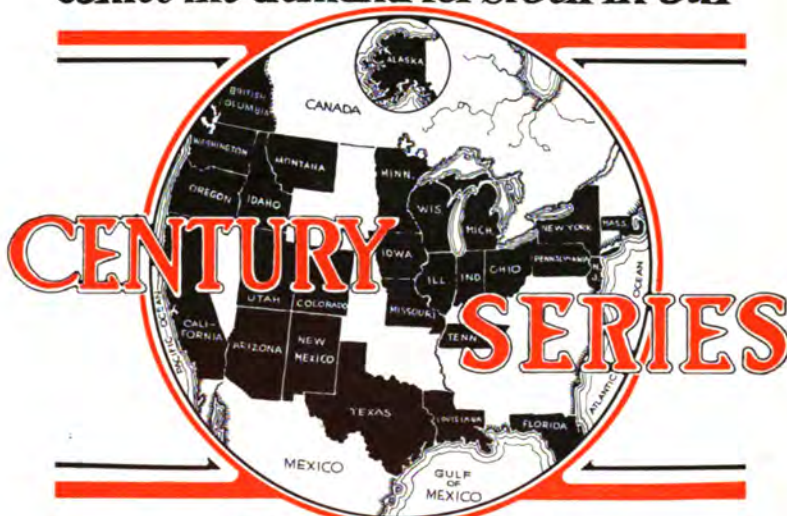
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THE FRA

EXPONENT OF
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Vol. 13

MAY, 1914

No. 2

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THE OPEN ROAD A FOOT WITH THE FRA

In the Copper Country



HAVE been up to the Lake Superior Copper Country.

To reach the Copper Country, expeditiously, say from Lansing, you have to travel steadily by fast train for twenty-four hours, and traverse Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan.

Michigan is the only State that you have to go out of in order to get into.

Isle Royale in Lake Superior is the largest island surrounded by fresh water in the world. Isle Royale is a part of the State of Michigan. To reach it from the Copper Country I had to travel through Wisconsin and Minnesota and turn the corner across Canada.

Any person who can draw a map of Michigan deserves a Carnegie medal.

By all geographical rights the Upper Peninsula of Michigan belongs to Wisconsin and Minnesota. It seems that in the time of Henry Clay, Michigan owned a part of what is now Ohio,

where the city of Toledo stands. Ohio wanted this, and as a compromise Michigan signed off, and was given in return a generous slice of "The Arctic Zone" along Lake Superior, which Henry Clay declared in frenzied phrase was a "worthless waste of wilderness."

Since Henry Clay's time the "worthless waste of wilderness" has produced iron, copper and lumber to an amount exceeding five hundred million dollars.

Connecticut once owned a tract of land in Ohio known as the Western Reserve. At that time, for a State to own land at a distance from its capital was the custom, just as Virginia owned Kentucky.

For convenience' sake each State has been trimmed of her subsidiaries, save Michigan alone.

And Michigan will never consent to any more land deals in the interests of consistent geography. Her boundary-lines are fixed. The Copper Country is too precious a gem to let slip.

"A Mining Camp"

LOTS of good folks "Down East" think of the Copper Country as wild and woolly.

The first note of disillusionment to the traveler comes when he boards the "Copper

Country Limited," a palatial train that leaves Chicago every evening in the year, and heads straight North for Copper Harbor five hundred miles away. Here lies a little empire all by itself.

The ignorance concerning the Copper Country is dense and widely diffused. In the first place, the district is off the beaten line of travel. Here is where the railroad ends. It goes as far as it can and stops.

We have heard this country spoken of by the newspapers as "a mining-camp." The term was first applied in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-one, when a company of Cornish miners begun work here, and the place has occasionally been called a "camp" ever since. Descendants of miners who lived here in the classic year Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six are to be found here now.

All Cornishmen are "Cousin Jack." One of these "cousins" came to my hotel, and insisted that I should come to his house and have supper with his family. Why? Oh, I'll tell you: because my daughter is a student at the University of Michigan, and he, too, has a daughter at Ann Arbor.

This family lived in one of those log houses that you have recently heard so much about. It was a very good house, warm, comfortable and sanitary. There was a cellar in which were five hundred bushels of potatoes, raised on a two-acre garden-plot back of the house.

Here I met three generations of men who all work for one mine. Their wages average a little over four dollars a day, each for an eight-hour-shift. This gives plenty of time to cultivate your mind and the garden. Also, it affords time to fish, hunt and get in wood for Winter.

The Calumet and Hecla

MODERN mining began in the Upper Country in Eighteen Hundred Forty-six. Then the "Quincy" was opened, a mine that has never missed a dividend in sixty-eight years.

The famous Calumet and Hecla has one hundred thousand shares at a par value of twenty-five dollars. Only twelve dollars and a half a share has ever been called for.

Calumet and Hecla is worth today four hundred thirty-five dollars a share. And it has been as high as one thousand.

I met one miner who owned ten shares that his father had bought at par. The Calumet and Hecla has not skipped a dividend since

Eighteen Hundred Seventy. It has paid out in dividends one hundred twenty-five million dollars, and in wages it has paid out more than one hundred eighty million dollars.

This is the mine that has filled the heads of speculators with verdigris.

When the promoters give you mining figures they flash up Calumet and Hecla.

The fact is there are forty-four separate mining companies here, and only six are paying properties.

The Isle Royale Mine has paid just one dividend in fifty-five years.

That was immediately before the strike, and that lonely dividend is likely to be historic.

The success of the Calumet and Hecla has not turned alone on its rich lodes—it has been very wisely managed. Alexander Agassiz, son of the world-famous Swiss scientist, put the mine on a paying basis.

He put Scotchmen in command, and these men made money when less able men would have lost it.

James MacNaughton, the present manager, is the son of a miner and was brought up in the business. MacNaughton worked his way through Oberlin and Ann Arbor. He is an evolved man, big, generous, intelligent, able. ¶ At college he played successful football, and in life's scrimmage he hits the line hard. His employers hold an insurance-policy on his life for half a million dollars. This is a sermon in itself.

The President of the Calumet and Hecla is Quincy Adams Shaw, of Boston, a Harvard man and quite the same type as MacNaughton.

¶ In fact, these men look and act very much alike. One was born a Boston blueblood, and the other the son of a Scotch-Canadian laborer.

¶ I also met Max and Rodolphe Agassiz, sons of Alexander Agassiz—very able, active, intelligent men.

An uncle of Quincy Adams Shaw was the gallant Colonel who led that colored regiment, fought freedom's fight, and was killed in the early days of the War. The famous Shaw monument by Saint Gaudens fixes his memory in the minds of humanity.

The Lake Superior country is not the wild and rocky region that many in the effete and cultivated East imagine.

It is for the most part wooded with as lovely forests as you ever saw. Much of the heavy timber has been cut off, but the second growth

has come along, and save in those rare districts where forest-fires have occurred, the country is as picturesque and beautiful as a poet's dream ♣ ♣

Spruce, pine and hemlock abound, and these with the white birch give the land a look in Winter that is lovely beyond compare.

The general features of the country are not unlike those of New York State—hills, ravines, streams, wide fertile valleys.

Vast tracts are to be seen that are as rich in farm possibilities as the Genesee Valley or the Valley of the Mohawk.

I saw many farmers who last year raised from two hundred to four hundred bushels of potatoes per acre within ten miles of Houghton.

¶ Near Calumet are many Finnish farmers, who work in the mines in Winter and farm in Summer. Most of these Finns are also expert fishermen; and between mining, farming and fishing they put money in the bank.

These people, and others like them of various nationalities, account for the fact that the Copper Country banks show deposits of nearly twenty million dollars, in a population of less than ninety thousand people.

The standard of life in the Copper Country is high. The best is none too good for a miner. Tropical fruits, oysters, and delicacies in a thousand forms abound. I ate with the men in one of the bunk-houses of the "Quincy," and we had as good roast beef and as fine an assortment of well-cooked vegetables, with tea, coffee, fruit (and pie like mother used to make), as you could get in any first-class hotel in America ♣ ♣

The success of a lumber-camp turns on the artistic qualities of the cook, and it is the same in a miners' boarding-house ♣ Any one who will work never suffers for food in the Copper Country. The danger here really lies in overeating.

Houghton

HOUGHTON does not boast of being a city—it is only a town, a town of less than seven thousand people. Yet it has a distinct cosmopolitan atmosphere, with its well-paved streets, cluster lamps, modern street-car system, splendid hotel, beautiful and ample club, public library, high school, and many smart shops ♣ ♣

These Copper Country folks travel. They go down to Chicago to the opera, attend the horse-show in New York, are familiar with

San Francisco, keep a jealous eye on Butte and Denver, and generally regard the world as their oyster.

No town of the size in America can compare with Houghton in the big generous view it takes of things. People do not exist here—they live. Incidentally, they work ♣ The air is charged with ozone, and health abounds. These are an out-of-door folk. They ski, skate, slide, glide, dip, and play hockey.

Houghton, Hancock, Calumet, Red Jacket and Laurium are tied together with an excellent and well-paying electric-railway system. Fine residences abound. The houses of the miners usually have vegetable-gardens back of them.

¶ The Calumet and Hecla own eight hundred houses that they rent to their workmen at the uniform rate of a dollar a room per month.

¶ These houses have from four to twelve rooms ♣ ♣

I visited a dozen or so of these houses where the occupants paid five dollars a month rent. This included running water, and various services in the way of repairs, removal of ashes and garbage, snow-plow, etc.

Some of the houses owned by the mines had steam heat, electric lights, and hot and cold water, and for these a moderate extra charge was made ♣ ♣

More than twelve hundred workers in the Calumet and Hecla own their own property ♣

The poorest houses in town are owned by private parties who rent to "tramp miners." Some of these houses have been photographed as typical miners' houses, all of which was part of a cheerful libelous propaganda that has been recently carried on concerning this country. In one case a shack, built by boys as a camp, was photographed and palmed off on a New York magazine as a miner's home.

¶ Calumet has a thoroughly equipped hospital, where miners, or any members of their families, are cared for at sixty cents a day, which includes all medicines and surgical attendance. I was glad to see that this hospital was "running on short time," with only six patients, and a capacity for a hundred.

The Calumet High School

AT Calumet I visited the High School, a completely equipped modern teaching plant. Here young folks are not only taught all that any good high school teaches, but there is a vocational department that was most interesting—blacksmithing, cabinet-work, weaving,

wood-carving, designing, electric equipping. In the girls' department there were big and enthusiastic classes in sewing, cooking, serving, dressmaking.

This school was built at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars by the Calumet and Hecla, and the school district pays for it a nominal rent on a ninety-nine-year lease.

Over a thousand pupils are in attendance. ¶ The teaching force is paid about a third more than we pay, say, in New York State—this because only picked teachers are employed and secured, for the Copper Country is supposed to be near the jumping-off place.

However, the inevitable happens here, as elsewhere, and I was told that very, very seldom does a young woman teacher leave this country. They marry engineers, mine-captains, foremen, and, in fact, the descendants of these make up the best society here.

This may account for the large number of highly intelligent people you meet here. Thomas A. Edison's mother was a school-teacher.

Schoolma'ams make great mothers; why not? If you doubt it, Terese, let me tell you this—but what's the use! If you do not know without my giving instances you would never believe it anyway. Take that!

Cloverland

IN Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six there was a bill up in Congress to make the Upper Peninsula of Michigan a separate State, under the name of Superior.

Later, another bill came up with a like purpose, and the proposal was to name the new State Copperland.

My suggestion is that, whether the Upper Peninsula is made a new State or not, it be called Cloverland.

No section in America produces bigger and finer crops of clover than this Lake Superior Country. From the Soo to Duluth—a country, say, four hundred miles East and West and two hundred North and South—clover does n't grow; it just luxuriates.

One thing, of course, that makes the clover laugh in glee is the amount of wood-ashes that have been given to the soil through clearing the land.

Calamity Jake says that unless the farmers feed the land with more wood-ashes these enormous clover-crops will not continue. This is n't true.

Rotation will do the business. Corn does not ripen, but it grows fast and furious, and is just right for ensilage.

Oats often run fifty bushels to the acre.

Two crops of clover with ten tons to the acre are not uncommon. And as for potatoes, they only need a few Houlton farmers here to show 'em how.

At Sidnaw, on the shores of Lake Superior, lives my old friend Walter S. Prickett, owner and manager of a farm that has the record butter-producing cow of the world.

The name of Prickett's ranch is "The Roycroft Farm." Oho and oho! As a peace-offering Prickett sent me a Berkshire boar, as fine a specimen as you ever saw. When you come to East Aurora you will realize that his Lake Superior Pigship has profoundly influenced porcine society in our vicinity, and caused a moral uplift and social betterment all along the line.

But any man who has a better farm than I have is welcome to call it Roycroft, and grow bristles of pride.

Prickett raises registered Jerseys, registered Berkshires, potatoes that are eligible, and his pigs are always in clover. Just these—cows, pigs, clover, potatoes!

Cows eat clover and give milk; pigs eat potatoes and drink milk; livestock enrich the soil; so the land laughs a harvest, and clover, cows, potatoes, pigs and Prickett prosper.

My brother in well-doing, Cleveland of Houlton, Maine, gets five dollars a bushel for potatoes. They are bought for seed, and go to Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas, it having been found that Northern-grown stock, transplanted, is a good investment.

By the same token, Prickett gets from a hundred to five hundred dollars each for calves, and pigs in proportion. Transplanted products produce.

As for Prickett, personally, he is a holluschickie, without a helpmeet. I apologize to all good suffragettes for saying this—but we are dealing in truth, and only the actual goes! Prickett has built up a finer farm without a wife than any man in Michigan has with one.

This means of course that if Prickett had been married to the right militant, his Berkshires would have taken on double the adipose and would have been three times as black.

However, Prickett, I am told, has n't given up hope. The man is not as young as he once was,

but his ambition has not waned. He has a kissable bald spot, a genius for work, and a love for order, pigs and poultry. He has a kindly disposition, can cook flapjacks perfect, enjoys music, reads *The Fra* with unction, and has memorized the *Essay on Silence*.

Only a woman who is bigger than weather need apply. Accept no substitutes. Send for literature. The address is, Roycroft Farm, Sidnaw, Michigan.

The Standard of Living

THE people in the Copper Country eat well and dress well. Yes, indeedy!

Many of the young miners are decidedly dandies. Their socks match their neckties, and the latest fashions prevail. Hart, Schaffner and Marx find a big market here; Stetson is represented; Corliss, Coon and Company have an agency, and Wayne-Knit is in active demand.

At every mining-shaft there is a house called a "Dry," where the miners change their clothes. At most of the C. & H. shafts the "Dry" has individual lockers, shower-baths, a lavatory, a reading-room, and the whole place looks like a Y. M. C. A. clubhouse.

Going down everybody looks alike, but dressed for the street these miners show a deal of style.

¶ The miners are spenders. In fact, everybody here is a good sport. At the Douglass House I looked over the bill of fare and decided on whitefish, remembering that I was in a fish country. And instead of a piece of fish, what do you think I drew?

A whole whitefish, on a plank three feet long!

¶ It certainly got my Angora. Of course everybody is n't as lucky as I am, but I only mention this incident to show the way these folks do things.

¶ The fish was brought in by John Mann, the landlord himself, and the discoverer of planked whitefish. Here they produce both planks and fish. The fish they served me was caught the day before, and the plank at that time was in the tree.

There has never been a bank failure in the Copper Country, and during the strike there was not a single failure among the merchants.

Primitive Mining Methods

MAN was made for disporting on the surface of the world, not for burrowing down into its depths.

And as for going down in the ground a mile, the thing is a new and modern venture in

exploration. Having hunted out every part of the top of the earth and gone to both the North and the South Pole, we are going through the Earth to find out what there is at the core. The drum-taps of the British Nation not only greet the rising sun the round world over, but the sons of Happy Albion go where no sun shines.

Prehistoric man mined on the surface or dug into a mountain horizontally, and thus made a cave.

But we go down perpendicularly, or else slip down at an angle of forty-five degrees, following the tilt of the strata, down a hundred feet, a five hundred, a thousand—half a mile—a mile!

Long before the days of the North American Indians, there was a people who worked these copper-mines. Who they were, where they came from, what ever became of them—of these things we know nothing.

They made spear-heads, knives, saws, cups, and various utensils, we know, for these things are found here embedded in the drift or, at times, cached in caves.

In working the copper, hammers, chisels, mallets and saws were used. Also, they used steam, for they dashed cold water on heated rocks and thus liberated the nugget of copper.

¶ The copper implements and utensils were carried South and East for hundreds of miles, and sold or traded.

In Sixteen Hundred Thirty the missionaries along the Saint Lawrence learned from the Indians of the Copper Country, and one of these missionaries wrote a book on the subject that fired the hearts of various European gentlemen adventurers.

But these prehistoric miners only worked the outcrop. They did not go down into the bowels of the earth. Their work was limited to excavations.

One such that I saw was a great chamber thirty feet high and a hundred feet long.

In Seventeen Hundred Seventy-one, the Cornish miners here went down vertically a hundred feet, and pulled the ore up in buckets with the help of a windlass.

In Eighteen Hundred Forty-six, for the first time, the steam-hoist came in, and mining began in earnest.

The copper-bearing ore is found in a vein that extends up and down—a sort of fissure, a crevasse, through which volcanic action sent

up a surging mass of lava. This lava carries the copper.

Occasionally, there are masses of solid copper found that weigh from a thousand to ten thousand pounds. To get such deposits out is a problem. Dynamite will not break it, and to cut it out with chisels is a very laborious process.

There is reason to believe that the first attempt to utilize copper was the cutting off of pieces of these solid masses. But today a mass of copper is n't as valuable as the broken ore, simply because it is so difficult and costly to handle.

There are three distinct operations in getting copper out of the ground and sending it to market.

First is the work of securing the ore, which is found in vast crevasses. To get this copper-bearing ore out, it is drilled and dynamited. The ore then runs in form from sand to chunks that weigh fifty or a hundred pounds.

The men who drill and dynamite are miners.

¶ The men who shovel the ore into tramcars, and push these cars to the "skip," or elevator-cars, are called "trammers" or "muckers."

¶ Miners in the Lake Superior Copper Country make from three and a quarter to five dollars a day.

Trammers are paid a minimum wage of two dollars and seventy-five cents a day. Above a certain number of tons, there is a bonus on output that brings the average of wage up to about three dollars a day.

Board and lodging in the Company boarding-houses is four dollars a week.

The men work in eight-hour shifts, with actual working time of seven hours and a half.

Utilizing the Waste

THE advance in scientific separation of ore from refuse is sharply brought to one's attention at the Lake Linden stamp-mill. This mill and smelter is owned by the Calumet and Hecla. Since Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two the refuse sand from the mill has been run out along the shore of the lake. Here it extends for the distance of a mile or more.

And now, thanks to the much-belabored college "grad," this refuse sand has been found to contain valuable quantities of copper.

¶ The electric engineer comes in, new machinery is invented, the sand is pulverized, and the waste proves to be worth over a dollar a ton. Half a million dollars have been expended in a

Reclamation Plant, and the steam-shovels are at it. A hundred million dollars' worth of this "waste" is in sight.

Thus does big business rob us of our birthright and grind the proletariat into the economic mire.

Nevertheless, since the duty has been taken off dog-biscuit, and birdseed is on the free list, the high cost of living is reduced, and a glow of hope comes into the East.

The Underworld

THERE are many men with a discreet bald spot, born and brought up in the Copper Country, who have never been underground.

¶ In the first place, mine-managers do not solicit picnic parties, for obvious reasons. Going down in a mine for a sailor or a farmer is both an epoch and an event.

It is like the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, or the feasting on ground-hog—one excursion suffices for the rest of our natural life.

The preparations for going down in a mine are solemn, dignified and impressive. It is like getting married, attending a funeral, or witnessing an electrocution.

As you enter the "Dry," or disrobing-room, you take a last, lingering look at the blue sky; and the sunshine and landscape seem to have a peculiar beauty which you had before never observed.

A thought goes through your mind that soon you will be immersed in absolute darkness, or what poets call "Stygian Gloom." If you should never come out of the subterranean depths, the sun would come up every morning in the East, traverse the sky and set in the West, just as if you were here. At night the moon would shine, the stars would come out, the storms would blow, all without your help.

¶ You feel your worthlessness, your insignificance.

A half-grown pug-nosed boy looks at you in a semi-professional way, and diving into a closet, tosses out a pair of overalls, a jumper and a pair of hobnailed shoes.

A clerk comes forward and relieves you of your watch and valuables, giving you a brass check as receipt.

You then sign a release, which you pretend to read, "Whereas and wherefore—heretofore—being of sound mind"—you read no further!

¶ What difference is it, if you never come up, what the lawyers do, and as for your heirs and assigns forever, let them take your belong-

ings and live their giddy whirligig called Life—they will never get out of it alive! You have had your little fling at it, and found it so-so at the best.

Your attitude of mind is heroic, indifferent, pessimistic, slap-dash. You are a fatalist. As for being afraid—never!

Nevertheless, you are not exactly joyous. You are leaving the surface of the earth.

"What did the gentleman leave?"

"All he had."

You expect the Bertillon system will be applied, but it is n't.

The attendants are standing around, indifferent. They have seen men go down into the mine before. Your dignity is oozing away.

By the time you are in the jumper and overalls, your proud place in society is nil and naught. You are glad there is nobody here to ask for a "last word," to make a fuss, or kiss you good-by.

With us is the president of a Calumet bank. He has lived here for forty-one years, come Michaelmas, but has never been underground.

¶ "Afraid?"

Not he—he laughs a tight-fitting grin and settles into sententious silence.

He slips into his jumper, and then puts on the heavy hobnailed shoes.

"Are n't you going to put on the pants?" serenely asks the boy attendant.

The man was thinking of something else. He stammers a reply, intended for a joke. Nobody laughs.

It is no time for humor.

The banker takes off his shoes, puts on his overalls, and tucks in some of his shirt.

Each novice is given a greasy cap with an acetylene-lamp on the peak.

There are five of us. We all look alike. There is no choice in us. Clothes, death and danger put all on a parity.

The mine-captain who is going down with us comes in, and we are motioned to be on our way. We are led to a room where there is a whirl of machinery, a rattle of chains, and a great black hole ten feet square.

I look for a chair with straps, but none is in sight.

There is no heat in this room. The air is deadly cold—below zero. Icicles are all about, and a breath of steam comes floating out of the big black hole. In our scanty clothes, our teeth chatter with the chill.

It is light, and the lamps in our caps seem a superfluity.

We stand and wait, thinking that each moment may be our next.

"It is just like an initiation!" ventures the newspaperman, who is one of our party, going underground for the first time. Nobody says anything.

"It is like an initiation!" he says the second time.

Just then a car shoots up out of the cavern, and goes right on up into the air. It is run out on a trestle, dumped into a railroad-car in half a second, and then comes sliding slowly down.

A businesslike-looking devil loosens a cable and attaches this cable to a car with seats. At a signal given by pulling a wire, some unknown and unseen force draws this open car up until it stands at an angle of forty-five degrees just above that big black cavern. The mine-captain motions us in, and tells us where to sit. He pulls a wire three times and makes a quick jump in after us.

Nothing happens. We just sit there. I hear the bank president breathing hard. The newspaperman looks pale.

"I think—I think I'll get out—I don't feel well," he says.

The mine-captain catches him by the shoulder and holds him.

The car quivers, and then makes a sudden dive into eternity.

Down—down—down—we go.

We slip, we slide, we glide—down, down, down past flashing lights.

"Fourth level, fifth level, sixth level," calls the mine-captain.

The car slows up and stops at the twelfth level. "All out," calls the captain and we obey. He pulls a wire and the car disappears. We look for Mephisto in a red suit and a tall red feather in his cap.

A "level" is just like a "floor," or a story of a house, only the house is down in the ground instead of up in the air.

Each level is a hundred feet. We are twelve hundred feet down. And if you want to know how deep this is, just remember that the Woolworth Building is only six hundred feet high. We follow the captain as he leads off down a little narrow railroad.

At times we have to duck our heads to keep from hitting the "overhang."

In places the passage opens off into great big vaulted rooms fifty feet high. There is the sound of pneumatic drills. No sulphur fumes oppress. Lights are seen dancing against the dark ♣ ♣

These lights are on the caps of the miners—dancing, sparkling fireflies. Some are way up, thirty, forty, fifty feet above you.

Miners work from the top and let Sir Isaac Newton's Law of Gravitation do the rest ♣

The floor of every level is twenty-five feet thick on a minimum, so you see there is just seventy-five feet of leeway for the miners ♣ You scramble up over the mass of loose ore and see a miner affectionately pressing clay into a hole in the wall.

The mine-boss explains that the man has just put in a stick of dynamite and is tamping it down with clay.

You notice the fuse.

The mine-boss takes up a stick of dynamite and shows it to you, asking you to examine it.

¶ You take his word for it.

Down below a "mucker" is shoveling broken ore into a tram.

I tap him on the shoulder in a familiar way and reach for his shovel. He thinks I am a "Federation man," and draws off in distrust.

¶ The mine-boss motions to the man, who can not understand English, that I want to use his shovel, and then the mucker imagines that I am an expert in shoveling and am going to give him a lesson in efficiency. He touches his forefinger to his cap brim and stands at attention, watching me exercise the shovel ♣

¶ Then is propounded the first genuine pleasantry. The bank president dubs me "Scabioso Indestructo Elberta," and we all laugh ♣ ♣

The Solidarity of the Race

WE have made a great discovery. It is this: Down in the underworld men are men, just as they are on the surface.

These men are engaged in useful industry. They are intent on their labors. They have brain, and brawn, and push, and energy.

They are human beings, and here they earn their bread and butter.

Up on the surface some of them own homes. They have children who go to school, and their wives are now doing laundry-work, keeping house, preparing meals, and awaiting the coming of the man of the house.

We feel quite at home, and especially do we

feel better when the mine-boss explains that this mine has been operated for more than forty years and there has never been a catastrophe in it.

Now and then a man has been injured by jumping on a car in motion, or through the explosion of dynamite, but the mine has never been on fire and here there is no such thing as mine-damp.

These mines are naturally ventilated, and any mine is naturally ventilated where there are several shafts and the various levels are joined by openings.

You are shown iron ladders that descend into lower levels. You climb down one of these. The mine-captain slides the full hundred feet—slides as a fireman goes down a pole.

You take your time.

You may ascend to the surface on these ladders, from one level to another. It would take you quite a while, but the thing could be done ♣ ♣

You seem to have walked half a mile from the shaft where you came down.

Another shaft is reached.

The mine-captain pulls a wire and in about five minutes a car descends. We get into this and down—down—down—we go; twenty, thirty, forty, fifty levels are passed!

We get out and are told that we are a mile down from the surface of the earth.

On looking at the thermometer, you see the temperature is eighty-two. On the twelfth level it was sixty. On the surface it was ten degrees below zero.

Little streams of water trickle in and you are shown pumps that work by electricity.

You do not feel any better when you are told that you are three-quarters of a mile below the surface of Lake Superior, nor are you reassured when the mine-captain tells you about the mine at Isle Royale, where the waters of Lake Superior broke in and filled the mine so that it has not been worked for fifty years. it being impossible to pump the water out without pumping Lake Superior dry.

Down on that lower level I met a miner by the name of Jimmy, alias James Hicks. Jimmy has worked for the Calumet and Hecla for thirty-eight years.

He is small, tough, wiry, and asked me for a match. This meant a cigar, and fortunately, I had supplied myself, having been duly posted by a native.

Jimmy owns his own home. His sons work in the mine. He has never had an accident—never been injured.

Jimmy tells me that there are sixteen hundred men working for the Calumet and Hecla who have worked for them for over twenty years. Four hundred of these men have sons who are working in the mine.

Jimmy is sixty. He looks forty. He tells me that he is going to the high school at night and taking the same lessons that two of his grandchildren take during the day.

We collect specimens of ore, and a few nuggets of silver are also discovered—with the help of a dollar given to Jimmy. He takes us to a little wooden box hidden away in some rubbish, and in this box there must be ten pounds of silver nuggets.

This collecting of silver is called "high-grading." Nominally a miner is not supposed to appropriate anything he finds, but the miners here are allowed to take the silver, provided they do it with grace and dexterity, and do not talk about it. Copper is king.

King Copper

THE electric gong sounds and you are told that it is five minutes to four.

This, of itself, has no significance, but further information discloses the fact that at four o'clock the charges of dynamite are shot off. You wait and hold your breath.

BOOM goes an explosion, way off somewhere miles and miles away. Another one follows. Soon there is a roar as if a battle were going on. Your ears ring. A shot near you puts out every acetylene-lamp.

A half-groan of distress comes from the newspaperman. The mine-captain laughs. You hear him striking a match, and soon all of our lights are again working.

The dancing fireflies are coming in from every direction, meeting at the bottom of the shaft.

¶ A car drops down. The men tumble in, thirty men in a car, and as they get in you see they are rolling cigarettes, lighting pipes, chatting, cracking jokes.

The day's work is done.

Up they go and are lost in the Stygian.

You do not have to wait long. Another car is coming. It stops with a chug. The captain motions us in. We do not have to be told twice.

¶ There is a tremor, a little shock and jerk and jar and up we go—up—up—up!

And as we ascend, our spirits do likewise. It is

a mile to travel, and more, because we are going at an angle.

The air grows colder. There is a draft. We are going into the face of the wind, and then we shoot out of the shaft with a jerk.

The mine-boss does not have to tell us where to get off. We tumble out over one another.

We are full of smiles and jokes and cosmic prunes. Everybody talks.

The air is cold. The icicles are still there and the steam comes up from the shaft. You look back, but you have no desire either to encore or to respond to one.

Out of the window the sun covers the landscape with a tranquil beauty. The green pine-trees punctuate the horizon.

How lovely it all looks!

We go into the "Dry," where there is steam-heat, and there is the pug-nosed, freckle-faced boy. We feel like throwing our arms around him and kissing his unwashed face. Evidently he does not realize what a wonderful experience we have had; how we have been way down a mile in the ground, under the waters of Lake Superior!

The bank president is full of joy. Now would be a good time to strike him for a loan. Anything you might ask would be yours. This time he does not forget the sartorial sequences, and his trousers are put on before his coat. Gradually, he takes on the look of a gentleman, and is clothed in his right mind.

I ask for a comb, and am met with a ribald roar of laughter.

The Union Problem

THE Copper Country gives work to eighteen thousand men. Here you do not have to look far to find three generations of happy, successful, intelligent, economical workers. The Copper Country has been singularly free from labor agitation and financial disturbance. Peace and prosperity has been the rule for over forty years. In fact, the peaceful conditions that existed are shown in the fact that for a space of forty-two years the Calumet and Hecla was not called upon to defend a single suit for damages.

About seven years ago the Western Federation of Miners sent labor leaders here from Denver and Butte to organize the men.

Unions were started, and by Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, about thirty per cent of the miners had joined the order.

The Calumet and Hecla, taking the lead, did

not question their men as to whether they were members of a union or not.

They simply required a certain service, and this being performed, that was all there was to it. ♦♦

In July, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, the Western Federation of Miners made certain demands on the mine-owners, naming a long list of grievances.

Some of these grievances had foundation in fact, but they were of a petty, local nature that could be easily adjusted, and which were adjusted. One of these grievances referred to the matter of drinking-water.

Another grievance was as to the right of a mine-boss to discharge a kicker in his gang. The company agreed to the workman's right of appeal and to a fair trial before a man was discharged. ♦♦

All contracts for labor must be made through the representatives of the union; in fact, the union forbade their men communicating with their employers, or meeting them.

Back of the demands of the miners, it was seen that the one final issue was the recognition of the union.

And on the morning of July Twenty-third, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, the union men walked out. They also notified all of the other miners that they would not be allowed to work.

¶ Many of the old faithful employees who were not members of the union, fearing trouble, left the Copper Country.

A few went to work, as usual. These men were waylaid, their dinner-pails taken from them and pitched into the street. A good many were assaulted and driven to their homes.

Representatives of the union then called on these men in their homes, demanding that they should join the union or go to a hospital.

¶ A good many of these men joined under coercion. ♦♦

The strikers paraded the streets at six o'clock in the morning.

They threw a cordon of men and women around every shaft, so that it was impossible for the workers to get to the shaft without a fight. ♦♦

The mine-owners swore in men as deputy sheriffs, to guard their property.

James MacNaughton, manager of the Calumet and Hecla, refused to allow the deputies to be armed, fearing bloodshed. The miners, knowing the deputies were not armed, fell

upon them, tore off their stars, and in many instances treated them with great violence, some of them being injured for life.

The mines were at a standstill and the towns of Calumet, Larium, Red Jacket, Houghton and Hancock were terrorized.

Any suggestion by any citizen in regard to the action of the miners was met by threat and loud talk. ♦♦

Many of the stores refused to open. Strong drink was playing an important part, and to deal at all with these exultant, frenzied, shouting individuals was out of the question.

Business was paralyzed.

The sheriff and county officials made their appeal to Governor Ferris for militia to control the situation.

Governor Ferris satisfied himself that the conditions were as the sheriff stated, and within twelve hours troops were on the way to the Copper Country, arriving on the morning of July Twenty-fifth.

Many of the miners were foreigners, unable to speak English—Finns, Slavs, Croatians, Lithuanians. These men were told by the socialistic leaders that the mines were to be taken over by the United States Government, the former owners ejected and the miners themselves were to receive the sole profits.

And a humorous side of the situation was that many of the miners, when they saw the soldiers arriving, thought they had come to eject the so-called "capitalistic class," and at last the workingman was to come into his own! ♦♦

The soldiers threw a cordon around every shaft and protected the property.

There had been threats of dynamiting the shafts, and as there was a large amount of ammunition in the possession of the strikers, it is believed that the quick action of the Governor saved the State the disgrace of mob rule.

The presence of the soldiers awed the strikers. The first fine frenzy of success had vanished and things settled down to an endurance test.

¶ Every day the strikers paraded. Occasionally they got a non-union man out of the range of the militia, and beat him up. Automobiles were frequently fired on.

The mine-owners moved many of their loyal employees to boarding-houses near the shafts.

¶ Gradually the workers were being taken back, but the whole situation was critical and

there was blood on the face of the moon. It was a waiting game.

Gradually, the soldiers were discharged and were sent back home.

Many of the striking miners left and got work in the Butte district, in Denver, New Mexico or Arizona.

Moyer, head man in the Western Federation of Miners, appeared upon the scene and threw fresh hope into the hearts of the strikers by telling them that the union men of the world were behind them.

Strike benefits were paid at the rate of seven dollars a week for married men and four dollars a week for single men. This was enough to keep starvation at bay.

Early in December, a boarding-house in which non-union miners were housed was shot up by high-power rifles, firing steel-nosed cartridges, from a distant hillside. Three men were killed and several persons injured.

The Citizens' Alliance

BY this time the Citizens' Alliance had been formed. This organization was made up of men who signed a protest against the action of the Federation of Miners and their comrades, the Socialists.

Unionism, of itself, is not to be feared. Unionism has much to recommend it. But Socialism is not satisfied with shorter hours or higher wages. Socialism demands disruption, and a new form of government. On the ruins of the Republic is to be founded the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The Reds had injected their philosophy into the Federation of Miners until the whole thing was socialistic.

It was rule or ruin.

A class war was on, and Moyer said it was a war to the death; that the Copper Country strike was just the beginning, and that the wage-earners of America were to arise as one man and seize "the tools of trade"—that is, the factories and the mines.

The Citizens' Alliance held a meeting in the skating-rink in Calumet with seven thousand people in attendance. The number of members of the Citizens' Alliance outnumbered three to one the members of the Federation of Miners.

¶ The citizens, backing up deputy sheriffs, raided the headquarters of several unions and found large quantities of rifles, revolvers and ammunition. These arms were placed in automobiles and confiscated.

The Italian Hall Disaster

THE men were going back to work and the strike was practically over when there occurred a terrible accident on Christmas Eve.

¶ The striking miners had gathered in Italian Hall, up one flight, over a business block, and were holding a Christmas celebration for the children. Over eight hundred people were in the room. Some one raised a cry of FIRE! A rush was made for the only exit.

This was through a pair of doors with a hallway at the foot of the stairway, where there were doors opening outward.

Mothers with children in their arms and children alone ran down the stairs. They fell on top of one another and others tumbled over them until there was a solid mass of prostrate humanity at the bottom. Seventy-five people, mostly children, were suffocated.

The firemen were quickly on hand and were obliged to reach the upper floors with ladders, where they fought the frenzied people back. It is thought there was a slight fire on one of the Christmas trees which was decorated with cotton to give the effect of snow, but this fire was quickly put out.

Members of the Citizens' Alliance were on hand to give relief to the stricken people. Next morning thirty thousand dollars was subscribed by the citizens for the relief of these families.

The Federation of Miners sent men around to every family, cautioning them not to accept money or assistance of any kind except from people who showed first a union-card.

This order was put out by Charles Moyer. Some of the mothers refused to accept aid, yet intimated that if they could come alone at midnight, without any one knowing, and receive aid for their children, it would be acceptable.

Moyer was called upon by a committee of citizens, and maintained his position that no aid should be accepted under any conditions by his people from any one who did not wear a Federation badge and have a union-card.

¶ Instantly, the spontaneous demand went up that Moyer be eliminated from the scene.

He was escorted to the railroad-station, put on a train and sent out of the district, deputy sheriffs accompanying and guarding him.

At first, when Moyer was requested to leave the district, he resisted and put up a fight. He was searched and two revolvers were found on him. He refused to give up these arms, and

in the scrimmage, one revolver was discharged and the bullet made a slight flesh-wound in his shoulder ➤ ➤

Moyer proved himself a good press-agent. He sent out word that the disaster in Italian Hall was the plotted, planned work of the Citizens' Alliance. In fact, the whole country has been publicized by Moyer and his friends. ¶ The Copper Country has been slandered and libeled to a degree unequaled in these piping times of peace.

Governor Ferris called the bluff of the Federation of Miners and visited the Copper Country in person. His hearings were open to the public. They were held at the Douglass House in Houghton and any and everybody was invited to come and state his case.

The labor-leaders were given the first hearing. For three days Governor Ferris listened to the testimony submitted. If witnesses were not forthcoming, the sheriff and his deputies went out and brought in any one whom the Governor desired to interrogate.

Governor Ferris, when he left the Copper Country, reported that he found society in the district in a normal condition, the courts open, and the business of society and government going on as usual. That is to say, the strike was over.

The Conclusion of the Matter

THE sad part is that perhaps a thousand miners have held out, refusing to go to work, believing that finally the strikers would win, as their leaders had so earnestly and zealously prophesied.

And of course there is the "bum element," that would rather fight than eat, and that does not want to go to work ➤ So long as strike benefits are paid, this lazy, lawless, drunken element will hold out and agitate. This is to be expected. But the thrifty workers are all back at their jobs. The wives and children of many of these men have suffered severely.

No evictions have taken place, and the mine-owners and members of the Citizens' Alliance in many cases have helped and aided the striking miners and their families, even in the face of the battle for supremacy.

When Spring comes, doubtless these striking miners will find work elsewhere; in fact, many of them now have been absorbed into the lumber-camps. Some of them are fishing and many of them are farmers, and these certainly are not in a destitute condition.

The strike is now ancient history. That is, it is all over but the distribution of the disgrace. I met Rickard, the leader of the local union, and he attributes the blame to the "Reds." ➤ ➤

By this he means the revolutionary Socialists. And the "Reds" are not seeking to better the immediate condition of the laborer, but seek to overthrow the present civilization ➤ The extreme measures these "Reds" resorted to, caused a revulsion of public opinion that made recognition of the Western Federation an impossibility.

I once heard John Mitchell say, "There never was a strike that failed."

By this he meant that even in defeat there is the germ of success that lives and which in time will bloom and blossom.

The Law of Compensation never rests.

This strife has taught both sides a few much needed, but costly, lessons.

The whole Copper Country is cemented now by a bond that never existed before. Hate, jealousy, fear, these things have given way to respect, sympathy and a desire to get together.

Wages have been increased, the eight-hour system has been adopted, petty bosses have had their ego sandpapered, bonus systems have been adopted, so that when a man does an extra amount of work he gets more pay. Pension plans have been put into operation.

¶ The Calumet and Hecla has a Grievance Bureau that considers and adjusts all causes for complaint, and everywhere employers and employees are joining hands.

A vast amount of slander and accusation concerning things here have found their way into print. Hate has been in the saddle, and blindness to anything but victory has been the rule.

Just here I want to give four facts told me by Sheriff Cruse of Houghton County and corroborated by Governor Ferris.

First, there has not been a single eviction ➤ Second, many striking miners have lived in company houses for five and six months without paying rent.

Third, a charity organization, operated by women but backed up by mine-owners, has sought to relieve every case of want among the strikers' families.

Fourth, all strikers have been taken back without prejudice, save those who had been guilty of assault and destruction of property.

System and Success



EXPANSION without system spells failure. Organization means that a man shall grow with his business.

I used to work in a country store where a ten-year-old boy stole eggs from us at the back door and brought them around in front and sold us our own property. He kept this up for a year, and he might have kept it up indefinitely had he not taken in a partner and tried

to do a wholesale business.

Success did much for him, too!

Dead stock, bad accounts, pilfering clerks, pinching setters, and lime in the bones of the boss work the certain ruin of every country store.

If the business is so small that the proprietor and his wife can remember everything they have in stock, and then sell for cash, and can not get or will not accept credit, then the business is safe until the sons grow up and take the management. A thousand mice nibble at every business concern.

In order to avoid leaks there must be a system that will locate them. The department-store, where there is a system that tells every day, every week, or every month, just what every department pays, is the safest business that exists. If any one department does not pay, it is reformed and made to pay or else is eliminated.

No big business can possibly pay unless it is divided up into departments.

A non-paying department is never allowed to continue and drag the whole concern down to bankruptcy as in the good old general store, where jumble and guesswork audit the accounts.

The successful country store is an easy mark for every petty thief and little poker-player in town. The village Smart Aleck hires out as clerk and supplies his friends the things they need, just as a sneakerino reads the postal cards and hands out the news, if he or she clerks in the post-office.

"System"

SUCCESS in business nowadays turns on your ability to systematize.

No business long remains greater than the

man who runs it. And the size of the business is limited only by the size of the man. Our limitations say to our business, "Thus far and no farther." We ourselves fix the limit. Without system the most solid commercial structure will dissipate into the thin air.

The Gould System, the Vanderbilt System, the Hill System, the Harriman System, the Pennsylvania System—they are all rightly named. It is system that makes a great business possible. When Jay Gould gathered up a dozen warring, struggling streaks of rust and rights of way and organized them into a railroad system, he revealed the master mind. The measure of your success is your ability to organize, and if you can not bring system to bear, your very success will work your ruin. The average life of a successful general store is twenty years—then it fails. And it fails through its lack of system—the man does not grow with his business. An army unorganized is a mob. Napoleon's power lay in his genius for system, and he whipped the Austrians, one against three, but only because he had the ability to systematize. "But the finances?" asked his secretary. "I will arrange them," was the reply.

The character of the man at the head mirrors itself in every department of every enterprise. A certain kind of landlord can care for a certain number of "guests"—and the quality of the guests attracted is according to the quality of the landlord. Increase the number of people to be fed and housed, and usually your hotelkeeper quickly gets into very hot water. Fifty extra people upset his system, and either his guests leave or his "help" steal him to a standstill. A new and better manager must then come in, or the referee in bankruptcy awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

The Ability to Organize

THE measure of a man's success in business is his ability to organize.

The measure of a man's success in literature is his ability to organize his ideas and reduce the use of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet to a system so as to express the most in the least space. The writer does not necessarily know more than the reader, but he must organize his facts and march truth in a phalanx. In painting, your success hinges on your ability to organize colors and place them in the right relation to give a picture of the scene that is in your mind.

Oratory demands an orderly procession of words, phrases and sentences to present an argument that can be understood by an average person.

Music is the selection and systematization of the sounds of Nature.

Science is the organization of the common knowledge of the common people.

In life everything lies in the mass—materials are a mob—a man's measure is his ability to select, reject, organize.

If your life is to be a genuine consecration, you must be free. Only the free man is truthful; only the heart that is free is pure.

Economic Waste



IN that interesting book, which in its day was one of the six best sellers, *Looking Backward*, Edward Bellamy says: "Under the new conditions, advertising was limited to a simple announcement or direction of where the thing could be found. All advertising is economic waste and, therefore, should be eliminated, or reduced to its lowest possible terms, that of simply a directory. The expense of advertising is always added to the cost of the article."

Bellamy's ideas on advertising possibly require a little elucidation; but in any event they supply what the country editors call, "food for thought."

It is quite probable that advertising in the future will not be of the profusely lavish sort that we have seen in days gone by.

Organization, to a great degree, will replace competition. When a dozen or a score of men combine in one line of business, the amount of advertising is always much reduced.

One of the very perplexing features of the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, which the court did not provide for, was the subject of advertising.

Before the dissolution, one particular product or brand of oil was made by a dozen different refineries, and customers were supplied from the nearest station. The advertising of this particular specialty was all done from the New York office.

Under the new regime, this would probably be a violation of the court's injunction. Each particular subsidiary is now obliged to have its own advertising manager and publicity bureau. Thus we have thirty-three advertising bureaus instead of one.

Thus is the expense of doing business increased. Naturally this increased expense falls upon the public, for who else is there that pays for a thing beside the consumer?

The Elimination of Waste

THE tendency of business is toward organization and the eliminating of wasteful competition.

The greatest item today in the line of economic waste is the cost of supervision.

This is a point that our Socialistic friends conveniently waive. They assume that in the co-operative commonwealth everybody will be on to his job. He will get there early and he will stay until things are cleaned up, and so full of zeal will he be for the common good that no supervision will be required. Each man will do the thing he wants to do, the thing he can do best, and he will do it superbly well. Fol de rol de diddle de doll!

Naturally, the people who advocate this kind of Socialism are not employers of labor. They are either professional theorists, preachers, writers, reformers, agitators, or else they are employees who have no personal interest in the payroll beyond their own particular individual envelope.

The difficulty of getting a large number of people to work together for a common end and a common purpose is known, and can be known only, by an employer. The dangers of deficits, bankruptcy and disgrace are ever before him. If he pays men to do certain tasks, he is obliged to see that they do them; otherwise, the individual is dropped out and some one else is tried.

Carelessness, inefficiency, disinterestedness, to say nothing of positive sabotage, are things incomprehensible and almost inexplicable to any one who is not an employer.

If you are a hotelkeeper, and your busiest day is the Fourth of July, and you are an experienced individual, you know perfectly well that a certain number of your helpers are going to drop out, or go on a strike for higher wages and shorter hours, on the evening of July Third.

If there is a rush of orders your helpers will

know it, and a few of them will always take advantage of your necessities. Also, there will be a few with an absolute indifference either one way or the other. ¶ Always, there are a certain number who will keep late hours, play cards, and fritter away the time which they should have expended in sleep. Of necessity, these sleep at their tasks, or drowse, at least, on company time, the next day.

Then we get the men who run a business inside of a business; who have private letter-heads and carry side lines at your expense. These direct company mail to their private address, and think that the firm can't get along without them. These are always slated, necessarily, in the course of time for the greased chute.

All Pay Is Automatic

BUT, in the meantime, the problem is up to the employer to take care of these triflers. ¶

The modern American employer is no Scrooge. He is willing to pay for good service, and he pays big sums for big service.

The demands of business today require a high standard of efficiency; alertness, good-cheer, courtesy, rapidity, concentration, and good health—all these come as positive needs in the age in which we live.

The sensible employer will not fall into a rage when his helpers prove inept and ungrateful. The stupidity of the public and the inappreciation of his helpers are all a part of this great game of business.

The fact remains, however, that supervision must be paid for, and today it forms the chief tax on the business world. It is an indirect tax, like the tariff, and so is not felt and recognized, except by the man who sees beneath the surface.

We are all down on Nature's Time-Book for five dollars a day, and the reason we do not receive five dollars a day is because we have to pay for supervision. The man who gets three dollars a day pays two dollars a day to some one for holding him to his task. The man who gets one dollar a day pays four dollars for supervision.

The less supervision you require the greater your reward. And if you can not only do your own tasks, but hold other people to theirs, your reward will be in proportion.

All pay is automatic; it can not be fixed or regulated. Everybody gravitates to where he

belongs and gets what belongs to him. If he gets more he is not allowed to keep it. Some are lifted by the law of levitation, others dragged down by gravitation and inertia. ¶

The Disorganizer

OCCASIONALLY we find men who are a positive detriment and menace in any business organization, not because they have n't mentality and ability, but because they are disorganizers by nature and habit. ¶ They always want to do the thing in another way. ¶ When you make a suggestion they counter with an objection. They are quick to explain, "We never did it this way before, and it can't be done."

Instead of doing their own work, they keep others from doing theirs.

The very ability of such men is their disadvantage. They will gather around them in a sho a little group of congenial spirits to listen to their harangues, all on company time.

¶ Often one man will keep half a dozen from their tasks. Such an individual, while down on the time-book for five dollars a day, is n't worth fifty cents a day, and in fact, an employer would make money by keeping this man away from the shop.

We all know men of this class and kind. This sort of leader may vitiate your shop by teaching your helpers to gamble, or sow among them the boll-weevil of discontent. One man can destroy the efficiency of a dozen, and possibly a hundred. Such cases are not so very rare, as any man who employs a large number of people knows full well.

So here, then, comes in an increased cost of supervision. All work must be intelligently done, and somebody must provide the intelligence. Intelligence and right intent are valuable things, and are paid for by the person who fails to provide them.

On the other hand, there is a degree of supervision required which is not paid for by the employee. Its cost is added to the product. ¶

Any man who keeps a scientific cost system knows the vast sums that are paid to hold careless workers to their task. This is a different thing from the matter of teaching. The apprentice must learn before he becomes an artisan. ¶

The cost of superintendence is demanded by that vast contingent of careless, slipshod, indifferent people who take advantage of the boss. ¶

In small stores and shops a skilful observer can always tell whether the boss is on a vacation or gone on a business trip, or whether he is on the job.

Go into a hotel and find the clerk playing cards with the customers, or entering into loud and mouthy arguments, and you will know that the boss is away.

Enter a drygoods-store and see the clerks throwing paper wads, chewing gum, calling over across the callers to one another, and the fact is patent that the supervisor is not on to his job.

In schools and colleges we are all familiar with the so-called student who brings a copy of Smollett or Balzac to school in his bundle of textbooks and then reads the novel under his desk or with one book inside of another, ready to shift instantly if the teacher appears.

¶ This same policy will probably be carried out by the youngster after he graduates from college and gets a job in a drygoods-store. I have seen salesladies languidly lay down a book or slide it under a pile of dress-goods, and arise with a yawn to wait on a customer.

¶ This of course could not occur in a store that was properly supervised, but from lack of supervision it would occur everywhere every day.

The Cost of Supervision

THUS is supervision, with humanity on its present plane, positively demanded.

It is said that the Oneida Community did more work with less supervision, through picking its workers, than any other business organization that ever existed, the workers being fired with a zeal to do the thing superbly well.

Maurice Bucke, Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, at London, Ontario, reduced the cost of care, per capita, something like twenty-five per cent over what other asylums in the world had paid before. At the same time, he gave just as efficient service to the patients. He was able to do this through his great personality which inspired his helpers to do their best; also, through a policy of treatment toward the patients which brought about co-operation. In degree, every patient looked after himself.

Here we get positive progress through the evolution of the individual to a point where he was able to do without supervision.

The lower the intellectual and physical plane,

the more supervision undoubtedly is required.

¶ To do away with supervision is the ultimate aim of education. Every wise parent is teaching his children to do without him. The good schoolteacher is working to a point where his services are no longer necessary. The able physician is working to destroy his own business by showing people how to keep well. The aim of all law is to make all laws unnecessary. So the intent, also, in commercial institutions is moving toward a point where the least possible supervision is required.

In the meantime, however, supervision is a formidable tax on trade. It is paid by three parties, the employee, the employer and by the buyer or society at large.

The basis of commonsense is to know that good men may differ, yet in their differences agree.

The Science of Advertising



HERE are ten thousand new books published in America every year—mostly bad. This is a straight steal from Tammam Carlyle, who said, "Four thousand people cross London Bridge every day, mostly fools."

¶ My opinion is, however, that all books do somebody good; also, they do good to somebody. Writing a book helps the author to get the matter straight in his own bean, and few books do anything else beyond this.

I have been reading a book with a prodigious title, *The Elementary Laws of Advertising, and How to Use Them*, by Henry S. Bunting.

¶ This book proves three things:

First, is the mathematical demonstration that the laws of advertising exist.

Second, that the author knows them.

Third, that he can explain to the reader how to use them.

I have read this book with much pleasure and profit. It certainly has supplied me with a few ideas, likewise laughs, and it has convinced me that I am a charter member of the Ignoramus Club, so far as advertising is concerned.

I once knew in Buffalo a very successful wholesale butcher. This man had never

reached long division in arithmetic, and he could write his name only with great pains. But he could sit on the top plank of a pigpen and look down on a carload of hogs, and figure out in his own mind what he could sell those hogs for after they were butchered. This being done, he would make a bid on the hogs. —

His books were closed every night.

He bought for cash and sold for cash, and the amount of money he had showed him what his profits were. This man founded a great and successful business, but no one for a moment would say he was scientific.

In advertising I am a sort of wholesale butcher. I do things, but I do not know how. I work like Gaudentius, the Roman architect who built the Coliseum and the stone bridges that spanned the ancient rivers of the Roman Empire, without knowing the eternal laws of mechanical stress upon which the arch rests its indestructible power.

Bunting is like James B. Eads, who reduces these laws to mathematical precision and creates a *tubular steel* bridge in his mind. Science is the common knowledge of the common people classified. Business is the production or purchase and sale of commodities. —

If a proposition is scientific, it can be analyzed, formulated, explained.

Also, you know in advance what will occur. So science is prophetic.

Mix an acid with an alkali and you know what will occur.

You put glycerine and nitric acid together and hit it with a hammer and you can bet on results. If you step on a dog's tail, you can safely assume that he will do one or all of three things: he will yelp, jump, or he may bite you, and if you know positively whether or not he will bite you, you are a prophet.

It all turns on the dog with which you deal, and on his mood. If you know your dog, and your science is empirical, that is, based on experience with this particular dog, you can gauge results.

We used to think there was a science in medicine, but no wise physician claims as much now. There is a science in chemistry, but when you apply a chemical to a human body, you can not possibly foretell results, simply because no two bodies are exactly alike. —

And as no two human bodies are alike, so do minds differ.

There is no science to education. You may send your boy to Phillips Exeter Academy for two years and Harvard for four, and when he comes back you may have to support him the rest of his life. It works or it does not, as the case may be. Mixing so much boy with so much college curriculum is a matter of guesswork as to results. ¶ We have said that there can be no science to advertising, because we deal with x , and x is the great unknown, unanalyzed, human mind.

If we knew exactly what the Zeitgeist was, we could set our machine, start it a-going, go off and leave it, and the results would come in. ¶ But alas! and alack! humanity is a constantly variable quantity, as fickle as the wind. For while it is true that the wind represents a certain amount of energy during the course of a year, yet, we do not know, and nobody knows, the amount of energy that will be represented in the wind on any particular day or hour.

Fundamental Laws of Advertising

AND so, having unlimbered my ignorance to this extent, I take up the book of Henry S. Bunting, entitled, *The Elementary Laws of Advertising, and How to Use Them*.

¶ It will not do to assume that Henry S. Bunting is fluffy in his alfalfa. He is a publisher who does not belong to the cult of Barabbas. He is a mathematician, an economist, an orator, and a businessman.

But because we can't fully understand him is no reason why we should stand off chewing a straw and declare, "There haint no such animile." —

Man does not manufacture laws, he discovers them; and so rarely are laws discovered in the economic world that when one is recognized we attach the man's name to it and give him the same honors that we bestow on a doctor who discovers a new disease.

Doctor Bright did not invent Bright's disease—he merely discovered a strike on the part of the human system: a kind of sabotage when the kidneys, instead of eliminating their waste through the sewer, throw this refuse back and contaminate the water-supply.

And, as Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes said, we attach the name of the man to the disease, and it goes clattering down the corridors of time, like a tin can to a dog's tail.

The Law of Diminishing Returns is that law in economics which provides that the ratio of profits decreases according to the amount of business done, and if you do a business big enough you will reach a point where there is no profit at all, and then you go over the hill, and the business breaks down of its own weight. ¶ The Law of Average is the basic principle in all life and fire insurance. This is the law that recognizes that the element of chance does not exist in large numbers.

This is one of the most useful laws ever discovered—invaluable to bankers, credit men, insurance companies.

The Law of the Cosmic Urge written of by Ernst Haeckel is a most interesting law.

Then we get Gresham's Law of Finance, which is this: Where two kinds of money are in circulation, one base and the other intrinsic in value, the base currency will always drive out of circulation the coin of intrinsic value.

I was greatly flattered by reading in an English paper an article on "Hubbard's Law of Education." I did not know before that I had discovered any law, but the Englishman who wrote the article declared that I had, and here is the law: "When you do too much for a child he will never do much for himself."

¶ Doctor Jordan has put the same idea in a little better form, thus: "The value of a college is in inverse ratio to the extent of its equipment."

If Bunting can, by his recently discovered laws of advertising, figure out the exact value in returns of the ten million dollars which Henry Ford has advertised that he intends to give away, Bunting is the man Ford wants.

A Unique Treatise

BUNTING'S book is unlike any ever before written. He divides things into their constituent parts, analyzes the whole, and tells you how much of each the whole thing contains. For instance, he deals in what he calls Attention, Demand, Sales, Suasion, Preference, Depression and Elevation of the Selling-Point, Space, the Radius of Circulation, Repetition, Appeal, Determinants, Constants, Variants, Association, Suggestion, Specificity, Buying Units, Specialties, the Selling Power of Premiums, the Eight Main Tools of Publicity, Luxus and Monopoly Advertising. Needless to say, Bunting is a college graduate, with enough degrees to stuff an Ostermoor. Here are some of Bunting's Laws of Advertising.

The selling-power of publicity varies with its attention value and its suasion.

With a given suasion value, the selling-power of an advertisement varies with its attention value.

The selling-power of publicity varies with the frequency of its repetition and the frequency of change in the form of its appeal.

The selling-power of publicity varies with the directness of its appeal to the individual who buys.

The activating elements that enter into the composition of suasion are derived from the peculiar character of the medium.

The selling-power of publicity is limited by the consumption limit of the goods.

The selling-power of publicity is limited by the selling-power of all competing publicity in the same competitive field.

The variability of demand for monopoly goods is inversely proportional to the degree in which the goods are a necessary.

The selling-power of publicity for monopoly goods varies inversely with the number of consumers of the monopoly goods specified.

The selling-power of specialties varies with the frequency of their use by the recipient and the permanence of their value in use.

The selling-power of premium publicity varies with the value of the premium and the time required to win it.

The attention-getting power of the space used in a space advertisement is limited by the space-limit attention point of the space itself.

The selling-point of an advertisement lies at the intersection of its attention-getting power with the power of its suasion.

The selling-power of publicity varies inversely with its attention-power when attention-getting is made the sole purpose of the publicity.

A Power for Good

AND in these days when everybody belongs to an advertising club, and we are all called upon from time to time to unmuzzle our ignorance, the Bunting book is bound to do good.

Bunting claims he has discovered laws that will show how you can make money through publicity. His formulæ are algebraic, and algebra is mathematics that deals with symbols instead of figures.

Symbols stand for anything you may agree on: dollars, services, weight, strength, pres-

sure, tension. By algebra you can formulate the quantity of water that passes a given point in a river in one day, or you can figure the amount of electric current delivered at the end of a wire. By algebra your symbols may stand for the selling-power of a salesman as measured in the profits of the firm at the end of the year; the symbols may stand for the salesman's moral character, his good looks, or his persuasive ability.

By algebra you could reduce long reports on foolscap to one little line of figures that can be put on the back of a visiting-card. Bunting takes a tangled mass of abstract facts and reduces them to mathematical terms. He unscrambles the eggs which make up the omelet of advertising. He shows the way to a much-needed rationalistic method in business.

¶ After you have read the book, whether you can safely be trusted with the expenditure of forty thousand dollars in publicity so as to make sales to the extent of five hundred thousand dollars is still a question, although Bunting seems to infer it is n't.

Bunting's book is issued by The Novelty News Laboratory of Business Economics, Chicago.

¶ The most beautiful thing about Brother Bunting's book is his astounding claim that he has discovered the hard, clear-cut, invaluable, *natural* laws that control advertising. And now that I have introduced you to Bunting's book, I will state a secret. It's this: Farmer Rankin, who runs the John Lee Mahin Advertising Agency, has hired Brother Bunting at the trifling salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year, with a provision that all of Bunting's books shall be burned and the plates destroyed, so that the John Lee Mahin Advertising Agency will control the secret of advertising, and retain it for the benefit of their clients until such a time as the Attorney General of the United States orders a dissolution of the red-headed Rankin for a combination in restraint of trade.

THE men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary; who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life.—*Senator Davis.*

Inhuman Humanities!

By Alice Hubbard



ODAY, I talked with a great financier, a manipulator of labor, a man who takes the opportunity to see with a thousand eyes, and get a thousand viewpoints, where most of us are content with one.

"I go to school to every person I meet," he said to me. "I never lose the opportunity to get a man's point of view, no matter who he is. Some of the most valuable information I have has come to me from talking with workingmen."

"I know my own point of view; I must get theirs if I would be cosmopolitan, international."

What Is Worth While

¶ It was my privilege to go to school with a workingman the other day. He is a ship's carpenter. His great, rugged hands identify him with toil.

This man is not learned from books, but he has been to school to people and to the life he has lived. He exercises his brain as he exercises his muscle. He is the type of the old shoemakers and blacksmiths who have helped to make history interesting. This man is abreast with the times concerning things that touch his life.

This workingman is nearly sixty years old. He has never married, but he has lived with a gentle, worthy ideal all his life.

During our little visit, a subject was mentioned that the newspapers have judged of great interest to many people.

"What do you think of Mr. Ford's plan of profit-sharing?"

He slowly shook his head.

"I doubt if it is of benefit," he said quietly.

"It reaches only a few people, and it is possible for it to reach only a few. Except for Mr. Ford's phenomenal success in business—which can not be repeated—it would be impossible for him. There is no science in it. The act is like that of a tramp meteor that flashes through the sky. It may never come again in the world's history."

The thoughtful man resumed his former quiet attitude.

"But Mr. Ford discriminated against his women employees," I said.

The man roused surprisingly.

"Yes, yes!" he said quickly.

"You believe that women should receive the same wage as men for equal service?"

"Why should n't they?" he instantly interrogated. "Why should n't they? They do more for the world than men do."

"That is the way it is with women. But we always give them the hard row, and the bad end of the bargain. We lay aside our honor when we deal with people who can not enforce justice."

"Why, I boarded with a family, and the mother died. She was a fine woman. She had a beautiful, little girl, well trained. A week after the mother died, the father gave this little girl to a widow, signed away his every right to her. And right there in our town, within a stone's throw, was a woman whose husband died, and she had four children. She made her way and took care of those four children and brought them up. She had no help from any one either."

The man was alive and quivering with the intensity of his feeling.

"It is a hard world for girls," said Martin Luther to his wife.

And it is still a hard world for girls, because it is a man's world made for men by men. It was not made by men of this generation nor the generation before this one. It was made by men for men when men were barbaric, when the lust for power and satiety dictated the policy of men's activities; when pirates owned the seas, and robbers possessed the land; when men ruled by fiat, and enforced their laws with battle-ax and torture.

The whole world responded to fear; and fear breeds ignobly. Man is far better today than the ancient world in which he lives. He is established in it. He clings to the perquisites of office. It is difficult for any man to divide other than an imaginary kingdom with a woman.

Our traditions have given to men power over women, power over their life until death. Men have always carried the moneybags.

This world is ruled by money power. Public sentiment is made by money.

It is said that the greatest influence militant suffragettes in England have had, came when they were able to raise twenty-five thousand dollars in an afternoon.

Mr. Ford's picture, and pæans of applause for him, are in every newspaper in the United States, because he is distributing ten millions of dollars.

But Mr. Ford has discriminated against women employees. When the spirit of the time, of which he is not quite cognizant, questions him with regard to this injustice, his reasons are like one grain of wheat in two bushels of chaff.

The first government of Home and State was matriarchal. Possibly we are living in the dawn of a Renaissance of that time. We hope, and we believe that we are traveling out of the darkness into the day.

But it is not yet day.

A Modern Instance

In a Buffalo (New York) paper of December Eighth, Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, it was reported that a young woman, twenty years old, knocked at the door of a humble home, in Gittere Street. The young woman was sick and in distress. She carried a satchel in her hand.

She was given a room. The next day she was found unconscious on her bed. In searching for something that should identify her, her suit-case was opened and there was found in it a dead baby.

The young woman was taken to the German Hospital and given skilful care. Every effort was made to save her life. She recovered sufficiently to go from the hospital. As she was leaving, on January Seventh, she was arrested and charged with murder in the first degree. She is now awaiting trial in the Buffalo jail. What inhumanity could cause any one to bring a woman back to consciousness, where sweet oblivion had given surcease to a sorrow which no man could understand!

What humanity had the officer who could arrest a girl, twenty years old, a stranger in a strange land, for doing the only thing which our modern civilization would allow her to do and remain "respectable"! What else was there for this girl to do but to kill her baby? No one would give her work with her baby in her arms; no one would take her baby and give her a chance to work. The State would not give her the opportunity nor recognize that she had the right to the privilege of taking care of her own baby.

She did not kill that baby because she had hate in her heart or murder. She did it because

there was nothing else for her to do and live.

¶ The brand which we have put upon such a mother is one which no mother can carry and live, and we have left no chance of life for her child ☛ ☛

She was more humane than those who arrested her, and who now charge her with murder ☛ If there had been one little chance for that mother to have lived and cared for her child, there is nothing on earth that could have kept her from caring for it.

She had supped full of sorrow before she came to America, or she would not have landed here alone, just a month before her baby was born.

¶ Who was the father of her child? Why did not the father come with her?

If he were the man she worked for, the husband of the woman whom she served, higher in rank and out of her class, she was utterly defenseless. If he hired her passage to America and gave her a little money, there was just one thing for her to do and that was to obey him ☛ ☛

Were the father of her child of her class and eligible for marriage, she would probably have married him, and she would not have come alone to America.

The Rising Tide

WE need Ingersoll to come and tell us about crimes against criminals.

We need Jesus of Nazareth to come, and writing with his finger on the ground, remind us that Nature is our real mother, and then to arise, and point to the men who control the workings of this man-made world, and say, "Let that man among you who is without sin cast the first stone."

We need women who are mothers, mothers in fact or potential mothers, to get possession of a little corner of this world where women can have a square deal, where they will not need tears of pity nor be compelled to plead for an opportunity to live an honest, righteous life.

¶ We need a corner of this world where men and women can live and make a haven that shall leaven the whole lump of smug, satisfied, smiling, respectable society.

We need legislation that shall recognize motherhood as sacred; legislation that shall make a mother's right to her child as secure as a man's rights to his land and his houses ☛ God speed the day when every State in the Union, when every country of the world shall recognize women as human beings, born with

equal rights with men, and where every woman has the privilege of exercising her natural rights!

God speed the day when women shall live their own lives uncoerced, independent and free! ☛ ☛

To have a full stomach and a fixed income are no small things ☛ However, one may set his mark higher!

Agricultural Education

By Doctor Edward A. Rumely



ANKIND has come into possession of new tools. The steam-engine has attracted all productive activities from the home and centered them in vast factories. It has built up cities. Rapid and cheap transportation has enabled the still further centralization of productive effort into larger units. Engine-power is so much cheaper and more effective that men throughout the civilized world have assembled near it so they may use it in all their work and as part of the daily routine of living. A still further increase of human power came as we learned that ten men working together are vastly more efficient than ten individuals working singly. When a thousand men are united for a common purpose, their power has increased almost in geometrical ratio.

Today, in consequence, we are attacking problems of such magnitude that before them single individuals would be powerless. The corporation is the institution created within the last century to focus the endeavor of large numbers to a common end. Corporations have grown in size from decade to decade until they have become national and international in their scope, dealing successfully with problems that would have appalled our forebears of only a generation ago.

With this growth to greater and greater size, the corporation became a factory of such importance to the life of each citizen that the feeling spread among the people of all countries that the State, representing the people as a whole, must step in to define the principles, limit the scope, regulate, and prevent the

abuse of the power that has been acquired by such corporate groups. This new function of regulating corporations has given the public officials in charge of our Government an authority and influence reaching intimately into our business activities.

Corporation or State

THE application of scientific knowledge and the use of larger tools have made possible, and public welfare demands, some undertakings that exceed even the powers of our modern corporations. Think for a moment of the Panama Canal, where the very rocks which have stood as a barrier through all time have been severed to make a channel for ships and commerce, for thought and closer intercourse among the peoples. A corporation had undertaken and failed at the work. Our National Government rose to the need, used all the powers that inhere in our modern political organization, and gave the necessary credit to carry on the work. It is interesting in this connection to recall that the low interest-rate and favorable market for the bonds was due to the deep conviction that the political organization, in this case our United States Government, is the most stable and permanent thing in human affairs. To the Panama Canal every American can point with pride as one of the monumental results of our governmental activity.

It is true that after this effort the efficiency of our officials and of the public organization at Washington sank back to lower levels. In the meantime, however, a demonstration has been made of what can be achieved by a government under disinterested and effective leadership.

We are finding that there are many other activities that can best be carried on if delegated to the Government. No corporation, for example, could be safely entrusted with the unlimited powers and the many-sided control of individual lives necessary to the most successful operation of industrial, accident, sickness and old-age insurance, for as soon as such a system is developed, the instruction of all medical schools must be modified accordingly, health conditions in cities and industries changed by legislation, safety devices enforced in factories and upon farm machinery by the police power of the State.

No private corporation operated for profit could afford to cultivate forests on a national

scale and for national aims and with due regard to such matters as influence on water-supply, with no prospects of returns for sixty or seventy years. The distribution of mail and building of public roads have fallen wholly within the sphere of the Government's work. Everybody recognizes that such a gigantic task as the digging of the Panama Canal could not have been entrusted to a private corporation. In spite of the fact that some of the best and most efficient schools are privately managed and privately owned, we all recognize that the education of our children is of such fundamental importance that this function must be assumed by City, State and National governing bodies responsible to all the people. From year to year the field of activity that lies beyond the scope of the private corporation broadens; new tasks arise which to be handled effectively must be assumed by our public institutions. It is only necessary for us to be cautious in this matter and not to develop too fast. We must hold as a principle that whatever can be handled by the individual must be left to the individual, that no function that can be effectively discharged by individual men should be taken over by the corporation.

The Larger State

THE corporation binding a larger number of men together into group effort has permanence beyond the life of any one man and can best deal with a great variety of problems, as is evidenced by the thousands of corporations operating within our midst. Everything that can be done by the corporation should be left for it to do, and the City, State and National Government should assume only such functions as can not adequately be discharged by private corporate effort. Starting with this viewpoint, the important thing for businessmen to realize is that some broadening of governmental activity is inevitable. My teacher of political economy used to say, "The State exists to protect life and property, and for defense against foreign enemies"; but we can no longer believe that this is the whole truth. The machines and tools, the railroads and commerce, the vast bodies of knowledge organized in the sciences, and the fund of power in medicine and hygiene that the last generation created and left as a heritage to us, have made necessary a broadening of State functions. In consequence, public activities—what the State, in the broadest

sense of that word, meaning the political group, does and how it is managed: in short, politics from year to year—are becoming more important to each individual citizen.

Businessmen in Politics

UNTIL now our greatest leaders and the men of the largest talents have worked professionally as individuals or given their services to the corporation. Our most effective men who combine vision with a practical grasp of affairs have been gathered into our banks and business enterprises. With the broadening and increase of State activities, those leaders must go out equipped with their experience and their organizing ability to take an interest in public affairs. The agricultural development of our country and the spread of better training for agricultural work are of such prime importance that it concerns every capable man who can contribute anything of value, even though he does not make politics his profession. Unless many other businessmen—leaders—arise quickly and fully in a similar way to the new social ideals that are stirring our people, our present government of selfish politicians will be supplanted by socialistic majorities that reject private capital as a tool, ignore the function of leadership, and believe merely in the routine of committee rule.

¶ The State never needed great men as much as today. That economic conditions have made opportunities for men to become great is only a half-truth. Great men, the heroes, have made history. Such great men are now needed who will use the State organization as their tool to achieve the larger ends.

Need of Vocational Education

AGRICULTURAL education is but a part of a larger demand of our time. Our cities are calling for skilled workers and better training for industrial effort. Every boy and girl is to be fitted by the school for the vocational effort of real life. The acute need for this at present is due to the fact that we have entered a new economic period of our country's development.

When the Republic was founded, four generations ago, our forefathers, scattered along the Atlantic seaboard, were but a few millions in number. To their West lay a whole virgin continent, richer in soil fertility, timber, ore, and other national resources than any land the white man had ever found. With energy and shrewd intelligence, they took possession

and exploited these stores in a gigantic way. The fur-bearing animals were killed. The timber was cut and sawed into lumber for use at home and sale into export markets, with mills that could handle a million feet a day, operated by the labor of few men. Improved methods of mining by machinery enabled a few men to handle vast masses of ore and metal. Faster and faster the prairies were broken and seeded to wheat, partly because wheat can be easily transported, but mainly because in the value of wheat there is not merely the labor of producing it, but also a content of valuable soil salts in which we have been selling the fertility of our virgin prairie in European markets.

In Eighteen Hundred Thirty the work of growing a bushel of wheat on the farm required three hours of human time. Today, due to the introduction of improved machinery, a bushel of wheat contains only ten minutes of labor value. In other words, the unit of soil salts, worth over twenty cents in each bushel, sufficed to furnish employment for three hours; while today the wheat-selling farmer must part with that amount of his soil capital to sell ten minutes of his labor—a development of one thousand eight hundred per cent in the wrong direction — — —

At first there was but a limited population and a vast land to be mastered and worked. To take its treasures with the least amount of labor became the aim of our people. Everybody's thoughts centered upon labor-saving devices, with the result that more mechanical inventions and machines to economize labor were put forth in the United States than in all the rest of the world. From our midst the typewriter and self-binder started on their unending march.

Our Economic Crisis

THE first or Colonial period of our history is now at an end. We are a hundred millions in number. Our open West is gone. The country is occupied. Our population is spread until cities have touched the Pacific. Already our timber is half cut, and we have calculated that within another generation at the present rate of consumption the last of our forests will be gone. We are mining our iron, our copper, our lead and other metals more rapidly than any other country in the world. The pioneer farmers who worked the soils of the South with tobacco and of the East with wheat, can

no longer move off to the West, when, having exhausted the fertility of our lands, they find farming no longer profitable. The hundred thousand vigorous Americans who went last year to Canada with energy, capital and American tools are a concrete evidence that we have reached the end of our course which we have been traveling. The whole country has been startled by the warning of farsighted men, and now the demand for conservation of our natural wealth is becoming more and more insistent. We have been made to realize that every child born brings a mouth that must be fed, a body that must be sheltered and clothed, but no increase in natural wealth. We must still learn that every child does bring two hands, which can work, and which, when highly trained and backed by scientific knowledge, can create untold values. Stated otherwise, we must care for our increasing population, not by increased exploitation of our natural stores, but by providing abundant work for skilled labor.

Creating Values Out of Labor

WE began by cutting the maple-tree into a cord of wood, worth from three to seven dollars, and each tree furnished material for one day's work. This same tree, if sawed into lumber, is worth twenty dollars and would furnish employment for three or four days for one man. If quarter-sawed, and more carefully treated, it might be worth forty dollars and would furnish employment for more skilled and better paid workers and for a period of from ten to twelve days. And this same lumber, in a furniture-factory, would produce furniture worth from one hundred dollars to five hundred dollars and would furnish employment directly and indirectly equal to from six months' to one year's work for one man. If the workman had the skill of a German cabinetmaker and artistic training, he might produce articles worth several thousand dollars, and find in the lumber from that single tree profitable employment upon which he could support his family for from one to three years. And, finally, if he had the highest artistic ability and the skill of an Italian wood-carver or a violin-maker, he might produce objects with an art value ranging into many thousands of dollars, upon the return from which he could live his whole life.

The whole range of values in this series, from the seven dollars' worth of cord-wood to the

seven-thousand-dollar art-object, depends upon the degree of intelligence extended to identically the same raw material through the quantity and quality of labor employed upon it.

Bartering Resources for Personal Service

OUR country's four principal exports are still cotton, copper, wheat and mineral oils, all articles of natural wealth. We export chiefly these and relatively crude products partially manufactured with coarse machinery and unskilled labor—articles the price of which arises largely from the natural wealth, with but a small content of labor values. We ship abroad hundreds of thousands of tons of steel at one cent a pound and copper at twelve cents a pound; and we buy back magnetos made of these same metals from Germany at one dollar and a half a pound. In exchange for steel rails at one cent a pound, we buy back scientific instruments at ten dollars a pound, nine dollars and ninety cents being the labor added to the ten cents' worth of metal.

To France we sell metals, wheat, barley, cotton, oils; and get in return champagne, laces, vichy water, amusements for our foreign tourists, and education for our students. The silk that she sends us, she herself has imported in a raw state from foreign countries, adding value to it merely through the skill of her workers and the design of her artists.

To England at nine cents a pound we sell raw cotton with its content of fertility from our Southern soils, cotton that she spins and weaves for the world's markets into cloth worth one dollar a pound without touching a single resource of her own land.

To Italy we send a million bushels of wheat, and Caruso comes to sing for us a few hours in return.

A New Political Policy

A SURVEY of our National activities reveals one significant fact: We are still bartering away the solid things of the earth in return for the use of capital, business and labor values and personal service of other peoples. Our forefathers, with a virgin continent behind them, could well afford to do this, but for us that time is long past. Our whole economic policy from now on must aim to create values out of labor in the cities by building up secondary industries that take the raw materials and convert them into highly manufactured products. Instead of selling our steel and lumber in the raw state

at one cent a pound, we must sell our iron in reapers and engines at ten cents a pound, in automobiles at fifty cents a pound, and in typewriters and cash-registers at two dollars a pound ♣ ♣

This same ideal of selling labor instead of natural wealth is binding upon the farm. We do not need better agricultural education, to increase the wheat-crop from thirteen to thirty bushels an acre merely for the sake of increasing our total yield of cereals. I doubt with our present population whether it would be a good thing to increase the yield of wheat from thirteen to an average of thirty bushels an acre for the sake of growing seventeen hundred million bushels annually instead of seven, for that would simply hasten the day of soil exhaustion. Our aim should be rather to get the same amount of cereals from a smaller acreage, so as to leave more land free for other varied crops. The ideal of selling labor values is binding for agriculture exactly as for other manufacturing industries. The more highly refined the farm-product, the more labor and intelligence it contains, the greater its value in dry substances per pound, and the smaller the drain it entails upon the soil of the farm from which it came. Instead of cereals at sixty cents a bushel, the farmer must sell cattle at eight cents a pound, and he will get for each pound of soil salts forty times as much return. In butter, eggs, cheese and fruits he sells his labor and his personal effort rather than his soil values.

Of course we want to increase our acre yield to the highest profitable limit, so that we can grow our national quota on the smallest area, thereby releasing acreage for other crops, through which, with much less drain on our soil fertility, the farmer can market large values arising from labor, a larger capital investment, and intelligent management ♣ The degree to which the farmer is successful in reaching this ideal of selling his labor measures the approach to a balanced state of agriculture that will leave each acre of land at the end of the year as fertile as at the beginning ♣ ♣

The Soil, Our Heritage

WE must cease looking upon our land as an object which has us as transient masters. Instead, the passing years must teach us to love our soil as the European owner does the few acres that he has inherited from his father

and in which lie all the past traditions of his family. In the soil we must see our great and permanent possession that is to be preserved, built up and made more fruitful for our children in coming years. If we accept as a national ideal the demand that we live by the labor power of our people, we must quickly become a nation of skilled workers in the city and upon the farm, for crude and unskilled effort will not support us in our present standard of living. It is comparatively a simple thing to farm by machinery for wheat on the virgin prairie; but to carry on intensive agriculture in accordance with scientific principles under a system of crop rotation, using a great equipment of tools, with large stocks of well-bred cattle, growing a great variety of plants and fruits, supplying from year to year the needed fertilizer to the soil, requires special skill and much technical knowledge ♣ The routine of tradition will no longer suffice. The sciences of chemistry and physics, acquaintance with botany and some of the other elemental laws of plant life, mechanical skill in handling tools and machinery, are a necessary part of the equipment for successful farming. The knowledge that underlies this is of recent development, but is not yet a common possession of the farmers of this country; hence, not knowing himself, the father can not impart adequate training to his son.

The modern demand that the school shall broaden its function and take over industrial and agricultural education to fit its pupils for vocational work in life is not accidental or sporadic. The broadening of its function is part of the great sweep of development—another step in a process of the great evolution itself that began with the earliest human history. Originally the family or clan, based upon the ties of kinship, was the highest social group in and through which men could work. Every one outside of the clan was a stranger and an enemy, and each family was self-sufficing. In the Old Testament we find the story of such primitive conditions. Abraham was father and grandfather to his people. He was the ruler, with powers of life and death. He was the priest who worshiped and offered sacrifices; he allotted the tasks, ordered the work, and owned the property. If his people needed bread he provided it, and for water he found the well. When tribal war was to be declared, he commanded. One by one these

functions were taken. First the city crystallized a political organization that began to protect life and property. Authority over the person of the citizen passed from the father or head of the clan to the larger group. It was one of the later Roman emperors who announced a law that from that day forth the authority to kill would be vested in the State, and that no father must thereafter kill his son or daughter or wife, but must turn them over to the State for proper punishment when they had committed wrong. In other words, he announced that the time had come when the person can be better protected by the State institution organized outside of the family. In the early days, the father performed all worship at the family hearth-fire. But soon religious feelings found a higher expression in prophets and great religious leaders, who called their disciples to follow them and gradually organized institutions that took over religious worship and the propagation of religious doctrine in a separate institution. Until a hundred years ago, the production of food still centered largely in the family. The advent of the steam-engine and the introduction of new tools and machinery called for a broader group than was possible within the family circle. Corporations were organized to control factories.

Education Passes From Family to State

IN a similar way the family was no longer able to transmit successfully the body of knowledge that had been accumulated. Public schools were erected as a great innovation. The parents who under former conditions were responsible for the training of their children were called upon to send them out of the home into the public school, and back of this demand of the State for control over the education of the child from the sixth year on we have placed the truant officer of today.

As it was found that the family was no longer adequate to furnish proper training, one subject after another has been added to the school course. Domestic science or home-making itself is one of the latest of the additions to the curriculum. When vocational training in all its aspects, to fit directly for the broad work of life, shall have been completely included in the curriculum, it will be one step more in the long development toward social integration from the family to the larger unit. It will give us the benefit of the

specialist, who will be devoted to his particular line of activity with freedom to accumulate the broad special knowledge that has been in process of growth through all the centuries and will continue long after his time.

Culture Through Work

OUR discussion in America of the aims of better agricultural education so far has turned too much upon knowledge alone. We have assumed that it was simply a body of new information for the benefit of the farmers. But much more is needed. Many of the most valuable experiences we are unable to formulate in words, especially when they arise from our muscle sense. Skill of hand and a sort of sixth sense or quick intuition for practical work come only of experience. Work with the hands leading to vocational training must become part of our school course, for reasons altogether different from those originally enumerated.

Every child, merely as a human being, has values with its life so sacred that we may not use it as a means to an end. The fact that there is a dearth of skilled labor and that our factories need skilled workers, or that our farms must be more efficiently managed if they are to furnish the nation a permanent food-supply, would not be a satisfactory ground for our taking control of our public schools, and turning them to such utilitarian ends. The school has its first duty to develop the powers and latent possibilities of each child entrusted to its care, so that it may grow to the richest possible life. It must give broad culture. Every child should be helped to understand the great truths that were accumulated for our generation as its heritage from the past. It should receive a working knowledge of reading, writing, spelling and numbers that will enable it to reach out and climb into any field of thought to which its interests may lead; and in addition our schools should give to all children feeling for the highest social and religious aspiration.

The Hand, Our Greatest Sense-Organ

FOR the sake of this culture, work must be made part of the school course. We have still to learn that our hand is our primary sense-organ. Man differs from the animals and is superior to them not because he has better eyes, or a sharper ear, or a keener sense of smell than they. He is superior to them mainly because the two fore-members of his body,

that in animals are either the wings or the forefeet, have been freed from the burden of merely supporting or moving his weight. In the fore-members that thus became free, the thumb moved opposite the fingers and made the hand able to take hold of things, and through the hand the human species grew in both a spiritual and an intellectual grasp of the world. The club and the stone, which at first were only weapons, gradually shaped themselves into tools, and while plying these tools against the material world, a knowledge of the properties of materials was gained that has made man able to master them. Step by step this knowledge of physical properties was accumulated, organized, until finally it was hand-acquired. Through this hand-knowledge has come our marvelous understanding and control of the physical world that has enabled us to build our machines, our railroads, our cities 🍂 🍂

I look at a piece of wood. I see its color and its shape, but neither would tell me how that wood could be used for this table, chair, or in a building, as structural material. As a boy with a jackknife, whittling a pine stick, I first learned the properties of pine-wood; then by sawing boards and driving nails into them, as I made a box or a boat, I added to my experience further knowledge of the properties of wood 🍂 🍂

We look at a piece of iron, and see its color and its shape. We can hear its ring if struck with a hard object, but we must file it and hammer it, fuse it and weld it, we must work with it with our hands, if we wish to know its properties, and know its resistance, strength, elasticity and the other characteristics that make it useful in our machines and bridges and tools 🍂 🍂

Kent's *Handbook of Engineering*, which is in the hands of every engineer in this country, and which contains the standard information for the entire engineering world, is filled from cover to cover with formulas about facts that can be neither seen nor heard, but which must be felt through the hand in order to be experienced 🍂 🍂

Knowledge Through Work

BECAUSE the symbols of knowledge in the written and spoken word have appealed to the eye and the ear, our educators have been led astray, and have overlooked entirely the fact that the source of new knowledge is

mainly the hand, and that the most valuable of all knowledge comes to us as we work with materials. In other words, we need practical work as part of the school course, not so much that we may become better mechanics, or farmers, in later life, but that we may acquire the broadest possible experience and understanding of the world in which we live. And we all need this whether we are destined to become clerks, doctors, lawyers, bankers and businessmen, quite as much as artisans and farmers 🍂 🍂

The muscles are intimately bound up with our intellectual life. Through them alone the emotions express themselves. We see in the face of a friend whether he is sad or glad by the lines that reflect the tension and movement of the underlying muscles; in the voice we recognize the note of sorrow or of joy that comes from the muscle tension of the vocal cord. The leader of a band, by the movement of his baton, reflects the flow of feeling through himself and holds all players in unison. For the violin-player, every milligram of difference in muscle pressure, and every fraction of an inch difference in the rate of movement of his bow, indicates the varying play of his muscles, and brings out other tones, and in those tones we hear the quivering of the muscles so fine that they would be invisible to the naked eye, and through them magnified in the sound we understand the finest feeling of his soul.

Character Through Work

GRIT and determination are developed in children as they overcome physical resistance. Only in later life can we will to do something abstract or something that lies in the future. As children, we must slam the door, run, jump, climb trees, overcome some other boy in a game, by physical strength, in order to give play to our will. These valuable character qualities can be developed fully only by giving definite tasks in the physical sphere to children. Actual purposeful work with tools furnishes the best training. In the adult man, in the firmly set cheek-muscles we still recognize the square jaw as evidence of purpose and strength of will, and this muscle, like a rudiment, tells the story of how will in each individual is developed as the accompaniment of deliberate muscular effort.

In the brain, on one side there is a cell area about as large as a quarter that serves as the nerve center for speech. Around it lies the motor

center for the hand, arm, shoulder and throat. In all right-handed individuals, this nerve center is on the left-hand side, from which the right hand is controlled. In left-handed persons, the nerve center is on the right side. Originally the cells that later became the center of speech, controlling both the spoken word and the understanding of words when heard, were the motor area for the right hand and throat. This development that goes on in every child shows the casual connection between the right hand, work, and the higher faculties of our mind. The Latins, who named all feeling "emotion" or the thing that moves out through the muscles, guessed the truths of muscle and mind.

Through work we are brought into sympathy with our fellows as is hardly possible in any other way. Any plan of education that does not recognize these fundamental facts and make them a part of the early training must lead to serious trouble. From all sides we hear of the breakdown of our present educational system. Everywhere there is a feeling that it does not suffice; that it does not produce capable and well-balanced men and women. The difficulty lies largely in the fact that our educators, until now, have overlooked the fundamental significance of work. There are two nerves leading to the eye and the ear, and hundreds to the muscles of the body. These all must be used as avenues of knowledge, and the demand that we "send the whole boy to school" contains a fundamental truth. This conception, this work-training, can be given to the boy in the agricultural school much more easily in the country than in the city. Gardens, demonstration plots, five-acre and ten-acre farms, conducted as an integral part of the school, will furnish an opportunity both for the activity and as object-lessons by which formulated scientific knowledge can be conveyed. As soon as we look at the problem in this way, we see that this practical work-training must not be deferred until the thirteenth or fourteenth year; every child of seven or eight needs an opportunity to handle the basic tools, and to operate with the principal materials, for his cultural development. In the twelfth or thirteenth year practical work should develop into vocational training along definite lines. We can not solve our agricultural problem unless we aim to reach every farm, and that can be done only

through the primary schools. Boys of from thirteen to fifteen are capable of understanding and making rapid progress in the subjects we are teaching at our agricultural colleges with greater difficulty to boys of eighteen to twenty-one. Things learned during the earliest years become part of the fiber of one's thinking, as information acquired later on can never be; and for the most successful farming, the basic facts of scientific agriculture must become ingrained in the very flesh and blood of those who are on our farms. After completing his primary education in the Volksschule, from his fourteenth to his eighteenth year every boy living upon a farm in all Prussia will soon have to continue spending from two to seven hours per week in the continuation school, confining itself exclusively to agricultural training. This law, while already compulsory in many districts of the North half of Germany, is ultimately to be made universal for the whole Empire.

The Need of Teachers

BBETTER State universities, agricultural colleges, high schools, extension work, experimental and demonstration farms, educational pamphlets, are all useful and much needed institutions, or devices, but alone they will not suffice. For this new work that we are asking the school to undertake, we need teachers especially prepared by years of training. Already the demand is so great that there are twenty places open for every competent teacher. New courses of studies must be worked out in normal schools that will give a combination of practical knowledge and the broad experience necessary for this new work. Much experimental effort will be required to find the right forms of teaching, all of which it will be hardly possible for a school controlled by the State or other political body to undertake. Some large institutions, privately managed by those who understand and sympathize with this new ideal of education, should be created.

I conceive of a normal school, with five thousand students, with a broad course of studies, with laboratories for the physical sciences such as chemistry, physics, botany, biology, in which the students could receive instruction in the necessary sciences. These laboratories would also serve as places in which practical courses could be worked out which, when reproduced in the agricultural schools over

the country, would knit this scientific knowledge into the every-day experience of the boy from the farm. Languages, mathematics, geography and other cultural studies would be taught as at present. Connected with the school would be a large experimental farm with several thousand acres. Before graduation every student desiring to obtain a teacher's certificate would be required to spend from eighteen months to two years at practical work, earning wages, either upon the farms of some of our agricultural colleges, or upon well-managed estates, or upon private farms of their own choosing in selected districts of the country. Those desiring to become teachers of industrial training in the cities would similarly be required to spend from eighteen months to two years at practical trades-work, divided into three six-month periods, in factories and other industries. The graduates of such a school of model training would be sought for throughout the country. The enterprise could be self-supporting, and could be undertaken jointly by a group of men interested in our industrial and agricultural development. Once established it would soon become the center of a propaganda that would radiate its influence to every State in the Union, and from which would go forth a thousand well-prepared teachers each year to carry on this new educational work that we are endeavoring to promote. The standards of training set up at this school would influence other normal schools, and thereby this central institution would exert a far-reaching influence.

Two Incidents

ONCE, while on a walking trip through the Black Forest, I came to a little village school on a warm July day. The teacher and fifteen little eleven to thirteen-year-old German boys, some with big patches on their trousers, were standing in a group not far from the building. One lad held a broom, with which he had swept a clean place in the gravel-yard. In reply to the question of the teacher, a little voice said, "We planted the seed, and it started to grow, and the roots reached down into the glass for food, and it spread its leaves, into the air, to catch the sunshine and to breathe."

As I looked I saw a row of glasses in the school-window, in which seeds were germinating and in various stages of growth. Just then a wagon loaded with wheat-sheaves that were being

hauled to the community threshing-machine in the village passed by the school. The teacher sent one boy to fetch a bundle of wheat. He laid it on the ground, and set fire to it, as he explained: "This fire will make each part of the plant go back to where it came from. The heat and the light will flow off into space toward the sun, from which they were gathered, and the smoke, containing the coal-stuff (carbonic acid) will go back into the air." And then he pointed to the ashes, and asked one lad where they came from. The answer was, "From the ground." "But how did they get there?" "The roots picked them up; they were in the water that plants suck up, and as the water dried up in the straw and leaves, these remained behind." "What are these ashes?"—and another lad answered, "They are the minerals that are the strength of our soil, and that make the plants grow." "What is your father doing?" he asked, pointing to a wagon loaded with wheat-sheaves that was passing. "He is hauling away the strength of the soil," another little voice said; "but when he hauls the manure back from the stable, he will put all the straw back on the soil."

Such lessons impress themselves upon the minds of ten-year-old children indelibly and make of them the skilled German farmers of today.

Another time, as a student at the University of Berlin, I was listening to a lecture by the Professor of Economics. He was discussing the State policy that underlay certain taxation laws, and bounties upon sugar and alcohol. "Yes, we must conserve our soil fertility. Those products which drain the soil most of its permanent values we must import from abroad. If we buy cotton-meal in America and feed the cattle here, the whole value of the meal is retained in the price of the meat, while vast quantities of fertilizers, containing the essential soil salts, remain upon the farm and enhance its fertility. In every million bushels of wheat that we purchase from America there are one million five hundred seventy-five thousand pounds of phosphorus, nitrogen and potash, worth, in round numbers, two hundred sixty-seven thousand dollars. These are drawn from the virgin prairies of America and other new lands. A portion of the fertilizer value of this wheat is retained through our systems of city sewage farms to enhance the fertility

of our German soil. In disposing of products of the farm, we must strive to market such articles as meat, which contain but thirty per cent of solid matter and only two or three per cent of mineral salts; cheese, and especially the carbohydrates, such as butter, alcohol and sugar. The sugar-beet farmer feeds the refuse of his beets to cattle, and the manure goes back to the land. In alcohol production, only the alcohol is sold from the place, while the protein, containing the mineral salts, is fed and retained there. The extent to which the farm values we sell are attached to carbon in place of to the soil salts that exist only in limited quantities is a measure of the degree of our agricultural development."

And it is this German art of selling labor in place of natural wealth that we Americans now have to learn.

Farmers Must Have More Capital

PUBLIC welfare demands that our methods of farming be changed, and the broader agricultural education that we are seeking will make possible the introduction of new methods upon our farms. You must bear in mind, however, that they will necessitate the employment of vastly increased capital. Actually the American bankers and financial centers are facing a task that exceeds that of fifty years ago, when thousands of millions had to be poured into railroad construction. The investment to be made upon farms will be a long-time investment, and can not, on that account, be taken from the deposit funds of our banks. Ten dollars an acre must be invested in artificial fertilizers, manures and crops plowed under to bring back to fertility the worn lands. For one hundred million acres this would mean a billion dollars, and it would require five years for plants to extract the fertilizer so placed, even if we should be willing to accept a plan of bringing on soil exhaustion again in five years instead of permanent improvement. More farm machinery and more special tools must be employed to save labor in proportion to total output, and thereby offset the difficulty of securing farm help, until our new education shall have created such enthusiasm for farming as will bring a sufficient number of capable and willing workers.

The per-acre investment in machinery ranges from three to seven dollars at present. It must be increased to from twelve to fifteen dollars

per acre—or a total, on three hundred million acres, of two billion dollars.

In cattle-raising a calf must be purchased and kept for two years before it is ready for the market. Cattle must be purchased and buildings must be erected to care for the stock, and for this an additional investment of from one and a half to two billion dollars will be required. In other words, as soon as the problems of agricultural education have been solved, we must devise avenues of credit by which five thousand millions of additional long-time money can be made available from the world's cheapest credit markets for American farm operations.

Control of Plant Life

PLANTS have become plastic in our hands like clay. We can mold their forms to suit our needs. All the domesticated plants that are the basis of our present agriculture are man-made—the result of age-long unconscious effort on the part of our forebears. With the scientific knowledge that has come within the last sixty years, since Charles Darwin, we are able to take hold of plant life and accomplish in a single decade more than untold generations before. The potato, upon the development of which the Indian probably worked thousands of years and which was cultivated in Europe for three hundred years since the time of Sir Francis Drake, has been re-created in a single decade by conscious effort of French gardeners.

Wheat originally was a seed as tiny as the seed of hay—two berries to the stalk. It has been made by man what it is. The adding of but a single grain to each head would add five per cent to our annual wheat crop, thereby, without any increase of effort, producing an annual revenue of twenty-five million dollars.

¶ The possibilities of plant life have hardly been touched. There are hundreds of thousands of botanical forms upon which no conscious method has been used by man.

The effort to promote better schooling and greater technical knowledge that started with those enthusiasts for humanitarian ideals who framed the Constitution, has achieved their desired results. The age of machinery is here. It is for us now to recognize the possibilities of forwarding plant life so as to make it serve better human needs, and by a similar broad agricultural school system create an army of men to attack this problem.

The Conclusion of the Matter

TO sum up, then, we have arrived at a period that is almost critical in our country's history. We must change the industries of our cities and the methods of our farming so that henceforth we shall sell the labor power of our people rather than the natural wealth of our land. •••

In order to make all labor effective so that it will create large values, we must have vocational training that will fit directly for life's work. City children must gain skill and knowledge for industrial effort, and the children destined for the farm must have in their schools a broad training that will give them understanding of the scientific principles as well as skill and enthusiasm for the work itself.

¶ This vocational training, or work, is needed for the child's own intellectual and moral development, and must be included in all primary schools on that account alone. Our forefathers, in their struggle toward civilization, had for ages to work with their unaided hands, and this period must be repeated in the life of every child. Nation-wide results can not be achieved by mere devices such as demonstration plots, prize contests, propaganda leaflets, all of which are good, but not sufficient to modify profoundly the mind of one-half of our whole population.

Teachers consciously prepared for this new work by years of special training are our most urgent present need.

To set the standards, develop proper methods of instruction and equip the first teachers in large numbers for this new work, a central normal school should be developed by the joint effort of manufacturers, bankers, railroadmen and other citizens interested in either the cultural or the practical aspect of work as part of the school curriculum.

As these are realized we shall have the education of the whole child. Training for work will emphasize the civic consciousness by making every citizen feel that he has his useful part to do. On the farms there will be less soil robbery and in our factories a rapid development to quality production. The skill and forethought implied in this will lead to broader national culture. As the standards of manufacture and agriculture rise we shall rely less upon our national wealth, for, by selling our labor instead, we can conserve for future generations our soil fertility.

Crippling Enterprise

By Arthur Brisbane



HE Democratic party realizes, let us hope, that all real statesmanship is constructive and tends to build up a nation in the big things and little things. ¶ At present the Government at Washington, following its action in compelling the separation of the telephone and telegraph companies, has begun a suit to compel the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads to separate and work absolutely apart. It is necessary to talk plainly about the presumably well-meant efforts "to regulate business."

The Sherman Law, and all law, is intended—by the people, at least—to protect the people, to preserve the rights of the weak, and to encourage all honest and constructive work by men of ability.

To compel separation of the telephone and telegraph lines was an interference with efficiency, an interference with public service, a stupid refusal to realize the fact that combinations of value to the public must be encouraged under public supervision. ¶ The telephone and the telegraph wires naturally work together for economy and public service. Their ultimate destiny is government ownership. The way for that ownership should be paved by the highest and most efficient development of telegraphs and telephones, combined with great protection and regulation. ••• The combination of the two had caused very important reductions in charges and very great increase in public convenience—thanks to intelligent management willing to divide with the people the profits of combination and organization.

When the Government ordered these naturally allied public services to separate, business combination was forbidden, public convenience was ignored, the foolish backward step was taken.

The telephone-companies should have had the telegraph-wires and served the public by taking the telegraph-messages from the telephone. •••

The telegraph-companies should serve the public and have immediate access to the

citizen sending telegraph-messages over telephone-wires. Combination in management and ownership with proper protection through rate regulation was the solution.

But the Government forbade, for the sake of a theory and false interpretation of the Sherman Law, that which was beneficial to the public and injurious to no one.

Political Capital

THE present attack on the working combination of the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific system—for it is only one system—is in character the same as the unwise order regarding the telegraph and telephone lines.

The Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific are not two separate railroad systems.

They constitute a railroad scheme for serving the people of California and of the West. They are interlacing lines.

It is a great convenience for the merchant and the manufacturer to deal with them as a unit. For the United States Government to attack the ninety-nine-year lease under which the Southern Pacific manages the Central Pacific is childish interference with big business in the good sense of the word.

With the Interstate Commerce Commission fixing rates for freight and for passengers, combinations in railroad ownership can not be made an agency for extortion.

The Government says, "So much a mile per ton, so much a mile per passenger."

The Government should permit intelligent railroadmen to form legitimate, money-saving, time-saving combinations that will permit them to give better service to the public and better returns to their stockholders while obeying the commerce commands as to the rates per ton-mile and per passenger-mile. When these two railroads are compelled to give up the combination under which they work—beneficial for both and for the public—they are compelled to spend money uselessly, compelled to spend on unnecessary competition, energy, time and cash that might be divided between public service and private profit.

It will be necessary to spend money soliciting, canvassing, in multiplying freight-agents and ticket-offices—without promoting public convenience or lowering a single rate.

And the roads will be compelled to go back to the old system under which the brains of

railroadmen were used to fight one another instead of being used to increase business by improving the service.

Gentlemen calling themselves Democrats who believe that they can prove their devotion to the people simply by interfering with the legitimate plans of able men do not understand the people. ¶ The American citizen knows that the railroads build up the country as the country builds up the railroads.

The farmer knows that if he once sold his corn at ten cents a bushel for fuel it was because he had no railroad to haul it.

The people do not intend that the railroads shall harass or exploit them or practise extortion—Government power through the Interstate Commerce Commission takes care of that. Control of railroad-rates and practises by the Government is necessary and inevitable. But it is not to the public advantage that organizers and builders of railroads shall be harassed and hampered by politicians merely for political capital. ¶ If the telegraph and telephone offices can be in the same building and use the same wires and save effort the public is the saver in the long run.

If railroad systems can be directed by the same mind, with the same agents, charging fair rates, free from harassing, costly methods of wasteful competition, and regulated by public power, so much the better for the people.

¶ The Sherman Act is intended to prevent combinations that interfere with the rights of the individual, combinations that practise extortion through monopoly, combinations that forbid others to engage in legitimate pursuits, combinations that restrain trade, not combinations that promote trade and increase public convenience.

The Sherman Act was not intended, and the people of the United States do not intend, to limit the energies, the power, the profits, public and private, of legitimate, natural, economical combination free from monopolistic extortion.

The politicians who bid for public favor by attacking—merely for the sake of attacking—wisely organized railroad, industrial, or other combinations, will be disappointed in the results.

Barbaric people prize gold and make much use of silver. But the consumption of copper and iron is the badge of civilization.



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BRANN was a fighter. He neither asked quarter nor gave it.

At times his crusade became one of calumny, and his weapons were invective and vituperation, used viciously and ruthlessly.

But Brann never concealed his weapons. He was an erect and manly foe, courageous in his convictions.



The incentive, the generator of this fearful fearlessness, was his intense patriotism.

Brann loved his country passionately, and his peculiarly high-strung, sensitive nature and penetrating vision was a combination that abhorred sham and cant. He tugged at the linchpin of hypocrisy.

The Constitution was his Bible, the Declaration of Independence, his Confession of Faith. He didn't pander to public opinion, nor yet

covet the spoils of office.

"The blessed saviors of this country won't let it be saved," said Brann; "they are forever reporting imaginary landslides and paranoiac washouts up the line—impeding the commerce of the country by tinkering around their damned old work-train."

Brann has left behind him a rich legacy of luminous literature. He touches life at a variety of points, and in a masterly manner. He shocks us, but causes us most furiously to *think*. And the man who does that will live long after his bones are committed to the dust.

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The well-written biography of Brann by J. D. Shaw adds to the value of the books.

IDEALS AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE ART OF PIANO-MAKING

BY CHARLES E. BYRNE

When a master craftsman produces a work of art, of surpassing beauty and usefulness, that will serve and give enjoyment and inspiration to his fellowmen, he gains real satisfaction and happiness.

There is no greater reward than the knowledge of work well done.

¶ The making of a piano calls for notable musical genius: the ability to embody in wood and metal the greatest music-producing powers and perfection of tone.

By his fidelity to the highest ideals of service, J. V. Steger has achieved a place of honor in the art of piano-making.

Under his guidance, Steger & Sons Piano Manufacturing Company has to its credit a history of success without parallel in the piano industry.

Its piano-factories at Steger, Illinois, the town that he founded, have become the largest in the world.

The rapid rise and marvelous expansion of the Steger & Sons Institution, within thirty-five years, is a business romance more wonderful than any fairy-tale of childhood.

When J. V. Steger was a poor boy in Germany, learning the first principles of piano-making, he heard about the country of unlimited opportunity over the sea, and decided to go forth in search of fortune.

The day he landed at Castle Garden, in New York City, the prospect of success was rather gloomy. He had no friends to welcome him. He did not know the language. His only passport was a solitary silver coin—all the capital that he possessed.

Undaunted, he faced the future with courage, stifling the feeling of homesickness, which came with thoughts of home and friends, that he had left in the shadow of the ancient cathedral in Ulm, the town where he was born.

Fired with ambition, he made his way fearlessly, with a brave heart, overcoming obstacles and trials that would have discouraged others less resourceful.

By his industry and by careful saving, however, after some few years had passed, he was able to enter the piano trade. Then he began the manufacture of pianos in a modest way.

As his business developed, he increased its facilities—always using his own capital and carefully supervising in person every branch of his organization.

At the outset, he saw that all instruments with pretensions to quality were expensive.

The more he studied the methods of selling pianos, the more he became convinced that the cost of manufacture could be reduced, without any lessening of quality.

It was his commendable ideal to perpetuate his name by making a piano that would represent the highest standard of art, of surpassing richness of tone and genuine worth. It was a matter of honor—of pride in his work.

He was confident, moreover, that the public would appreciate unequalled piano-value; and he refused to be governed by the popular idea that an artistic piano necessarily should be expensive.

He revolutionized piano-selling. It was his aim—what has since become known as the famous "Steger Idea"—to bring to the American Home a piano of excellence and offer it at the fairest possible price.

The success of Steger & Sons Piano Manufacturing Company is due to his capability as a piano-maker, and



John V. Steger

to his honesty in selling in strict accordance with the fundamental "Steger Idea."

How the public has responded to this great "Steger Idea" may be determined by considering the following facts:

Within thirty-five years, the Steger & Sons Piano-Factories at Steger, Illinois, have become the largest in the world. They now occupy, with lumber-yards, over 32 acres. Their capacity is 100 pianos per day; 30,000 per annum.

There are 1,000 employees. Only the most modern, latest improved machinery is used. Scientific management accounts for the high standard of efficiency in every department.

The Steger purchasing-power is extensive and is another important factor which helps to reduce the cost of manufacture, whereby the patrons of the Steger & Sons' Institution benefit.

The nineteen-story Steger Building in Chicago, costing approximately \$1,000,000, is a splendid testimonial

to the favor Steger & Sons Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos have gained among musicians the world over. The town of Steger, Illinois, founded by J. V. Steger, located 29 miles from Chicago, is a thriving, flourishing community of peace and plenty. In this garden-spot, with its population of 4,000, J. V. Steger not only has built homes for his workmen, but has instituted many improvements for their comfort and happiness.

Thirty-five years ago it was a swamp. Today the town of Steger boasts of schools, high schools, churches, beautiful homes, boulevards, parks, a bank, newspaper, many stores, a magnificent depot and numerous public improvements.

There are 21,000 acres of land in Northern Wisconsin, owned by J. V. Steger, that will grow timber for Steger & Sons Art Style Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos for many years to come.

Steger & Sons operates its own private freight-line of 100 cars. The lumber-kiln at the factories is the largest used by any piano-manufacturer.

Steger & Sons Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos are worthy of being selected, purely on their own merits, by discriminating music-lovers as the finest productions of the piano-maker's art.

Master musicians of eminence have awarded tributes of honor to the "perfection of tone and the responsive, sensitive action of the incomparable Steger & Sons Piano and Natural Player-Piano."

The Steger Natural Player-Piano, made complete in the Steger & Sons Piano-Factories, is distinguished from all other player-pianos by its "natural," lifelike expression and marvelous music-producing powers.

J. V. Steger, today, not only supervises the making of the pianos and player-pianos that bear his name, but requires that the same high standard of quality be constantly maintained.

The notable success of the Steger & Sons' Institution has resulted from its adherence to the high ideals of service, that led to its foundation. They will always guide and govern it.

Thousands of owners praise Steger & Sons Art Style Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos—and recommend them to their friends.

A handsome Steger & Sons Piano or Natural Player-Piano catalog, the Steger & Sons Style Brochure, or a booklet describing Steger, Illinois, "the town of peace and plenty," will be sent to you on request.

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☞ Rambles to the woods and along the winding banks

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of the Cazenovia; talks by Elbert Hubbard, and music in the Salon, are frequent events. (East Aurora is eighteen miles from Buffalo on the "Pennsy," with frequent trains from the Exchange Street Station. We meet you with an auto—sure! *Write today for reservations.*

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Let us tell you about the Interlaken School for Boys, Rolling Prairie, Indiana,
E. A. Rumely, M. D., Pres.

A Treatise on Zinziber

By *ELBERT HUBBARD*

Being an attempt to Jamake the Truth from a comatose state



THAT'S one on you, Terese. Zinziber is just the Latin word for ginger.

Ginger first became known to man in Benares, the Holy City, which is on the Ganges, the Sacred River of India.

According to others, it is a product peculiar to East Aurora.

At all events, it was known and used long before the Christian Era.

Ginger was discovered by a Priest of Brahma, and it is only reasonable to suppose that Brahma was well acquainted with the sparkling beverage now known as Ginger Ale.

But Brahma did not live to taste the Waco brand. He was never admitted into "Circle A." Nirvana claimed him first.

In India, ginger was used in the Temple Service. Later it was one of the ingredients of a prime conserve prepared exclusively for high-caste Hindoos.

¶ From India, ginger was introduced into China by Indian Priests, and so became known to the Greeks and Romans—not, however, in the green and growing state,

but in a dried form. It was brought to the Greeks and Romans by caravan over the desert, and Pliny, the Younger, who was up on such matters, declares it came from Arabia. You can take your choice. The fact remains, that ginger never reached its highest perfection until after it was brought to the Island of Jamaica. When we now speak of ginger, we mean Jamaica Ginger, the same that is sometimes referred to as Jamake.

A Portuguese Jew had the distinction of being the first to introduce ginger into the Western Hemisphere. This payboy of the Western world, being a trader by instinct, as well as by profession, and also something of an observer of climatic conditions, conceived the idea of bringing ginger to the West Indies. The Europeans, who were colonizing the Islands at that time, were suffer-

ing from stomach-troubles and liver-complaint. The enterprising Hebrew got his supplies in Calicut—or if you prefer, Calcutta—but in too fresh a state. On arriving at Jamaica, they were deemed quite worthless, and were dumped in a waste place.

They took root, grew apace, and were acknowledged to surpass the bouquet and aroma of the ginger grown in India.

Ginger boiled with honey and water made a beverage greatly relished. Later, sugar was added. Fermentation was the last step in the process. Then there were no more improvements, until Doctor Priestly (somehow, ginger seemed ever linked up with Priests and Priestleys) got the notion of producing artificial mineral waters, by injecting carbonic-acid gas into plain water, and dissolving the different

minerals found in the spas, or watering-places, of Europe. Later the minerals were left out, and sugar and spices added, to form a sparkling beverage, without fermentation.

All ginger drinks, however, were made from the dried roots of the ginger-plant. And here is where we get the

difference! ¶ The Ginger Ale that is designated by the name Circle "A," is made from ginger purchased in the green state, and imported hermetically sealed.

Circle "A" is made in Waco, Texas, which is on the Brazos de Dios.

Circle "A" is a carbonated beverage for people of taste. It has flavor, sparkle and tang, due to first-class materials, and improved scientific methods of manufacture.

The Circle "A" plant is one of the completest and up-to-datest in the United States; and that means, in the round world.

You are requested to register an order for a trial case, containing two dozen bottles. I have tried the good stuff myself—and it has my unqualified O. K. Nothing is too good for The Roycrofters! ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞



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Q We have always taken the stand that people who want the best possible in music are willing to pay a fair price to get it. And the wonderful success of the Apollo Player Piano proves us right.

The price of the Apollo is based on its quality. The quality in music is based on features which our patents make exclusive with this instrument. Here are three of the things which put the Apollo in a class by itself—

Q Every pianist in the world can accent the melody or omit it at will. Yet the Apollo is the only

player piano which can do this. And the Apollo does more than merely accent the melody or omit it—it plays the accompaniment in any key desired!

Q The finest watches are built on the same principle as the Apollo's Metronome Motor. The Metronome Motor relieves you of half the work of pedalling and re-winds music rolls with the touch of a lever!

Q With a down touch on the piano keys. That's the way the Apollo plays. No other piano produces tone in this way. No manual pianist ever produced it in any other way. Think it over.

Write us for all the facts. The features above are but a few of many. The two booklets we send show photographic comparisons of the different construction covering all the vital facts about player pianos in general as well as the Apollo in particular.

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Executive Offices, 422 Fine Arts Building, Chicago

proved so serious that they died instantly, in some cases, and expired within a few hours in others. Fear causes the soul to shrink within itself and all its sacred centers to grow dark and dead; while the auric emanations take on an ashy gray or ghastly color and quiver like a mass of jelly.

Q What excuse can be given for allowing sensitive children to listen to Billy Sunday's sermons on eternal damnation in a lake of fire and brimstone?

To see lovely little girls from six to ten years of age whose minds have never entertained a sinful thought, come marching down the aisle, with tears streaming from their eyes, to take his hand and seek salva-

FEAR is the most destructive emotion that afflicts the human mind. In epidemics of contagious diseases it has been estimated that four per cent die of fear. Through fear impressions are often made on the minds of children of so appalling a nature that they never recover from the shock.

Children have been shut in dark rooms a few hours to punish them for disobedience, and when liberated were found to be idiots. Others have been frightened, just as a joke, which

tion from imaginary sins, as a result of having listened to his terrible description of the hell of eternal torment—is it not an awful sight?

Q If he were to brand those beautiful children on the cheek and disfigure them for life, the audience would rise in vengeance and mob him. And yet the brand on the cheek would pass away with the body at death and the spirit bear no scar when it reached the other shore. But to shock the tender cortical cells of the brain with those terrible descriptions of

eternal torment, causing the fountains of grief to well up, burst their banks and flow in torrents o'er those lovely faces, leaves a scar on the immortal soul which will remain.—*Ernest B. Lydick.*

LARGE corporations have been successful. They have succeeded where inefficient and badly equipped competitors have failed—hence, the envy. When laws are passed to hamper them, they have still gone on prospering. Hence, the hatred, and following envy and hatred come the malice and desire to injure, and the state of mind that can only give a wrong construction to any act that the hated one may do—

this means "uncharitableness." A curious thing is this. If the people at large felt and believed that these large corporations were injuring them it is within their power to put an end to them at once. All that they need do is not to patronize them. There are no corporations in this country engaged in any occupation without competition. If the public are willing to pay the price, they can find people to sell them anything they want without the necessity of buying from the trusts, and six

months of this will put an end to the strongest and biggest of the so-called monopolies. Now, the public have never shown the slightest desire to do this.—"*Army and Navy Journal.*"

MY business is to destroy my business. I teach people how to do without me. Health is the normal condition, not disease. A science of drugs can never help produce a perfect race, free from the demons of fear and disease.—*Doctor Andrew Taylor Still.*

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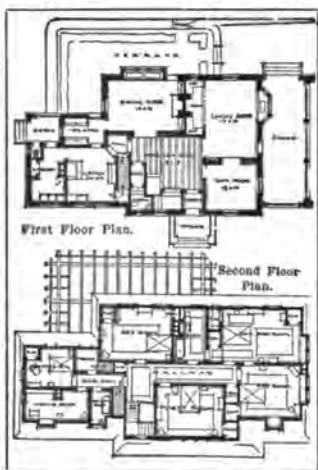
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possible move for you is to quickly get out from where you are and find some place where you can Fit In. A misfit man or woman is a tragedy. A Poor Worker in a Good Place is exactly as bad as a Good Worker in a Poor Place. There is only one right condition, and that is a Good Worker in a Good Place.

☛ Fit In.

Many a human allows himself to think that he is a misfit, when, in reality, if he would but carefully think the whole thing out, he would come to realize his folly and change his thinking and become a real Fit—perhaps “just the man for the job.”

Fit In.

If happenings appear to be against you, Fit In anyway ☛ If you happen to

be thrown among those of a different race, or temperament or what not—make this a rule—Fit In. For the time being, at least.

Fit In.

Suppose the weather does spoil your plans ☛ Mind not—Fit In. No matter what the time or place or circumstance—Fit In.

—George Matthew Adams.

The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.—Cavour.

ONE of the most common traits of the Successful Man is that of Adjustability—the knack of knowing just how to Fit In. If misfortune comes along—all right—he immediately Fits In. If good fortune shows its nose and then comes to stay—all right—he quickly shakes hands—and Fits In.

Fit In.

Fit In—right where you are.

Fit In.

And if you somehow can't Fit In, the best

THOSE who know the negro best, know that he does respond to the influences of right education. If his education is to have this transforming influence, should it not be begun in early childhood? And what type of school is better fitted for this purpose than the kindergarten? The little negro is at least imitative. Which school will most probably lead him in the paths in which he should walk—for his good and ours—the school of idleness on the streets, among the dirt and filth of the negro quarters of our towns and cities, or the kindergarten with a woman of culture and consecration as a teacher? When we have done our full duty by

providing for our children kindergartens and schools of all grades and kinds, when the forgotten child is remembered, and the "lost waif" has been housed and redeemed, then shall we enter fully into our rightful heritage, and wealth and honor and power shall be ours beyond what we can now comprehend.

—Doctor Philander P. Clayton.

To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

—Tennyson.

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IF you're out plowing for the Golden Yen, and need real Failure-proof Form Letters, Circulars, Booklets, Newspaper or Magazine Ads, just flash Fra Davison—he can write no other kind. And fer 'ev'ns sake, Ferd, use your business letter-head, tell your real name and give him all the facts. Just address Ad-Man Davison, Finance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Your trees are safe with him. He knows just the treatment necessary for every tree ailment. Allyn is a sort of Father Confessor and Chiropractor Extraordinary to trees in distress. His ten-year record of successful work is enough to recommend him anywhere, but if you want references he can produce 'em by the bushel. He's safe and reliable. Ask the Rochester Chamber of Commerce. The man you want, if you love your trees, and wish to keep them, is

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Price, TWO DOLLARS EACH.*

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



Price
\$2.00

Price, \$2.00

LET us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; cultivate vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love; and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.—David Swing.

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Price, \$6.00
Modeled in Lily-of-the-Valley Design. Size, 4 1/2 x 6 inches. Lined with moire silk. Has inside pocket and cardcase.

The coloring of these bags is an exquisite blending of soft greens and browns with gold. They will harmonize with a suit of any color.



Modeled in Buttonwood Design. Price, \$15.00. Size, 8 1/4 x 9 inches.



Price, \$6.00
Size, 4 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches. Lined with moire silk.

The
Roycrofters
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N. Y.

who are inspired by high ideals, who consecrate their powers to that which is best, and who believe so heartily in the cause to which they consecrate themselves that they keep everlastingly at it and hit hard when they strike.—*Rolfe Cobleigh.*

THE world has become one city. We begin to see that only a sophomoric and stupendous conceit can justify the claims of any race of people to be wholly superior to any other. No one race can be made perfect without the virtues of every other, or without the universal fellowship of all the children of men. Darkness will cover the earth, until we learn the lesson of universal brother-

WHO are the men that make their mark? Who are the men that succeed in accomplishing what they undertake? Don't tell me that they are the men of genius or of surpassing ability. The fact is, they are usually men of average talents who use them faithfully and zealously. The wrecks of humanity include a large number of men and women of genius. They have lacked patience and zeal and consecration. The best work in the world is not done by great geniuses. It is done by people

hood. Away with national and racial prejudice! By our practise and our testimony, let us stand fearlessly and lovingly for the unity of mankind.—*Benjamin Fay Mills.*

REFORMERS may come and politicians may go, but every new significant fact, and every useful idea, lives on forever, a permanent gift to the human race in its struggle toward the unknown goal, to which it is proceeding.—*Elmer Gates.*

We teach boys to work—The Interlaken School for Boys at Rolling Prairie, Indiana. Write for catalog.

I HAVE no great fear of death, except the natural dread of the physical pain which usually accompanies it. I certainly wish, beyond any words I have power to utter, that I could have greater assurance that there will be a reuniting with those we love and those who have loved us in some future world; but from my reading of the Scripture, and even admitting that there is a hereafter, I can not find any satisfactory evidence to warrant such a belief. Could I believe that I could meet the loved ones who have gone before, I do not know but that I should look forward with pleasure to the "passing across." Not having this be-

lief, I am quite content to stay where I am as long as I can; and finally, when old Charon appears to row me over the River Styx, I shall be ready to go.—*Senator Shelby M. Cullom.*

WE are learning that industrial prosperity depends in the long run on a kind of efficiency that aggregations of capital, however imposing, can not by themselves supply, and that in very many of the most desirable industries the secret of success is in the trained

intelligence and disciplined taste of the man who does the work; that the development of these powers in the workmen of the future is an important branch of general education, and its active promotion and adequate support a legitimate public concern.—*Leslie W. Miller.*

Only the ordinary man is put down and out by ordinary difficulties—the other kind sees in a profitable task only the chance to show what kind of stuff he is made of.—*L. C. Ball.*

Ingersoll

INGERSOLL WATCHES
have timed the lives of thirty-five million Americans. It is only by comparison that we realize how great that number is — thirty-five millions means an Ingersoll for every third man, woman and child in the United States.

The reason for these sales is **VALUE**—the greatest time-piece ever produced for so small a price. Note particularly the small thin model Ingersolls that combine beauty, small size and low price with the guaranteed accuracy and dependability of "The Watch that Made the Dollar Famous."

Eclipse, \$1.50—A medium sized, thin model watch, just the right size for men.

Junior, \$2.00—A smaller, thinner model for boys or men.

Midget, \$2.00—A small, thin model watch for women and girls.

The Wrist Watch, \$2.50—A small, Ingersoll with a soft leather strap that goes around the wrist. Out of the way, yet ready for instant use. Worn by men and women.

Ask for an Ingersoll and be sure the name is on the dial.
Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.
99 Ashland Building, New York City

Eclipse \$1.50
Dollar Watch
Junior \$2.00
Midget \$2.00
Wrist Watch \$2.50

A GROWING Mail-Order Concern that needs building up, is the only proposition that would interest this man.

Or maybe he might be induced to tackle a Department-Store that desires to start or enlarge its mail-order department.

He has had twelve years' experience in advertising and merchandising, and knows everything that will not work.

All he asks is a chance to make good and produce results in his own way. He is worth a good fat salary and a commission on business produced.

Address NOBLEMAN, Care of
THE FRA Magazine, East Aurora, N.Y.

LITTLE "ONE-DER"

FOR

YOUR PHONOGRAPH

Patent Applied For



Send for one of these sound reproducers and try it on old, or even on cracked, records. Plays new or old records perfectly. Uses standard needle. Fits any machine. Price \$2.00. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Sole Maker

A. S. B. LITTLE
Nashville, Tenn.

RIVERSIDE

Sanitary Clothes-Hamper

The old-time wicker hamper is to a great degree done away. It was unsightly, unsanitary and a makeshift at best. It should have gone into the rag-bag of time long ago.



The "Riverside" is of the very essence of cleanliness—a sensible symbol of sanitation. Made of sanitary, germ-proof fiber, painted snow-white. Hardwood runners under the bottom, and hardwood top rim. Shoulders of malleable iron. Steel plates on the bottom corners, for protection. Sturdy, compact, solid, strong, yet light weight. The "Riverside" is not on sale in stores, but we will supply Roycrofters direct, at wholesale price—\$13.50 down. Covers and wheel mountings extra. Write today.

Standard Supply Company, 154 West Broadway
NEW YORK

THE ROYCROFT FRATERNITY

Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta

From THE FRA Magazine for May, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen

1. Where is the Copper Country?
2. How does Michigan compare with other States in point of (a) land area? (b) population? (c) production of raw material, such as copper, iron and lumber?
3. What is a Carnegie Medal? Under what conditions is it bestowed, and by whom?
4. Who was Henry Clay?
5. What great educational institution is in Ann Arbor?
6. How many separate mining companies are there in the Copper Country?
7. What is the most famous mining property of them all?
8. Who is the present manager of this mine?
9. Explain the connection of the famous Agassiz family with mining properties in the Copper Country.
10. What is a share? Define par value, dividend.
11. Define lode, crevass, skip, trammer, level, dry, overhang, strata, outcrop.
12. Explain the principle of crop rotation.
13. What evidence at present exists of an earlier race of people, who once conducted crude mining operations in the Copper Country?
14. What is the Bertillon System?
15. Explain the phrase, "solidarity of the race."
16. Give the causes, direct and indirect, of the strike in the Copper Region.
17. What is (a) the Western Federation of Miners? (b) the Citizens Alliance?
18. Who are the "Reds"?
19. What does John Mitchell mean by saying that every strike is successful?
20. Why is success in Business dependent on Systematization?
21. Define "System" in its present accepted sense.
22. Do you agree with Mr. Hubbard in his premise that "all pay is automatic"? Defend your position.
23. Can advertising be called a Science? Why is it extremely probable that advertising will never be reduced to a science?
24. Why is Science said to be "prophetic"?
25. Explain (a) the Law of Diminishing Returns; (b) Law of Averages; (c) Law of the Cosmic Urge; (d) Gresham's Law of Finance; (e) Hubbard's Law of Education.
26. Take any three of Bunting's Laws of Advertising, and argue for or against.
27. Is this a man's world? How many States now provide for Woman Suffrage? Name them.
28. Present briefly Doctor Rumely's thesis on "Agricultural Education."
29. Do you favor the I. W. W. Movement?
30. What is the "economic crisis" that confronts the nation at this time?
31. Explain the theory or doctrine of "Culture through work."
32. Who was Sir Francis Drake?
33. How does the advance of vocational training in our schools and colleges herald the dawn of a better day?
34. On what grounds is the Government taking action against the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads?
35. Enumerate some recent developments resulting from the Government's activity in attacking big business interests.

We have the equipment, and we have the teachers. The Interlaken School for Boys, at Rolling Prairie, Indiana.



Get the Personal Touch

C We are so confident of the lasting and efficient quality of the 1914 Mitchell that we are asking the public to take a ride in one before it makes up its mind to buy. In other words we are going to leave the matter entirely with you. We are going to *make the car prove itself*. What the car *does* under your own guidance, and not what we say, is going to be the determining factor.

C An old dinky in Virginia who used to sell apples from door to door used to sing "Taste 'em, try 'em before you buy 'em," and this practical theory is one that we are working under. Anything that costs as much as an automobile ought to be tried by the man who buys it before he lets go of a penny. We want Mitchell cars sold that way. It is a plan that absolutely does away with all element of risk. When you drive yourself, you *feel* and you *know*. There is no hearsay in it—no oily salesmanship—no rush advertising.

C The personal touch of the Mitchell gives you the knowledge of power—the knowledge of its mechanism—the knowledge of how it performs for the novice—the knowledge of how it acts on all speeds and under all circumstances and on all kinds of roads. Take this advertisement to your nearest dealer and show him this statement—"Any one of our dealers will be glad to lend you his demonstrator for a run about town," and tell him you want the provisions carried out. Try the car thoroughly, then look into minute details afterwards. And don't talk price or money until you have made the run.

Here is the Equipment for all the Mitchell Models Which is Included in the List Prices:

Electric Self-Starter and Generator—Electric Lights—Electric Horn—Electric Magnetic Exploring Lamp—Speedometer—Tungsten Valves—Mohair Top and Dust Cover—Jiffy-Quick-Action Side Curtains—Quick-Action Two-piece Rain Vision Wind-Shield—Demountable Rims With One Extra—Double Extra Tire Carriers—Bair Bow Holders—License Plate Bracket—Pump, Jack and complete set of first class tools.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Eighty years of faithful service to the American public.

Health and Healing

By Elbert Hubbard



ALMOST every really good thing is violently and vigorously opposed at its inception.

¶ Nineteen years ago, or about the time the first PHILISTINE was making its appearance, unhonored and unsung, people were talking about a new science of adjustment that had been discovered by a man out in Davenport, Iowa. The man's name was Palmer, and he professed to get people well by adjusting the vertebræ of the spine.

¶ No one took him seriously. People laughed and said Palmer certainly was one, then straightway forgot both him and his discovery.

¶ But Palmer possessed patience plus, and pretty soon he began to have patients. A Doctor must have both kinds if he is to make a go of it.

¶ The new system of drugless adjustment was called Chiropractic, because the art is wrought by hand. In derivation the word traces to the Greek, the recognized common storehouse of modern scientific terminology.

¶ Some marvelous work and works were reported from Davenport, and then, next thing we knew, Palmer was languishing in the lockup. And all because, forsooth, he could not produce the necessary medical



Dr. D. D. Palmer was the Discoverer of Chiropractic. Then came the second generation who developed the crude theory and method to a philosophy, science and art—B. J. Palmer, who is now at the head of this school.

license. Exit D. D. Palmer. Enter B. J. Palmer, only son of D. D., who developed the work from where his father left it, and is today the most skilful and successful Chiropractor in the world.

¶ We are surely, if slowly, coming to recognize the good there is in this new Science of Chiropractic.

¶ With Chiropractors the Backbone is the thing. Their ideas are based on sound commonsense, and have an origin reaching back to the time of Hippocrates, the great Greek physician, styled the "Father of Medicine."

¶ Briefly, the Science of Chiropractic is dedicated to the proposition that all disease is due to bone press-

ing or impinging on nerve-fibers having exit from the spinal cord between these vertebræ. The technical word for this condition of undue pressure is *Subluxation*. Right *adjustment* brings relief from pain, thanks to the potency of the Chiropractic "thrust," scientifically administered.

¶ The demand for skilled Chiropractors seems to be increasing. The Palmer School of Chiropractic, with Doctor Palmer in actual supervision, is giving over five hundred earnest people efficient training, this year, along thoroughly practical and commonsense lines. Drugs and dope belong to the past. We look to Chiropractic!

For catalog and terms write to:

B. J. PALMER, D.C., Ph. C.
THE PALMER SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC
"Chiropractic Fountain-Head" DAVENPORT, IOWA

Chalmers—1915 "Light Six"



A New "Light Six" of Chalmers Quality—\$1800

In addition to the famous Master "Six" at \$2175 we now offer you the Master "Light Six"—a new Chalmers model at \$1800.

Here is a 1915 car at \$1800 with all the features that have given "Sixes" first place in the high priced field: Silence, smoothness, flexibility, beauty. It has, besides, what "Sixes" in the past have lacked: A low first cost, which makes it easy to buy; low operative cost, which makes it easy to keep.

The Master "Light Six" is a full year ahead; in style, in mechanical design, in simplicity, in efficiency. That's why thousands who once thought a "Six" an extravagance are now ordering 1915 Master "Light Sixes" faster than we can build them.

A "Six" or Nothing

This is the car for which thousands who would have a "Six" or nothing have waited.

The 1915 Master "Light Six" offers for the first time the full measure of 6-cylinder silence, smoothness and flexibility at the price of any comparable "four."

The Master "Light Six" at \$1800 makes it unnecessary now to pay a high price, or a high maintenance cost to get six-cylinder luxury.

This 1915 Chalmers answers the last arguments of the four-cylinder builders—those of price and economy.

A Lighter Master "Six"

What the Chalmers Master "Six" at \$2175 is among high powered

cars, the 1915 "Light Six" at \$1800 is among cars of its class. It has the same Master Motor, though built on a lighter scale. It has small bore and long stroke to give it flexibility; perfect balance to give it smoothness; right design to give it silence.

Its Chalmers-Entz electric starter makes the motor non-stallable. Tapered bonnet, oval fenders and streamline body rank it with the expensive foreign cars in looks.

Its lighter weight means an added economy. Yet it is heavy enough to make it safe in any emergency; comfortable on any road. Don't make the mistake of buying too light a car. The difference in gasoline consumption between a medium weight car and a flimsy car won't amount to \$25 in 10,000 miles, and \$25 won't buy many repairs for a car so light that it shakes to pieces in ordinary service.

Like all Chalmers cars, the 1915 "Light Six" is built to give satisfactory service through many seasons.

A Car of Super-Value

It is hard to believe that any car at \$1800 could possess all the advantages we claim for the Master "Light Six." Until you see it, you cannot realize its distinguished beauty; until you ride in it, you can know nothing of the extraordinary value it offers at the price.

When we say the 1915 "Light Six" is a year ahead of others, we mean just what we say. In design, in luxury, in endurance, in good looks we believe this to be the most advanced "Six" on the market. It has today the features of construction and equipment which most cars in the \$2000 class will not have for another year.

So we urge you to take the Chalmers Test Ride with our nearest dealer. Let the car itself prove its super-value.

The Larger Master "Six"

2, 4 or 5 passenger type, \$2175
6 passenger Touring Car, \$2275

For the man who wants a larger and a higher powered car, there's our Master "Six," the fastest selling "Six" at its price in the country. This Master Car set a new standard among the larger "Sixes" for silence, smoothness and flexibility; its modest price and low upkeep set a new mark for economy among cars of maximum luxury.

Former owners of \$4000 to \$5000 cars are fast finding out that in the Master "Six" they secure the same six-cylinder value without the usual expense of a car of high power and large size. They say that a really better car no one can buy; a costlier car no one really needs.

Please send me literature on the 1915 "Light Six" and the larger Master "Six."

Name _____

Street _____ Town _____

State _____

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit



Jumped Over His Head!

WILL WARREN is the man who did it. Today he sits in a chair that means executive power and \$10,000 a year. There are 43,000 Will Warrens—men who jumped over the other fellows' heads—men who used their spare time developing themselves—fitting themselves for the big jobs, the thick pay envelopes. So can you. The reason for their success is no secret. They all admit—

Sheldon showed the Way!

He will do the same for you. He will show you how to develop and classify your business knowledge—how to convert it into bigger income. How to command the attention of the men higher up. You can master Sheldon's Science of Salesmanship and Business Building during your spare hours. If you are an employer Sheldon will show you how you can increase the productive powers of those under you.



The Sheldon Book Free

This useful book gives you the foundation principles of success-building through self-development. Shows how to measure your powers and possibilities—how to transform latent ability into real dollars—how to master men and business problems—how to create your future, your income, your happiness. This book is absolutely free to you. Fill out the coupon below.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL

418 Gunther Bldg.

Chicago, Illinois

Sheldon School

418 Gunther Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free the Sheldon Book as I want to learn how to "jump over the man ahead."

Name

Address

City

State

Craftsman Rag-Style Poster Rugs



NURSERY

"Hit-or-Miss" Grounds

30" x 60"	- - -	\$2.00
36" x 72"	- - -	2.75
4' x 7'	- - -	5.50
6' x 9'	- - -	9.00
7'6" x 10'6"	- - -	12.50
9' x 12'	- - -	15.50
12' x 15'	- - -	34.50

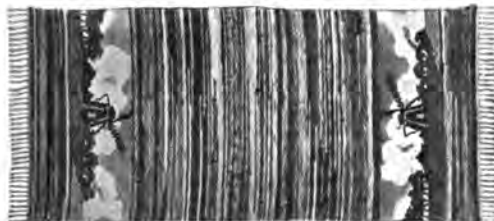
Woven at
the Sign
of the
Hand-Loom



HAYSTACKS

Plain Color Grounds

30" x 60"	- - -	\$2.50
36" x 72"	- - -	3.50
4' x 7'	- - -	6.50
6' x 9'	- - -	10.50
7'6" x 10'6"	- - -	14.50
9' x 12'	- - -	18.00
12' x 15'	- - -	37.50



LOG CABIN

HOLLAND SCENE

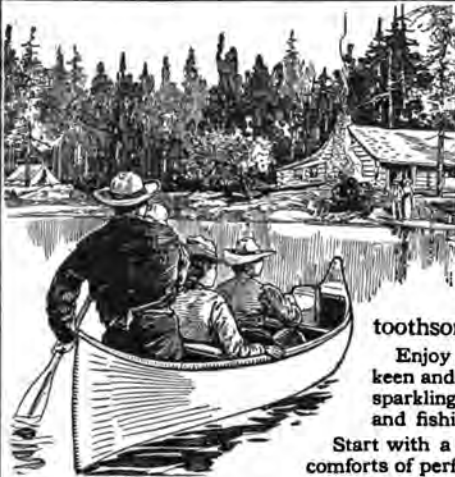
"Hit-or-Miss"
Ground

LIGHTHOUSE



For the Den, Library, Living-Room, Hall, Bedroom, or Nursery. These Rugs go perfectly with modern Furnishings—Craftsman and Mission, or the Colonial. They are woven-to-order either in "Hit-or-Miss" Grounds, or in any color of plain ground—Blue, Green or Brown, etc.—you select. All wraps are White Cotton Yarn. The "Hit-or-Miss" Grounds produce ye olde-time craftie style o' weave. The materials used—all new Print Goods—are torn and sewed by hand by our weavers' wives with much care and cheerfulness in the Winter nights while by their firesides. The borders are all set by hand and are quaint and charming. The green grass, the woods and hills, the blue sea, the brown fields, and the little red roofs of the cottages are worked out perfectly in their natural colorings. The rugs are seamless and reversible. The Windmill Border, while woven in natural colors, can also be supplied in Delft tones. You can select any border on either the "Hit-or-Miss" ground, or on any plain ground. These Rugs are sent anywhere in the U. S. or Canada prepaid upon receipt of price as listed. We also weave "Hit-or-Miss" ground rugs with simple bar borders which are quite inexpensive.

Address Dept. A. D., The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



Take a Trip this Summer to the Great North Woods and Beautiful Lake Country

of Wisconsin and Northern Michigan

Wild Nature — innumerable lakes — the breath of the pine — the gamy bass — the vicious muskellunge — the agile trout and toothsome pike. They all call to you.

Enjoy a holiday in the Great North Woods, where the air is keen and tingling with the scent of the pines and a thousand sparkling lakes, teeming with gamy fish — in the greatest lake and fishing region in the world — await you.

Start with a good night's rest in a luxurious sleeper, with all the comforts of perfect service and equipment.

Hundreds of famous fishing resorts including:

Birchwood	Eagle River	Lac du Flambeau	Manising	Shell Lake	Watersmeet
Cable	Escanaba	Lake Owen	Pelican	Solon Springs	Winchester
Chetek	Gogebic	Manitowish	Phelps	State Line	Woodruff
Cisco Lake	Gordon	Marquette	Powell	Three Lakes	
Conover	Hayward	Mercer	Rhineland	Tomahawk	
Crandon		Michigamme	Rice Lake	Lake	

For full particulars regarding Summer train service and fares apply to

Chicago and North Western Ry.

A. C. JOHNSON, Pass'r Traffic Manager C. A. CAIRNS, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent
Chicago, Ill.



NW3275

What Say You?

IF multitudes of grateful students are an indication of "Big Business," then The Lamb School for Stammerers are for Big Business, first, last and all the time. Their graduates are bigger, better, broader and brighter for having faith in the claims of this man Lamb. His big new catalog will enlighten you wonderfully, and it's free. Send for your copy today.

1252 Franklin St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT OF The Fra Magazine

Published Monthly at East Aurora, New York
(Required by Act of August 24, 1912)

Editor Elbert Hubbard
Managing Editor Elbert Hubbard
Business Manager Elbert Hubbard
Publisher . . . The Roycrofters (Incorporated)

Owners (if a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock): Elbert Hubbard, Elbert Hubbard II, Miriam Hubbard, and Alice Hubbard, of East Aurora, N. Y.

Greek Jar



DON'T send us any money—we can't use it. BUT if you can spare 25c (stamps) send 'em along and get our CATALOGUE containing nothing that you can't buy with part of the profits of your last potato crop.

"Tis Greece, but living
Greece no more"

Howard has gone Byron one better and made the classic land immortal in imperishable stone, and brought the art of Attica to the shores of the New World.

Don't tell, but you can get this Greek Jar for less than the cost of a trip to EAST AURORA. Put vines in it and cheer up your front porch.



Greek Pedestal

Don't write, TELEGRAPH
FRANCIS HOWARD, Expert,
5 W. 28th St., NEW YORK CITY

Ht. 42 in. Wd. Top 11 in.

ON MEDIUMS

NO, Terese, not a tirade on Spiritualism. I am not doing any knocking these days, except to tap gently on my cabeza when the ideas do not flow fast enough! I merely had in mind to pass out a few harmless remarks on the subject of magazines as media for the presentation of publicity.

We are agreed, I believe, that judicious advertising, far from being an economic waste, is an economic necessity, and should be indulged in by the proper parties.

The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer in way of commodity or service, and such a person is a dead one—whether he knows it or not. For him, Charon's mud-scow is grating on the sands, and the boom of the surf can be heard just beyond the Hoffman House bar.

But the best advertising copy ever fished out of the Cartersinx will fail of its mission if it is not put where the right people will see it—and read it, and then dig deep into their jeans for the mazuma.

The man who has some goods to sell does n't holler down a

well. When you want milk, don't sit down in a pasture and wait for the brindled cow to back up. Mahomet discovered that the mountain would not come to him. So he swallowed his pride, and went to the mountain with his Message to Garcia.

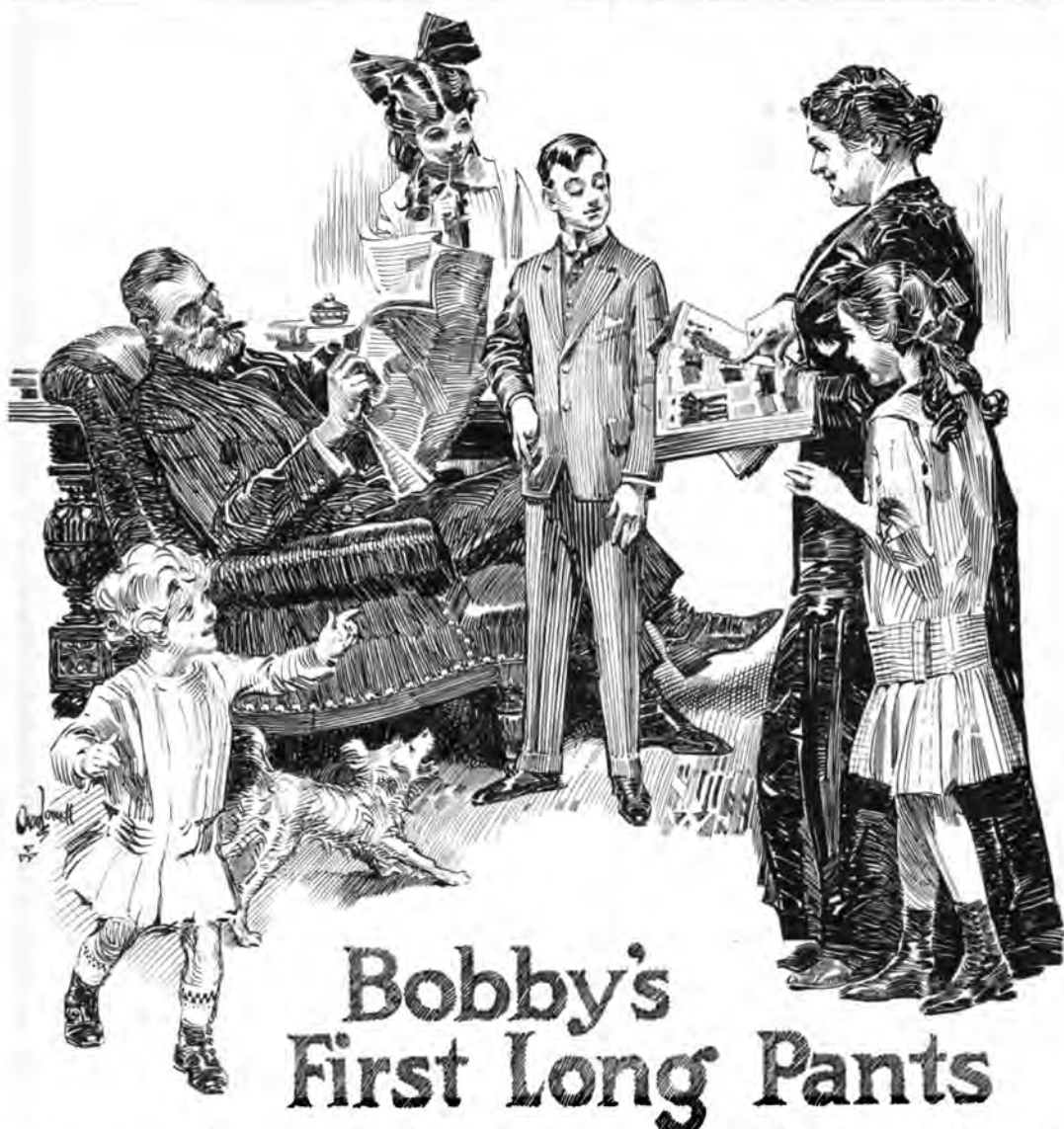
Mahomet never made a mouse-trap, but the folks who saw his ads in the *Mecca Monitor* made a beaten path to his door, and Mecca is become a place of pilgrimage, even to this day.

To sell goods, you must go where there are people with money. Also, these people must be amenable to reason and evince a willingness to part with the piasters when plausibly and peaceably approached. For be it known that advertising, like golf, is largely a matter of "approach." I refer you to Jondoe and Bill Taffeta.

Advertising media are of all sorts and sizes. Also, presumably, they are all good. However, some are better than others.

¶ Now we are getting "warm," as the children say. It is time we passed up the persiflage. We will hike out to the Farm, Terese, and have a look at the Jersey Reds, that is, if Barkis is swillin'.

The best possible place for your boy to spend the Summer Months—at the Interlaken School for Boys.



Bobby's First Long Pants

If there is one time when a male man is supremely self-satisfied and complacent, it is when he crawls into his first pair of long pants and stalks proudly around, with just the suggestion of a smirk on his manly features.

Oh, that is a time to rejoice and be glad. It means more even than the first shave. That suit! Those cuffs on the trousers! No more knickerbockers! "But when I become a man!"—Note how he sticks out his chest and thrusts his hands in his pockets, the admired of all beholders, the observed of all observers, the cynosure of every eye. He feels that to be a gent and wear long pants is worth while. Long pants! There's magic in the words! You can conjure with 'em.

They're an open sesame to a bigger and better sort of life. Long pants!—and they came from Montgomery Ward's, in Chicago! Moreover, Booth Tarkington tells me that when Penrod Schofield goes into long pants, he will order 'em direct from Montgomery Ward's. He even showed me the page in the catalog. But don't take my word for this—send for a copy of Catalog No. 82.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

New York Chicago Kansas City Fort Worth Portland

Montgomery Ward & Company Dept. 33 39
Send me free a copy of your new Catalog. All I agree to
do is to look it over.

Name _____ Street _____ Town _____ State _____ R.F.D. _____

Balanced Rations and Why



The United States Government tells you

Right at your elbow all the time—ready to solve these knotty problems that are always coming up. That's what it means to have at hand the

Some of the Subjects Covered:

Breeds of Horses
Breeds of Dairy Cattle
Milk
Breeds of Beef Cattle
Sheep
Breeds of Swine
Poultry Keeping
Other Animals
Diseases of Horses
Diseases of Swine
Health and Disease of Poultry
Grass and Hay
The Vegetable Garden
Field Crops
Various Farm Products
Miscellaneous Crops
Horticulture
Pome Fruits
Stone Fruits
Forestry and Conservation
Floriculture
Other Farm Crops
Entomology
Diseases of Cultivated Plants
Farm Management
Special Farm Topics
Soils and Fertilizers
Home Economics and Education
Agricultural Education
How to Run the Farm Like a Business
How Much It Costs Per Acre to Grow Various Crops
How Soils are Made and How they Can be Modified and Improved
How to Design Attractive, Convenient, Economical Farm Buildings
What Most People Do Not Know About Feeding the Human Animals
What the Farmer's Wife Should Know About Pure Food, Drugs, Sanitation, Etc.

Farmer's Cyclopedia

Abridged Agricultural Records

They Would Cost You \$4,000 a Set

Each year the Department of Agriculture spends millions of dollars in experimenting and collecting information. Valuable as it is, no human being could read it all. It would take 20,000 volumes—a whole house full of books to hold it all. And it would cost \$4,000 to bind and put them into shape. At that it would be full of technical matter and things you wouldn't care about.

The Department of Agriculture Helps

A year or two ago a group of agricultural experts came to realize this situation and resolved to select the most authoritative and up-to-date matter on all topics of interest and importance to the farmer and country dweller—and nothing else. The Department of Agriculture and the State Experiment Stations did all in their power to forward the enterprise. All publications were placed at the disposal of the Editors. The result you have here.

ALL the books in the world may not be able to teach a man how to plow a straight furrow, but a feed formula from a Government Bulletin can make a difference of \$2 a head in the profit on hogs. That's how Ned Hicks worked it out. Ned had rather scoffed at "book farming." Fed his hogs on cornmeal and ear corn, like everybody else in the neighborhood. Cost him about six cents a pound to put on a hundred pounds during the fattening season.

One day Ned read up on protein. And that year he fed his porkers cornmeal and ear corn PLUS blood-meal. It did n't cost him any more, because he cut down on the corn, and it resulted in a gain of 150 pounds per porker, instead of 100 pounds as formerly. When Ned finally figured it out, he found that he had made a profit of \$2.65 per pig with the new way of feeding, as against fifty to seventy cents a head profit in the old days.

Nowadays Ned always reads up on such things as feeding or fertilizing or seed selection. It pays.

Each Minute You Spend With It Worth Money to YOU—7 Big Thick Volumes

Each volume 6x9 inches and 1½ inches thick. Bound in strong imported buckram with gold backs, title pages in 2 colors—more than 5000 pages—thousands of illustrations—photographs—diagrams, line drawings, sketches, plans, 3,000,000 words—a special cross index so you can find what you want at a glance—and every word worth money to you. Every word of the 3,000,000 will come back in bigger crops, more money—and less work.

With Country Life in America For One Year

As a monthly addition to The Farmer's Cyclopedia to keep you informed right up to the minute on the latest knowledge about farming, a year's subscription to Country Life in America is included in this offer. Country Life will contain each month articles on THE BIG BUSINESS OF FARMING—BETTER STOCK—POULTRY—A TRUE STORY OF A TRUE FARM BY A TRUE FARMER—Regular price \$4—a year's subscription—included in this offer.

Send the coupon without money for the whole set on approval, and if it's worth many times its low price to you pay for it in little monthly payments.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO. GARDEN CITY NEW YORK

Whole Set on Approval

—Send the coupon. It will bring you the complete set—the whole seven volumes—all charges prepaid on approval. Look them over at your leisure. If you don't find in them ideas for more money and less work, if you don't find you'll get your investment back many times just from the ideas in its pages—send the books back at our expense. Otherwise send \$2 a month for 11 months. But act quickly or you may have to wait six months for your set. Send the coupon today.

Mail Coupon Without Money



Name
Address

Newel Light



Price, \$14.00
Hand-wrought copper
and mica frame

Lighting-Fixtures For Your Home

The Roycrofters are prepared to furnish the right kind of lights for your home. The lights shown here are complete, ready to attach.

Center Light
for Living-Room



Price, \$25.00
Hand-wrought copper and mica frame
Diameter of frame, 14 inches

Lantern-Bracket



Price, \$12.00
Hand-wrought copper and glass

Side Bracket



Price, \$6.00
Wrought-copper wall-plate

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

PRINTING



THE principal business of The Roycrofters is Printing. For just twenty years this has been our chief work. We have as good an equipment as any concern in the country for turning out the best and most attractive quality of work. Our Shop is in a great open space where light comes in from every side. We have a central electric plant that supplies light, heat and power. We own our property, free from debt. Our workers are well-paid. ¶ Not only do we do printing, but we raise printers. We have printers in our Shop who have taken prizes for artistic type effects in Philadelphia, New York, London, Amsterdam and Stockholm. We are never quite satisfied — our desire is to do still better work than we have done. Quality of paper, ink, margins, spacings, initials, ornaments—all have careful attention, with many consultations on all important jobs. ¶ As a class, our workers are a strong, able, intelligent, healthy, happy and thrifty people. Every worker in this Shop has a Savings-Bank Account—and this can not be said

of any other printing-shop in the world. Many of our people own their homes. ¶ We are prepared to print pamphlets, folders, books, memorials. If the class of work requires it, we use parchment, vellum, and papers made in Italy, Holland, Japan and America. If the United States produced the best papers, we would buy all of our supplies here; but as many of the highest-grade papers are still made abroad, we have to send orders across the sea. ¶ As for the preparation of copy—Sure! We have folks here who occasionally venture to dip the pen in ink and write things. If your manuscript needs revising, correcting or rearranging, we take care of all these details for you without extra charge. ¶ And, of course, if you want us to do the planning and writing, as well as the printing and binding, we are yours to command. ¶ In brief, we are Public Servants. ¶ We are here to work—that is where we find our joy. We want to serve that exacting clientele which is hard to please—the people who prize and appreciate the best. ¶ May we serve you in this “Art Preservative”? ¶ Samples of our work gladly sent on request ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

THE ROYCROFTERS

PRINTERS TO HIS MAJESTY
THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN
EKE WOMAN WITHAL

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, U. S. A.





